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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

MALCOLM OWEN DEAD

DR. DURY AND MR. JOHNSON

THE BILLERICAY KID
MEETS
THE CANVEY FLYER
DIRTY GREAT
INTERVIEWS INSIDE

Wilko Johnson faces the music as Ian Dury keeps a low profile / Pic: Anton Corbijn

NME CHARTS

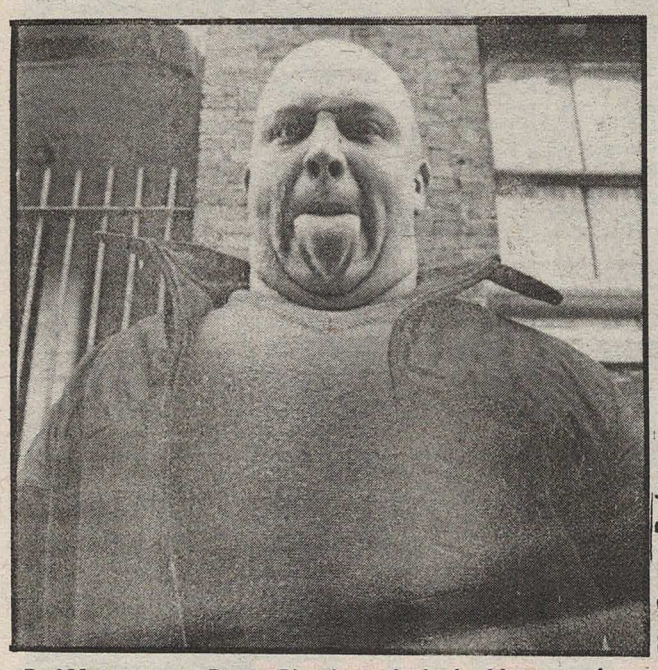
Week ending July 19, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**Xanadu**	Olivia Newton-John & ELO (Jet)	3	1
2	(5)	**Use It Up And Wear It Out**	Odyssey (RCA)	3	2
3	(13)	**Cupid**	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	3	3
4	(2)	**Jump To The Beat**	Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)	6	2
5	(14)	**Could You Be Loved**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	4	5
6	(3)	**Crying**	Don McLean (EMI)	9	1
7	(9)	**Waterfalls**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	3	3
8	(8)	**My Way Of Thinking**	UB40 (Graduate)	4	8
9	(4)	**Funkytown**	Lipps Inc (Casablanca)	8	1
10	(29)	**Babooshka**	Kate Bush (EMI)	2	10
11	(5)	**Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime**	Korgis (Rialto)	7	4
12	(23)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	2	12
13	(30)	**More Than I Can Say**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2	13
14	(12)	**To Be Or Not To Be**	B. A. Robertson (Asylum)	3	12
15	(17)	**Love Will Tear Us Apart**	Joy Division (Factory)	2	15
16	(10)	**Simon Templar**	Splodgenessabounds (Deram)	4	5
17	(21)	**Big Teaser/Rainbow Theme**	Saxon (Carrere)	3	17
18	(7)	**Back Together Again**	Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)	9	3
19	(19)	**Theme From The Invaders**	Yellow Magic Orchestra (A&M)	3	19
20	(15)	**Play The Game**	Queen (EMI)	5	12
21	(11)	**Behind The Groove**	Teena Marie (Motown)	7	6
22	(22)	**A Lovers Holiday**	Change (WEA)	2	22
23	(—)	**Me Myself I**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	1	23
24	(—)	**Let's Hang On**	Darts (Magnet)	1	24
25	(26)	**Does She Have A Friend**	Gene Chandler (20th Century)	2	25
26	(—)	**There There My Dear**	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	1	26
27	(16)	**Substitute**	Liquid Gold (Polo)	7	11
28	(—)	**Lip Up Fatty**	Bad Manners (Magnet)	1	28
29	(—)	**Wednesday Week**	Undertones (Sire)	1	29
30	(24)	**If Loving You Is Wrong**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	4	22

BUBBLING UNDER

My Girl — Whispers (Solar)
9 to 5 — Sheena Easton (EMI)
Fantasy — Gerard Kenny (RCA)
Sanctuary — New Music (GTO)
Oops Upside Your Head — Gap Band (Mercury)
Shining Star — Manhattans (CBS)



Pic: George Bodnar.

Bad Manners wag Buster Bloodvessel wiggles his tongue in gleeful defiance of public tastes, now that their 'Lip Up Fatty' has entered at 28 in the Singles Chart.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**It's Still Rock & Roll To Me**	Billy Joel
2	(2)	**The Rose**	Bette Midler
3	(3)	**Coming Up (Live At Glasgow)**	Paul McCartney & Wings
4	(4)	**Little Jeannie**	Elton John
5	(7)	**Magic**	Olivia Newton-John
6	(6)	**Cupid/I've Loved You For A Long Time**	Spinners
7	(5)	**Steal Away**	Robbie Dupree
8	(11)	**Tired Of Toein' The Line**	Rocky Burnette
9	(9)	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson
10	(10)	**Shining Star**	Manhattans
11	(19)	**Take Your Time (Do It Right)**	The S.O.S. Band
12	(13)	**In America**	The Charlie Daniels Band
13	(14)	**Let Me Love You Tonight**	Pure Prairie League
14	(16)	**I'm Alive**	Electric Light Orchestra
15	(8)	**Funkytown**	Lipps Inc
16	(17)	**Gimme Some Lovin'**	Blues Brothers
17	(12)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger
18	(22)	**More Love**	Kim Carnes
19	(21)	**All Night Long**	Joe Walsh
20	(23)	**One Fine Day**	Carole King
21	(24)	**Misunderstanding**	Genesis
22	(—)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones
23	(29)	**Sailing**	Christopher Cross
24	(27)	**Love The World Away**	Kenny Rogers
25	(—)	**Jo Jo**	Boz Scaggs
26	(18)	**Biggest Part Of Me**	Ambrosia
27	(15)	**Cars**	Gary Numan
28	(—)	**Let My Love Open The Door**	Pete Townshend
29	(20)	**She's Out Of My Life**	Michael Jackson
30	(25)	**Should've Never Let You Go**	Neil and Dara Sedaka

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel
2	(2)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
3	(5)	**Just One Night**	Eric Clapton
4	(4)	**Urban Cowboy**	Original Soundtrack
5	(—)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones
6	(6)	**Empty Glass**	Pete Townshend
7	(8)	**Heroes**	Commodores
8	(3)	**McCartney 2**	Paul McCartney
9	(10)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
10	(12)	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson
11	(14)	**The Blues Brothers**	Original Soundtrack
12	(—)	**Hold Out**	Jackson Browne
13	(17)	**Diana**	Diana Ross
14	(7)	**The Empire Strikes Back**	Original Soundtrack
15	(15)	**21 at 33**	Elton John
16	(16)	**The Rose**	Original Soundtrack
17	(9)	**The Wall**	Pink Floyd
18	(21)	**One For The Road**	The Kinks
19	(19)	**Duke**	Genesis
20	(20)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
21	(31)	**S.O.S.**	The S.O.S. Band
22	(—)	**The Game**	Queen
23	(18)	**Women And Children First**	Van Halen
24	(22)	**Middle Man**	Boz Scaggs
25	(34)	**There and Back**	Jeff Beck
26	(29)	**Unmasked**	Kiss
27	(13)	**Scream Dream**	Ted Nugent
28	(28)	**Heaven And Hell**	Black Sabbath
29	(11)	**Mouth To Mouth**	Lipps Inc
30	(43)	**Saved**	Bob Dylan

US Charts courtesy 'Cash Box' magazine

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(2)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	3	1
2	(1)	**Flesh & Blood**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	7	1
3	(—)	**The Game**	Queen (EMI)	1	3
4	(5)	**Me Myself I**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	8	4
5	(3)	**McCartney 2**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	8	1
6	(6)	**Sky 2**	Sky (Ariola)	13	2
7	(22)	**Black Sabbath Live At Last**	Black Sabbath (NEMS)	2	7
8	(7)	**Uprising**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	3	6
9	(9)	**Peter Gabriel**	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	7	1
10	(12)	**I Just Can't Stop**	The Beat (Go Feet)	8	3
11	(8)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	40	3
12	(11)	**Duke**	Genesis (Charisma)	16	1
13	(17)	**Ready & Willing**	Whitesnake (UA)	6	5
14	(16)	**Chain Lightning**	Don McLean (EMI)	4	14
15	(10)	**Saved**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	3	8
16	(4)	**Hot Wax**	Various (K-Tel)	5	2
17	(18)	**Shine**	Average White Band (RCA)	7	13
18	(26)	**Sounds Sensational**	Bert Kaempfert (Polydor)	2	18
19	(25)	**King Of The Road**	Boxcar Willie (Warwick)	2	19
20	(19)	**Diana**	Diana Ross (Motown)	4	14
21	(20)	**The Photos**	The Photos (CBS)	4	9
22	(29)	**Greatest Hits**	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	19	1
23	(15)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A&M)	39	1
24	(24)	**Magic Reggae**	Various (K-Tel)	8	4
25	(14)	**The Magic Of Boney M**	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	14	1
26	(13)	**Champagne & Roses**	Various (Phonogram)	7	4
27	(—)	**Wheels Of Steel**	Saxon (Carrere)	8	8
28	(—)	**Xanadu**	Soundtrack (RSO)	1	28
29	(—)	**Beat Boys In The Jet Age**	Lambrettas (Rocket)	1	29
30	(21)	**Defector**	Steve Hackett (Charisma)	4	21

BUBBLING UNDER

Hold Out — Jackson Browne (Asylum)
All For You — Johnny Mathis (CBS)
Jan and Dean Story — Jan & Dean (K-Tel)
Heroes — Commodores (Motown)
Elvis Sings Leiber and Stoller — Elvis Presley (RCA)
Now We May Begin — Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)

Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

. . . while pioneering tongue gymnast Gene Simmons (to whom the NME would gladly pay up to fourpence ha'penny if he'd show his face) uses his to point out Kiss's 'Unmasked' US album position.

INDIES

Singles

1 **Elastic Man** — Fall (Rough Trade)
2 **Final Days EP** — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
3 **Love Will Tear Us Apart** — Joy Division (Factory)
4 **Split** — Lilliput (Rough Trade)
5 **Indigestion** — Billy Synth (Sordide Sentimentale)
6 **My Mind Goes Round In Circles** — Squire (Stage 1)
7 **Not Ready** — Sector 27 (Panic)
8 **Did You See Her** — Pink Military (Erics)
9 **Lightness For Ages** — Cupol (4 AD)
10 **I Married A Cult Figure From Salford** — Cath La Creme (Rock Steady)

Albums

1 **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
2 **Ou Est Le Maison De Fromage** — John Cooper Clarke (Rabid)
3 **The Crap Stops Here** — Various (Rabid)
4 **Colossal Youth** — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
5 **Los Angeles** — X (Slash)
6 **Return Of The Durutti Column** — Durutti Column (Factory)
7 **In Combo** — Suburbs (Twin Tone)
8 **Totales Turn** — Fall (Rough Trade)
9 **Second City Static** — Various (Static)
10 **Half Mute** — Tuxedo Moon (Ralph)

Chart by: Paul at Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1

REGGAE

1 **Since I Fell For You** — George Nooks (Joe Gibbs)
2 **Why Girl** — Earth and Stone (Crazy Joe)
3 **Bound To Get It** — Junior Delgado (Yvonne)
4 **Bad Boys** — Philip Frazer (Stones)
5 **If This World Were Mine** — Junior Delgado (Prestige)
6 **Let Me Love You** — Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
7 **Drunken Master** — Rankin' Joe (Joe Gibbs)
8 **A1 Sound** — Captain Sinbad (Youth in Progress)
9 **Racket Girls In Jacket** — John Wayne (Solid Gold)
10 **Evening Time Home** — Trinity (Joe Gibbs)

Chart by: Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, London SE14

DISCO

1 **Back Together Again** — Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)
2 **Behind The Groove** — Teena Marie (Motown)
3 **Funkytown** — Lipps Inc (Casablanca)
4 **Jump To The Beat** — Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)
5 **You Gave Me Love** — Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)
6 **Let's Go Round Again** — Average White Band (RCA)
7 **The Scratch** — Surface Noise (WEA)
8 **Keep In Touch** — Freez (Calibre)
9 **Light Up The Night** — Brothers Johnson (A&M)
10 **Let's Get Serious** — Jermaine Jackson (Motown)

Chart by: Powerhouse Roadshow — 01-368 9852

5 YEARS AGO

1 **Give A Little Love** — Bay City Rollers (Bell)
2 **Barbados** — Typically Tropical (Gull)
3 **Tears On My Pillow** — Johnny Nash (CBS)
4 **The Hustle** — Van McCoy (Avco)
5 **Misty** — Ray Stevens (Janus)
6 **Eighteen With A Bullet** — Pete Wingfield (Island)
7 **Have You Seen Her** — Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
8 **Jive Talkin'** — Bee Gees (RSO)
9 **Rolling Stone** — David Essex (CBS)
10 **Je T'Aime** — Judge Dread

Week ending July 22, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1 **Alright Now** — Free (Island)
2 **In The Summertime** — Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
3 **It's All In The Game** — Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
4 **Lola** — Kinks (Pye)
5 **Up Around The Bend** — Credence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
6 **Something** — Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
7 **The Wonder Of You** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
8 **Lady D'Arbanville** — Cat Stevens (Island)
9 **Love Of The Common People** — Nicky Thomas (Trojan)
10 **Goodbye Sam Hello Samantha** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)

Week ending July 22, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1 **Mr Tambourine Man** — Byrds (CBS)
2 **Heart Full Of Soul** — Yardbirds (Columbia)
3 **Tossing And Turning** — Ivy League (Piccadilly)
4 **You've Got Your Troubles** — Fortunes (Decca)
5 **In The Middle Of Nowhere** — Dusty Springfield (Philips)
6 **I'm Alive** — Hollies (Parlophone)
7 **We Gotta Get Out Of This Place** — Animals (Columbia)
8 **There But For Fortune** — Joan Baez (Fontana)
9 **Crying In The Chapel** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
10 **To Know You Is To Love You** — Peter & Gordon (Columbia)

Week ending July 21, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1 **Please Don't Tease** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2 **Good Timin'** — Jimmy Jones (MGM)
3 **Shakin' All Over** — Johnny Kidd (HMV)
4 **Ain't Misbehavin'** — Tommy Bruce (Columbia)
5 **Look For A Star** — Gary Mills (Top Rank)
6 **When Will I Be Loved** — Everly Brothers (London)
7 **What A Mouth** — Tommy Steele (Decca)
8 **Angela Jones** — Michael Cox (Triumph)
9 **Robot Man** — Connie Francis (MGM)
10 **If She Should Come To You** — Anthony Newley (Decca)

Week ending July 20, 1960

Malcolm Owen dead

MALCOM OWEN is dead.

The body of The Ruts' 24-year-old singer was discovered in the bath at his parents' Middlesex home on Monday afternoon. Although no official cause of death has yet been announced, the news follows reports of his leaving the group due to the continuing problem of his drug addiction. The split was to have been officially announced at the end of this week.

On Monday morning Owen phoned a friend, arranged to go for a lunchtime drink, then decided to take a bath. When the friend arrived at about 1.15, Owen's parents said he was still in the bath. He failed to respond to their calls, so they forced the door, and found him in "an unrousable state". An ambulance was summoned and Owen was taken to Hillingdon Hospital where he was pronounced dead on arrival.

A post-mortem inquest on Tuesday morning could establish no cause of death. A drug scan is to be performed for laboratory analysis, and the inquest was adjourned to a date to be fixed after police enquiries and the lab analysis have been completed.

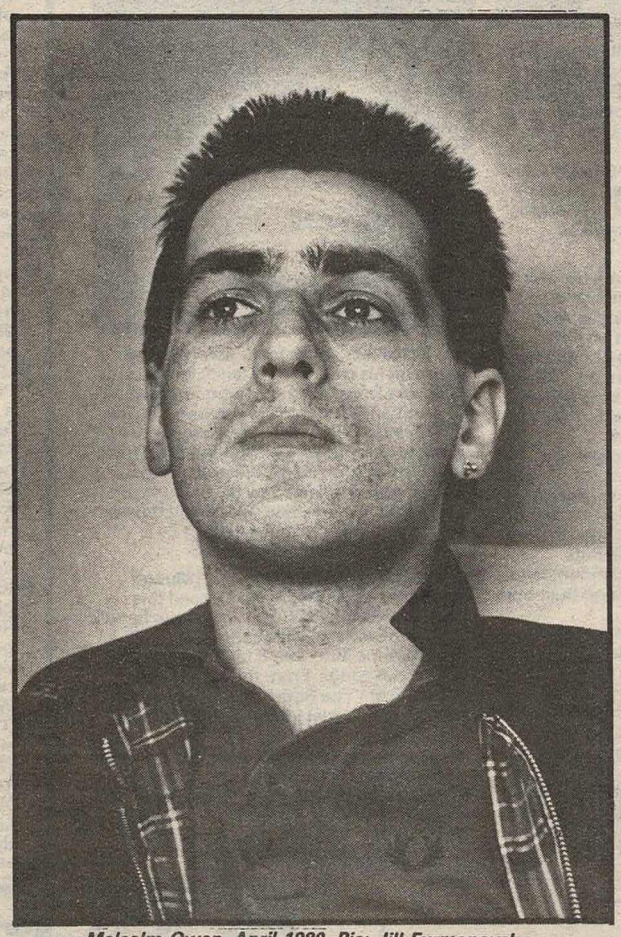
The months preceding the tragedy had seen Owen make determined efforts to overcome his addiction — the initial reason for his returning to live with his parents while the rest of the band continued working, notably with reggae artist Laurel Aitken.

Despite the optimism which he'd expressed when talking to *NME* at the end of April, in the past two weeks his efforts proved ultimately unsuccessful. It was decided that he should leave the group. A solo career was planned.

The Ruts will presumably continue as intended, although at the moment the band members are said to be "too shocked" to consider their future.

A single, recorded with Owen a month ago and entitled 'West One', was scheduled for release by Virgin in early August; it's yet to be decided whether the record will appear as planned.

Always renowned for the vitality of their stage-show, Owen and The Ruts were amongst the foremost punk acts to emerge in the '77/8 era. Their album 'The Crack' appeared in 1979 and featured the band's best-selling single 'Babylon Burning'.



Malcolm Owen, April 1980. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

STING vs 007?

THE POLICE's plans for the rest of the year were thrown into some confusion this week, when it was confirmed that Sting is in line for a major acting role in the new James Bond movie *For Your Eyes Only,* which starts shooting in mid-September.

If the deal goes through, Sting would play the film's principal villain, so following in the footsteps of such notorious baddies as Goldfinger and Odd Job. It's strictly a non-singing part, though there's every chance that The Police would be invited to contribute the picture's theme song.

Commented their spokesman: "The film's producer Cubby Broccoli has contacted their agent about Sting, who naturally would like to do the movie, and negotiations are going on right now. Much depends on the time factor — if they could film Sting's contribution in a matter of weeks, it wouldn't affect the band's plans too much, and they'd still be able to do their proposed pre-Christmas UK tour. But if it were a matter of months, then Sting could well opt out, because The Police's commitments take priority in his book." A final decision must be taken quickly, as location shooting starts in Greece in eight week's time.

. . . and Youth (yawn) as Sid?

YOUTH MARTIN, bassist with Jimmy Lydon's band 4" Be 2", looks set to portray the late Sid Vicious in a film biography of the former Pistol. He's been offered the role by Rainbow Films of New York — a cult company which has already produced movies about such anti-heroes as Charles Manson and Gary Gilmour — mainly because he's the "spitting image" of Vicious in looks, weight and build. As part of the deal, the whole 4" Be 2" outfit would go to New York, to play the club circuit there and promote their debut Warner Brothers single 'Frustration'. At press-time, the band were hoping to leave for the States next week, with filming scheduled to start early next month.

THE SKIDS return to the UK gig circuit for a lengthy tour in September and October (details to follow shortly), their first since a drastic personnel upheaval brought in newcomers Mike Baillie (drums) and Russell Webb (bass) to join remaining members Richard Jobson (vocals) and Stuart Adamson (guitar). The outing will tie in with the September 5 release of their new Virgin album 'The Absolute Game'.

● **SECTOR 27,** Tom Robinson's new band, have lined up a string of gigs to aid promotion of their single 'Not Ready' on their own Panic label (distributed by Faulty Product). They play Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (July 25), Inverness Caledonian Hotel (28), Aberdeen Ruffles (29), Edinburgh Nite Club (30), London Herne Hill Half Moon (August 1), Sheffield Limit Club (14), Retford Porterhouse (16) and Kirklevington Country Club (16). Their major London date at the 'Y' Studios (in the YMCA Headquarters, off Tottenham Court Road), announced last week as this Saturday, has been switched to August 15. As reported, they also join The Police at Milton Keynes Bowl on July 26.

NEWS

Gary takes a trip

GARY NUMAN'S second major UK tour, finalised this week, occupies most of September and takes in 17 concerts nationwide.

Dates are Birmingham Odeon (September 4 and 5), Manchester Apollo (7 and 8), Southampton Gaumont (10 and 11), Bristol Hippodrome (12 and 13), London Hammersmith Odeon (15 and 16), Brighton Conference Centre (21), Coventry Theatre (22), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (24), Preston Guildhall (25), Glasgow Apollo (26), Edinburgh Playhouse (27) and Newcastle City Hall (29).

It's likely that more dates will be added, including extra shows at venues already listed. Gigs are being billed as Gary Numan Teletour 80 — derived from the title of his new album 'Telekon', which is scheduled for release by Beggar's Banquet on September 5. The LP is preceded on August 15 by the single 'I Die You Die'.

Tickets for all concerts go on sale today (Thursday) priced £3.75, £3.25 and £3 — except Hammersmith £4.50, £4 and £3.50), Brighton (all £4) and Deeside (all £3.75).

Numan is currently planning and developing a new stage show which he reckons will be "even more spectacular" than the one with which he's just completed a world tour — and because of this, his schedule has been confined only to large venues capable of accommodating his production. This will probably be his last UK tour for some time, because — after following it up with visits to America and the Far East— he plans to concentrate mainly on filming and recording.

Numan plays on through inferno that destroyed Philadelphia's Tower Theatre. Pic: Lisa Haun.

Deeply troubled

THE DEEPLY VALE People's Free Festival is due to be staged again next weekend, and the organisers insist that it will go ahead — come what may. The annual event has a chequered history of brushes with the authorities, skirmishes with the police, and injunctions obtained by local residents — but it's invariably managed to put on some sort of show, despite being hounded from one site to another.

The 1980 festival is scheduled to take place from July 25 to 29, and the promoters claim that over 40 bands have so far agreed to play — including **The Ruts** (minus Malcolm Owen), **The Steve Hillage Band, Misty, Capital Letters, The Fall, The Distractions, God's Gift, Vibrant Thigh** and **Turbo.** Others, among them Keith Christmas and Here & Now, are still in negotiation.

The event is staged in the Rossendale Valley, about 12 miles from Manchester, and close to Bury and Burnley. It's not being held on its original site this year, due to legal problems, and an alternative site has been found nearby. But the exact location is not being revealed until next week, in an attempt to foil injunctions from the usual body of objectors.

THE SKOLARS

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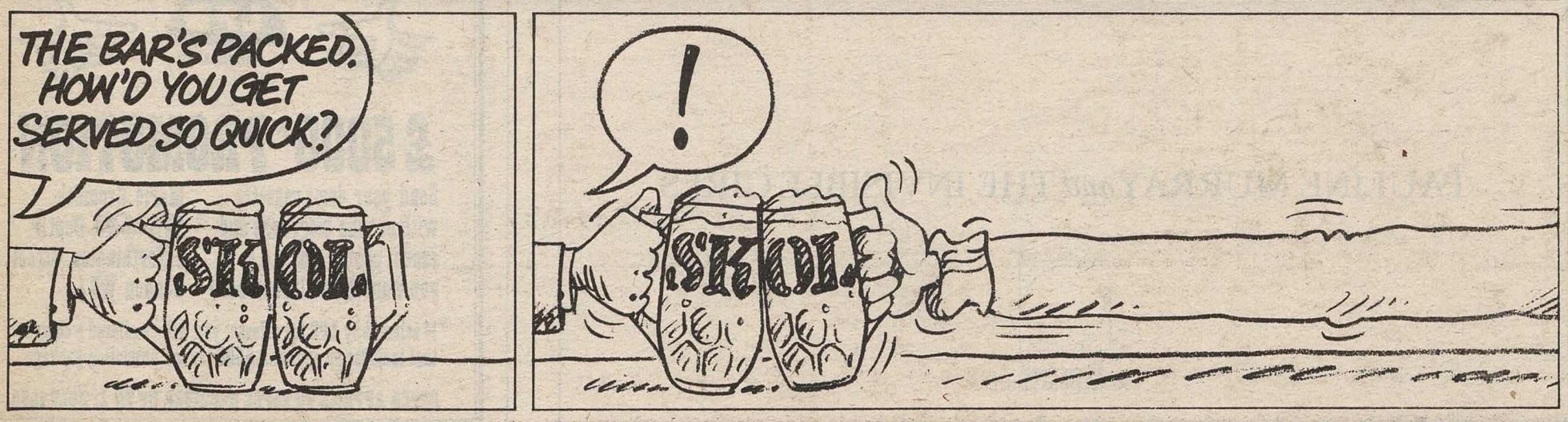

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OFF THE RECORD

Memory Laine

DENNY LAINE has re-recorded versions of two of his best-known songs, 'Go Now' and 'Say You Don't Mind'. The former was a No. 1 hit in 1965 for The Moody Blues, when Laine was their leader — and the latter was one of his first solo compositions, providing a hit for Colin Blunstone. The double A-sider is rushed out this week by Scratch Records.

● Spartan have signed a distribution deal with London independent Silent Records. First single to benefit is 'Love All Over The Place' by Los Angeles band **Bubba Lou & The Highballs.**

● Fiction Records, home of The Cure and The Passions, have signed **The Associates** and release their album 'The Affectionate Punch' on August 1.

Everly special

THE EVERLY BROTHERS' career is showcased in a boxed set of 15 singles, released by Lightning's Old Gold this weekend in a special limited edition. The set comprises 14 original couplings (many not available on single for up to 20 years), re-packaged in picture sleeves, and including all their big hits such as 'Bye Bye Love', 'Wake Up Little Susie', 'All I Have To Do Is Dream' and 'Cathy's Clown'. The 15th single features two previously unissued tracks, 'You're Just What I Was Looking For Today' and 'Whatever Happened To Judy'. It comes with a 24-page booklet and costs £14.99.

Gabriel's new one

PETER GABRIEL's new single, for Charisma release on August 1, is 'Biko' culled from his current hit album. The B-side features 'Shosholoza' and 'Jetzt Kommt Die Flut', the latter being a German version of 'Here Comes The Flood' from his first solo album. The single comes in both 7" (£1.15) and 12" (£1.99) forms, and in limited edition picture bags.

● Following the huge success of **The Shadows'** album 'String Of Hits', EMI this week release a follow-up set called 'Another String Of Hot Hits'. It features 13 tracks from their catalogue, plus the previously unissued 'Black Is Black'. As reported, the group have now signed with Polydor, and will have a new studio album 'Change Of Address' issued by that label in September.

● **The Angelic Upstarts** have a new single out this weekend, their first on EMI's Zonophone label. Titled 'Last Night Another Soldier', it's an anti-war anti-violence song.

● **The Rumour** have a new album issued by Stiff on August 8, titled 'Purity Of Essence'. The first 10,000 copies sell at £3.99, before reverting to the regular price of £4.99. Their single 'My Little Red Book' has just been released.

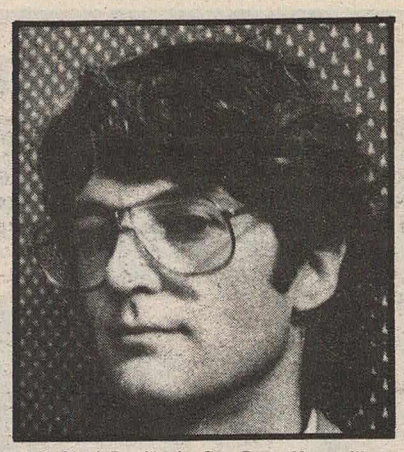
● **Adam & The Ants** will have a single called 'The Kings Of The Wild Frontier' issued on July 25. They're in the process of finalising a major label deal, and details will be announced next week.

● Aussie weirdo **Duffo** has come up with a unique way of promoting his new album 'The Disappearing Boy' and single 'After The Subsequent Inquiry', both on PVK Records. He'll be sitting by his phone from noon tomorrow (Friday) to 5pm on Saturday, and will personally sing one of his LP tracks to anyone who calls. The number to ring is (01) 960 6914.

● The Red Lightnin label is launching a subsidiary called Carve Up Records — first signing is East Anglian five-piece **Zorro,** whose debut single is scheduled for late summer. And at the end of this month, Red Lightnin release the single 'The Pink Panther'/'Takin' Liberties' by London band **The Method**, which will appear on their own Method label.

● Brighton's Attrix Records have signed local band **The Chefs**, and release a four-track EP at the end of this month. Same company is distributing a 12-inch EP by Brighton outfit **The Parrots**, which is on their own Desert Island Disques label.

● Polydor release the full-length re-mix of the current **Isaac Hayes** single 'I Ain't Never' this week. Previously only available as a promotional disc, it runs for 10½ minutes — and with the two tracks on the B-side, the total playing time is almost 30 minutes.



● 'A Black Box' is the first **Peter Hammill** album on his own S-Type label. It marks his departure from Charisma, who released all his and Van Der Graaf's previous work. It's available from Rough Trade, Bonaparte and Virgin — or by post (£4 including p&p) from Sofa Sound, P.O. Box 2, Westbury, Wilts.

● **Desmond Dekker's** new Stiff album, out on July 25, is aptly titled 'Black And Dekker' — and it's preceded this weekend by a single titled 'Please Don't Bend'.

● A four-track seven-inch EP by **Mungo Jerry**, playing at 33rpm, is released this week by Scratch Records to mark the band's tenth anniversary — it's called 'Mungo's Summertime Fun', and it features four new Ray Dorset songs. From the same label comes 'From The Bottom Of My Heart 'by **Roy Hill,** who's just joined The Strawbs as lead singer.

● The album 'Unlock The Funk' by six-piece outfit **Locksmith**, currently one of the strongest import sellers, is released here officially next week by Arista. At the same time comes a three-track 12-inch single, with the LP's title track as the A-side.

IN BRIEF

THE HOTSHOTS are yet another band who've come together on the strength of Dexy's recent hit 'Geno'. Formed by lead guitarist Niall Jamieson, who was previously with Geno Washington's Ram Jam Band, the line-up includes ex-Feelgoods and Solid Senders pianist John Potter. They start gigging shortly, and have a single scheduled for September.

RICHARD PRYOR is still on the critical list, but is expected to live, according to latest reports from the States. After sustaining severe burns in a fire at his home, he had a massive skin graft operation, 75 per cent of which took successfully. He's since had a second operation to replace the unsuccessful 25 per cent, and this second grafting is said to have taken.

MUSICIANS UNION and the British Phonographic Industry have agreed on a new scale of minimum session rates for recording, showing an increase of about 15 per cent. Payment for a two-hour session goes up to £30.50 from £26.50, and a three-hour session to £39 from £34. There are also new agreements on extra-length sessions and over-dubbing — contact the MU for details.

BROKEN HOME have had to cancel all gigs for the time being, as their guitarist Rory Willson has contracted chicken-pox. This comes as a blow to the band, who were busy promoting their newly released second single 'No Chance' on WEA Records.

ELTON JOHN is the subject of an exclusive interview on Radio Luxembourg (208 metres) tomorrow, Friday, from 11pm to midnight.

DOLL BY DOLL have a late booking at London Camden Town Bridge House this Friday (18).

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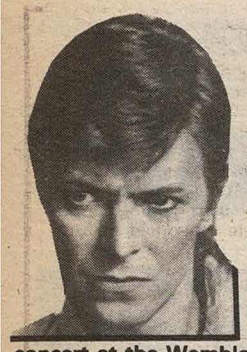

STAGE PLAY — BUT NEW LP, TOO

Bowie goes legit

DAVID BOWIE's avowed intention of not playing any concerts in 1980 is confirmed with the news, announced this week, that he is to make his stage acting debut — a move likely to keep him occupied until the end of the year. But he keeps his music interests ticking over, with a new album and single scheduled for release.

He takes the lead role in the Bernard Pomerance play 'Elephant Man', which opens on July 29 in Denver for a week, then moves to Chicago until the end of August. This is due to be followed by an indefinite run on Broadway in New York. As yet there are no definite plans for the play to come to London — but Bowie said recently that he'd rather act in the West End than perform in concert at the Wembley Arena!

The play is set in England in the last century, and it's about John Merrick — a hideously deformed man (!) who's taken into the care of a London surgeon, and subsequently becomes a celebrated figure in society.

Paradoxically, Bowie's new album is titled 'Scary Monsters . . . (And Super Creeps)' — it was recorded in New York during March, and is set for release by RCA on September 12. It contains nine new songs — eight self-penned, and one written by ex-Television leader Tom Verlaine — plus one reprise. A single from the LP 'Ashes To Ashes' comes out on August 1, coupled with a track from his last studio album 'Lodger', titled 'Move On'.

Bowie's regular backing musicians — Carlos Alomar (guitar), Dennis Davis (drums) and George Murray (bass) — are featured on the set, along with such guests as Pete Townshend, Robert Fripp and Bruce Springsteen's pianist Roy Bittan. Bowie himself plays keyboards, while his co-producer Tony Visconti plays guitar and sings.

AWB, COSTELLO FOR EDINBURGH

AVERAGE WHITE BAND are now set to open this year's Edinburgh Rock Festival with a concert at the Playhouse Theatre on Thursday, August 7. This will be followed by the nine-day event at Edinburgh Nite Club, reported last week, before the three-week concert season at the Playhouse begins in earnest on August 17 — and Elvis Costello & The Attractions are now officially confirmed for that date.

Tickets are £3.50 and £3 (AWB) and £3 and £2.50 (Costello), available now from the venue — or by post from the Playhouse Box-Office, Greenside Place, Edinburgh (cheques and POs to "Regular Music" and enclose SAE). A third series of events will be staged during the festival period at Edinburgh Tiffany's — bookings will be announced next week, and are expected to include Ultravox.

● *It's understood that tickets for a Ramones concert at the Playhouse on August 24, forecast last week, are going on sale this weekend — though no official announcement has yet been made to the Press.*

RECORD NEWS EXTRA

WEA: 100 redundancies

WEA RECORDS have now revealed that their "substantial redundancies," announced last week, will total about 100 by the autumn. This will be achieved by a combination of sackings and non-replacement of jobs. Among the top management team who have left are Richard Robinson, Stuart Hornall and Nigel Molden.

● **Paul Simon's** first single for Warner Brothers, since joining the label last year, is 'Late In The Evening' / 'How The Heart Approaches What It Yearns.' It's released on July 25, and both tracks are taken from an upcoming album, due out shortly.

● **A Teardrop Explodes** have been signed by Phonogram, and will have their new album released via that outlet in early autumn.

● **The Lambrettas** have had to change the title of their new single, because *The Sun* newspaper succeeded in obtaining an injunction to prevent them using 'Page Three.' So the song now becomes 'Another Day . . . (Another Girl)' — even though the lyrics remain unchanged, and the original title is retained on their current album! The single's release, planned for this weekend, will be slightly delayed as Rocket have had to scrap £3,000 worth of sleeves printed with the offending title.

KINKS: DOUBLE LIVE ALBUM

● Arista release a live double album by **The Kinks** titled 'One For The Road,' recorded during their highly successful U.S. tour last year — it contains 20 tracks, including many of their classics, and sells for a limited period at the reduced price of £5.99. Also out is a four-track EP taken from the album, selling at the normal singles price of £1.15 and containing 'David Watts,' 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone?', 'Attitude' and 'Victoria.'

Everest never rest

EVEREST THE HARD WAY leave their Edinburgh hometown and descend on London next week, playing seven successive nights — at Canning Town Bridge House (July 21), Islington Hope & Anchor (22), Kingston Three Tuns (23), Clapham 101 Club (24), Herne Hill Half Moon (25), Covent Garden Rock Garden (26) and Fulham Greyhound (27).

LIVE CIRCUIT

Stranglers add Lyceum

THE STRANGLERS were this week confirmed for another London concert, as the closing date of their current UK tour — at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, July 27, supported by Hazel O'Connor's Fundamentals and Martian Dance (tickets on sale now priced £3). They have also added Oxford New Theatre on July 25 (£3.50 and £3).

● **THE LAMBRETTAS** extend their current tour into August, with gigs at Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido (3), London Camden Music Machine (9) and Brighton Top Rank (10). It's likely that a few more dates will be added.

● **THE BEAT** stop off at Fishguard on Friday, July 25, on their way to Ireland, to play a one-off benefit show at the Frenchman's Motel. It's in aid of the Welsh Anti-Nuclear Alliance, and the support act is local band The Jackals.

● **THE STIMULATORS**, the fast-rising New York band, play their first UK dates on August 15 and 16 when they appear on both nights of the so-called Belfast Punk Festival at the Ulster Hall. Among other acts set are Protex, The Starjets and Australia's The Saints. Tickets are £2.50 per day, or £4 combined.

● **STIFF LITTLE FINGERS** have had to cancel their projected concert at Poole Wessex Hall on July 27 (part of their UK tour starting this week), because the venue has been badly damaged by fire. But they've managed to switch the gig to the nearby Bournemouth Stateside Centre on the same day.

● **LIVE WIRE** have set three more London dates — at the Marquee Club (this Saturday), Victoria The Venue (July 25) and Fulham Greyhound (August 8).

● **JAYNE COUNTY** has called off her UK tour, which should have started last weekend and run through into August, as she's apparantly decided that it wouldn't be a viable proposition to come all the way from America with her band. She's now planning to re-set her tour for mid-autumn, by which time she'll be resident in Berlin.

● **OTWAY & BARRETT** have added a major London date to the tail end of their current British tour — at Camden Music Machine on Tuesday, July 29. As with all their other gigs, admission can only be gained by producing a copy of their current Polydor single 'DK 50/80'.

● **LILIPUT** — the Swiss band formerly known as Kleenex, a name they had to drop after legal warnings from the tissue company — return to the UK for a short tour opening at Bournemouth Capone's on July 28. Only other confirmed date so far is at London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel on August 5 with Young Marble Giants. The band's new single 'Split' is issued by Rough Trade this week.

Chelsea's GENE OCTOBER

● **CHELSEA** — whose new single 'No Escape' is issued by Step Forward on July 28 — play four Scottish dates next weekend, prior to leaving for a six-week American tour. They are Grangemouth International Hotel (July 24), Glenrothes Rothes Arms (25), Edinburgh Playhouse (26) and Paisley Bungalow (27). They'll be touring the UK extensively in the autumn.

● **DENNY LAINE BAND** have added further dates at Cromer West Runton Pavilion (August 8) and London Lewisham Concert Hall (16). One or two more may be set, but from now on they'll be isolated, due to Laine's rehearsal commitments with Wings.

● **THE CURE** begin a world tour this weekend, taking in the Far East, Canada, the States and ten European countries. Their travels climax in a string of UK dates in mid-November (6-18), finishing at London Hammersmith Palais. . . **THE PASSIONS**, The Cure's label-mates on Fiction Records, are being lined up for their first major UK headlining tour in October. Meanwhile, they have a one-off at London Tottenham-Court Road YMCA on Friday, July 25.

● **THE CATCH** — who make their bow on EMI this weekend with the single 'Something For Nothing', after moving from Atlantic — have a major London show at Victoria The Venue next Tuesday (22). Also appearing are new Liberty-United signings Tour De Force, whose debut single 'Night Beat' comes out tomorrow (Friday) — and they have two other London dates at West Hampstead Moonlight Club (July 25) and Fulham Greyhound (27).

SAXON, BUDGIE —and other base metals

SAXON, currently climbing the chart with their single 'Big Teaser'/'Rainbow Theme', have been booked as the special guest act for Rainbow's big open-air 'Monsters Of Rock' event at the Castle Donnington Racing Circuit on August 16. A top American band was originally being sought, but the promoters have now had a change of heart and opted for a leading UK metal outfit. So the complete bill is now Rainbow, Judas Priest, The Scorpions, Saxon, Riot and Touch.

BUDGIE are among the latest acts to be confirmed for this year's Reading Festival (August 22 — 24). Other new bookings — additional to those reported by *NME* over the last three weeks — are Famous Names (formerly known as Writz), Red Alert and Broken Home.

● Other dates for Budgie are at Doncaster Romeo & Juliet's (July 23), Chesterfield The Shoulder (24), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (25), London Marquee (31 and August 1) and Hitchin Woodside Theatre (2). A full UK tour follows in October.

TED NUGENT has been forced to cancel his third concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on August 3, because the venue is required for filming that night, so ticket-holders must apply for cash refunds at the point of purchase. Nugent himself switches to Southampton Gaumont on that date, for what will be his first-ever South Coast gig.

IRON MAIDEN fly out of London, immediately after playing the Reading Festival next month, to support Kiss on their European tour (exclusing UK dates). They then leave for an American tour, not returning home until mid-October.

HEAVY METAL DISCO

A HEAVY METAL DISCO opens at London Camden Electric Ballroom on July 31 — initially every other Thursday, though it's hoped to make it weekly in the near future. Known as The Anvil Rooms, it will feature a five kilowatt systtem and two lighting trusses, plus guest appearances (Ted Nugent is set for the first night). Admission is £1.50 and it's being run by Straight Music.

Around town

NASHVILLE: STILL HOPE

THE FUTURE of top London pub venue The Nashville, in West Kensington, is still in doubt — even though it closes down this Saturday (19) with a gig by Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders. As reported four months ago, the Albion Agency — who book all the acts into the Nashville — were hoping to buy it in order to prevent its re-development. But Albion's Dai Davies revealed this week that they had been outbid, and the venue is passing out of their hands.

Even so, all is not lost. Said Davies: "It looked like farewell to the Nashville — and, indeed, there's still a chance that it may be pulled down. But within the last couple of days, negotiations have opened, which could result in the Nashville resuming as a rock venue in the autumn. In any case, Albion will definitely be opening a West London venue in two or three months' time. It may be the Nashville — but if not, we have two other places under consideration."

● Another London venue, The Moonlight Club (at the Railway Hotel in West Hampstead), is doing so well that it's starting Sunday shows (7–10.30 pm) — making an unbroken seven nights a week. First acts to be featured this Sunday are Brian Brain, the new outfit formed by ex-PiL drummer Martin Atkins, and Temporary Title.

● Riverside Studios in Hammersmith next month stage a nine-day Festival of Black Music. Those taking part are The Tropicanas (August 20), Revelation (21), Johnny Mars' 7th Sun (22), Headline (23), The Government with Janet Kay (24), Red Beans & Rice (26), Gordon Hunte's Sox (27), Afro-funk band Zila (28) and Midnight Express (29). Advance tickets are £2 per day.

Apollo lifts off

CLIFF RICHARD will not, after all, be the opening act at London's new Apollo Victoria Theatre. His three-week season there starting September 29 (already sold out) was originally planned as the theatre's official launch, but it is now to be preceded by a seven-night Shirley Bassey engagement from September 15 (tickets now on sale from £7.50 to £15.50).

Other new bookings for the venue include The Three Degrees (October 23–25) and Gladys Knight & The Pips (30), and among attractions to be featured later in the autumn are The Crusaders, Tangerine Dream and Hot Chocolate. Concerts by The Shadows (October 12) and Elkie Brooks (November 4–8) have already been reported.

VENUE ALL-STARS

HINKLEY'S HEROES play one of their occasional gigs at London Victoria The Venue this Saturday (19) with an all-star line-up comprising Tim Hinkley (piano), Henry McCullough and Steve Simpson (guitars), John Halsey and Mitch Mitchell (drums), Mel Collins (sax), Poli Palmer (vibes), Boz Burrell (bass) and Kiki Dee and Roger Chapman (vocals). Tickets are £3.50.

The following night at The Venue (Sunday, 20) sees Mike McGear presenting a benefit for Friends Of The Earth — with Georgie Fame, John Gorman, Terry Jones, Michael Palin, Brian Patten, Anne Nightingale and Liverpool Express, plus special guests. Admission is £3.75.

● CIMARONS, Capital Letters, Blackstones, Rass Angels and The Rema Band appear in a reggae concert at London's New Roxy Theatre Club in Harlesden on Saturday, July 26. Tickets are £3 (advance) and £4 (doors). Enquiries to (01) 965 9846/9441.

Floyd gigs still on

PINK FLOYD's concerts at Earls Court next month go ahead as planned, despite reports that they had lost nearly all their equipment in the Alexandra Palace fire. In fact, Floyd's company had loaned Capital Radio a large quantity of gear — estimated at around £½ million worth — for the jazz festival due to be staged there. But a spokesman said: "It was only one of six or seven rigs owned by Floyd."

The three-day jazz event could not go ahead, even outdoors, because the shell of Ally Pally was considered unsafe and liable to collapse. Among the dozens of acts scheduled to appear were Van Morrison, Ray Charles, B.B. King and Muddy Waters. The cancellation came as another blow to Capital, following soon after their sparsely attended Knebworth concert.

THE WHO SET FOR COVENT GARDEN

THE WHO will definitely play a charity concert at London's Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, in aid of that venue's restoration appeal, as forecast by *NME* three months ago. It will take place in September, and Kensington House announced on Monday that Princess Margaret will attend. Full details are expected next week.

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RABID ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

PHANTOM OF THE FACTORY

Bassist with Arnie Prole's Blues Band! Founding member of John Cooper Clarke's Curious Yellows! Close friend of Eric the Ferret! Producer of 'Spiral Scratch', Jilted John and Joy Division!

It's Martin Hannett! A legend

"You asked me for an article on whatever I wanted to write about, and since you don't pay I figure that gives me carte blanche. I started out tonight on an incoherent bitch about the record business . . . I was looking at the jacket copy on the 'Blues Project' album . . . but the "producer's" name was in huge script on the back, and underneath it were four or five other names . . . punks and narks and other ten-percenters who apparently had more leverage than the musicians who made the album, and so managed to get their names on the record jacket."

— Dr Hunter S Thompson, an article entitled 'The Ultimate Free Lancer' *(The Distant Drummer,* Vol 1, No 1, November 1967).

STRAWBERRY Studios South, 6 am. Various examples of The Invisible Girls shut the door behind them and troop out into a deserted street, an empty parking lot. They test the air; after 12 to 13 hours sequestered in an artificially lit room it tastes good. It's going to be a fine day.

They're off to bed, end of another night shift, 5 through 'til 6, five nights a week. The result will be an album on RSO, unlikely recipients of their Northern labours.

The afternoon before, when work begins, The Invisible Girls arrive in drips and drabs.

Engineer Chris Nagle is watching tennis, so is bassist Robert Blamire, a tall blond youth of Penetration origins. Pauline Murray arrives with her husband. She's not singing tonight so she sharpens up her pool moves. John Maher, drumming for the side-line, turns up with his mate Dave Thing from The Things, another Buzzcocks off-shoot. Vini Reilly, the Durutti Column is late. Enter Steve Hopkins, mad professor keyboards player, Invisible Girl co-founder, musician with John Cooper Clarke.

He's playing tonight — moog, clavinet, banging wood on a tray — for about ten hours solid.

Martin 'Zero' Hannett arrives; the producer. He heads straight for the hot water and the first of umpteen cups of liquid of debatable flavour.

Hannett looks haggard. He looks like a man who needs a bloody long holiday. Zero (or Zob Zob) slips off his shoes and goes upstairs to get a level, set a knob, slide a lever, check a dial-produce. After 12 hours of this, it's still difficult to tell exactly what Hannett has done or is doing.

Tapes are replayed and replayed and replayed almost ad infinitum (and certainly ad nauseam to the outsider). Takes that seem to sport no crucial difference from the ones before are utilised, some are put into boxes. Exposed to this efficiency, all of it beyond his comprehension the lay-man could go nuts. Hannett just chuckles to himself and dips into his bag, constantly after a buzz.

THE INVISIBLE Girls, like Rabid Entertainment, are a Didsbury phenomenon — the invention of one John Cooper Clarke on his return to Lancashire after a domestic arrangement in Plymouth became unsound. Clarke and his pal Eric and Ferret decided on the title after jettisoning The Curious Yellows, all indications pointing to a surfeit of amphetamine sulphate on somebody's part.

The Girls are a cross section of whoever drops by — Trevor Spencer was one once, they're not proud. Though they have done some live work with JCC, Hannett dislikes stage appearances. That wasn't always so.

He left school in the mid-'60s to pursue a career in Chemistry (Manchester University), obtained day release for an 10C and might have ended up looking after Britain's interests with ICI. "My mother said I'd got to get a job, but I only got a crummy degree."

Hannett's obsession with sound had already been nurtured at school. "I was bored . . . used to read electronics mags and hi fi comix and then me and a friend started taking tape recorders apart.

"We made tapes too, multi-stuff, noises. For some reason we thought it was very interesting to tape the road outside. That always fascinated me, it was a very quiet road. There'd be half an hour of background noise and then a car would go past. It was convenient 'cos me friend's house was over the wall from school, an ideal opportunity for blankness. I remember being very excited one day when we had a speaker wired up to a mike in the bushes and we got the head boy's footsteps on tape.

"We immortalised David Attersley."

A period of enforced poverty led to Hannett's debut public performances as a musician with Arnie Prole's Blues Band.

"I wasn't a successful musician so I started being a roadie and mixing to make money. My big break was doing the sound for GP Lee's local group, Greasy Bear, they supported Stoneground at the Roundhouse."

Hannett's initial predilection for sound reflects the era he grew up in — the '60s. The records he admired were mostly "CBS ones from 1964, when they started getting interesting. 'Sound Of Silence' and 'Highway 61 Revisited' were faves, especially the 'Queen Jane' side. They were so fat and bright. CBS in New York were messing about with delayed play echo . . . it all sounded *hewge!*

"And then psychedelia; Manchester had a good scene. Afterwards Elektra records . . . I used to look forward to them."

The album on Hannett's turntable when we arrived at his ramshackle Didsbury residence was none other than Love's first.

ZERO SPENT the late '60s penniless, didn't even own a Dansette, until him and Steve Hopkins began to elaborate on their plans, circa the new wave punk explosion. There was a soundtrack to an SF animated cartoon — *All Sorts Of Heroes.*

"The hero was an innocent abroad, a fluffy toy with a big hooter," Hannett explains.

Nose?

"He was all nose. The villains were black spiky punk pussy cats, very evil. The animation was done with puppets and space-ship controls and stuff. That was done by Rick Hughes and Rick Meginson."

To supplement these flights of fancy Hannett and his best girl Sue worked out of the students union promoting early Joy Division dates amongst others.

"I was struggling though, mixing demos and doing live sound. We used bedrooms and basements, not far from here. We had the mixer in the bedroom and the band in the basement."

An entry of sorts into the wonderful music business was provided when an acquaintance, Ruth Lowe, answered a *Times* small ad. She became manager at Hammersmith's Riverside Studios.

"The first album I produced was the Belt and Braces Roadshow. This bloke John Fisk phoned me up and said they'd made one record but he couldn't hear the drums. I told him, If you let me produce it I promise you'll be able to hear them!"

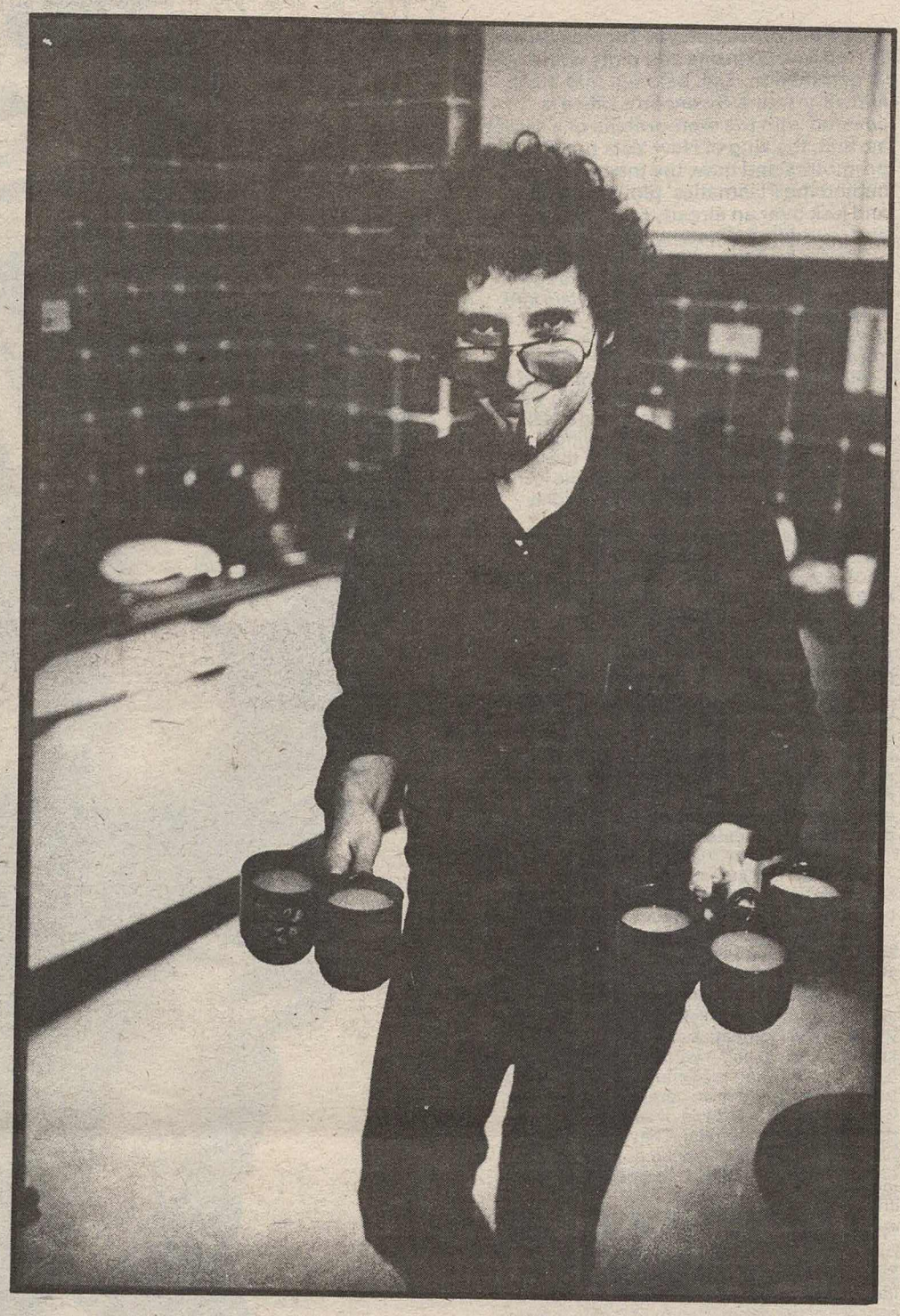
If that record in 1976 had absolutely nothing to do with punk, 'Spiral Scatch' did. Oddly enough Hannett didn't work with either Buzzcocks or Howard Devoto (outside of an aborted Magazine demo) until four years later.

"No. The Buzzcocks didn't like my association with Slaughter And The Dogs, mainly 'cos they thought Slaughter were stupid and they didn't think they were. Maybe I've got 'em when they eclipsed (laughs). Actually apart from the first Magazine album and one side of the first Buzzcocks I've not heard anything by them except what I produced."

Instead of immersing himself in punk rock (he admits to liking 'Bollocks'), Hannett began formulating the Factory ethic with Tony Wilson, Peter Saville and Alan Erasmus.

"It's ideal but I didn't think it would work, quasisuperstition I s'pose. It could work much better, we're too extended. Tony has *World In Action* (he produces TV for Granada) and

WORDS BY MAX BELL



in his own town!! Didsbury!!!

generally the throughput is not perfect. Cash is the main problem — it took six months to get Section 25 from studio to street.

"My theory with Factory was that it shouldn't have been necessary. I imagined local radio would bring out local records; they didn't even play 'em. The bloke at Piccadilly (Manchester's commercial radio station) Roger Day was quoted as saying that he wanted nice soothing music to play in the background in between the chat show!"

Corporate Factory decisions depend on who sees what first. Despite a heavy dose of media credibility the label didn't strike rich until the posthumous succcess of Joy Division's 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'. Hannett's only big hit is still the Jilted John record.

"I seem to remember getting some old royalty cheques for that one," he mutters.

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark have hit lucky with 'Electricity' but not with Hannett's version (Fac 6).

It's hard to imagine Factory coping with the success of a Clash style act although guru Tony Wilson did tell *New York Rocker* that he could see Joy Division and A Certain Ratio driving around Bel Air, California.

"He keeps saying things like that. I can't understand it at all. He's infatuated with the idea, but maybe it's a joke. Certain Ratio in Hollywood? I s'pose they'd like it, be right up their strip. I s'pose that's the plan, get 'em to Beverley Hills."

Hannett has never been to America. A Factory outing is planned for next month.

"It's me, Wilson, Joy Division, their manager Rob Gretton and ACR. Really we're going 'cos we've found a dead cheap studio — 55 bucks an hour."

APART FROM the excessive noise the first thing that strikes the outsider about studio life is the excessive boredom — the long periods when nothing seems to happen. Fragments of songs are repeated at crushing volume and doctored with subtle precision. There appears to be no creative art flying around at all — technique is paramount.

"I get very bored," Hannett admits. "Afterwards I can't listen to the finished records for months, or anything usually. Sometimes you wish you'd redone them, quite a lot in fact. But there again no."

Tonight Steve Hopkins is attempting to wring out a sound like hand clapping. He spends three hours trying out various methods and eventually settles for the wood and tray routine and both are broken in the process.

Tempers fray once when Hopkins tries out a descending moog sequence for another two hours. Vini Reilly is anxious to get into the booth so after two unsuccessful hours Hopkins takes a break.

The one person in perfect control of their mood is Hannett who slips under the console and snatches 40 winks. He rarely speaks to anyone except himself whilst working and when he does is not noted for his quick sympathy. Instead Hannett's sense of humour is so dry it could douse Saint Elmo's fire.

"That take was even worse than the others." He goes off to pour another mug, take a stroll, adjusts his glasses. He's left-handed.

Youthful engineer Chris Nagle is even quieter, he doesn't look at anyone. The studio is not full of lascivious groupies and discarded champagne bottles unfortunately.

"I enjoy it really, although I know it's an unhealthy occupation — sitting on your arse for 14 hours, over-consuming everything you can get yer hands on.

"I've been lucky, I haven't needed to produce anyone I didn't like — so far. As long as I can survive without too much security . . . I don't worry about financial stability."

IN THE four years since Belt And Braces snapped into place, Hannett has mostly worked in the North.

"That's purely selfish, so I don't get too disorientated, don't get people ringing me up all the time. I must be quite elusive; it took Pauline Murray six months to track me down. I don't get asked to do a lot of things — the idea of me working with a band like The Clash would be disastrous."

His most noted productions thus far are John Cooper Clarke, Magazine's 'Correct Use Of Soap', 'The Return of The Durutti Column', 'Spiral Scratch' and of course Joy Division.

" 'Unknown Pleasures' was fun. 'Closer' was quite depressing for obvious reasons, a bit of a strange social climate. It took 13 days and 13 nights to record, hard work. Ian wasn't very well.

"Despite that, the clouded retrospect, it still has a good atmosphere in a way, though the sound suffers. The content is more cohesive, much more accurate, much more powerful. The sound is certainly unique. We used a half completed construction project as an echo room — a huge shell with plaster walls."

This setting and the studio aura in general are what inspire Hannett. He always books studio time at night and at the weekends. "I like deserted public places, empty office blocks; they give me a rush."

Secretly Zero always wanted to be a record producer but the vocation requires a tremendous discipline. The advent of new hard ware and the constant refinements in high technology have turned the modern studio into a clinical operating room. To offset the barrier between the booth and the mixing room Hannett prefers to record as many instruments as possible right by the desk.

He works closely with the engineer, often duplicating function and he's permanently involved: an eccentricity not shared by many of the megastar LA producers, folks like Jimmy Iovine who wander in, push a button and tell the engineer (Shelley Yakus) to get on with it.

"To me the technology is fairly straightforward. The rooms are only boxes that take the place of a tape machine. It's nothing particularly exciting. Technology just makes it work faster. Me and Chris are pretty interchangeable. If I'm playing guitar or bass he takes over. Most producers start out as engineers."

But for someone who doesn't know their Graphic Equaliser from their Space Station, their Studer from their DMX and who thinks soft-ware is a pair of wooley socks, it doesn't look that easy.

"There are modifications which interest me. Odyssey studios has got the only 3-inch tape machine in the country, stuff like that. Harumph . . . it's all dinosaur analog stuff otherwise. Digital recording will sort it out but you can't buy that, you have to lease it from 3Ms. The Beat used digital recording, I can't wait to hear that.

"There are record industry standards, but what do they mean? All I care about is that they should be recognisable as records."

A producer in the Hannett league works to a budget, dependent on the status of the artist. Pay is subjective.

"You'd be astonished at the fees. They're paltry! If you're not working with the right artist you have to work all the time to make a respectable living. For me if I break beyond an advance it's taken out of royalties. I can keep to budget but you need £15 grand to make an album."

Hannett has no real ambition to own his own studio, although one might assume that to be the ultimate dream for someone like him.

"Nah . . . *if* someone gave me the keys to Strawberry . . . I don't think about it seriously, it would give me a breakdown.

"The Town House cost two and a half million pounds and the roof leaks. Phonogram bought Strawberry for £1¼ million. It's all way beyond me."

THIS has been Hannett's busiest year to date; it's also been a time when certain dudes have foreseen a return to the psychedelic styles of playing and sound, much of it erroneously attributed to Zero's (in) direct influence.

Mention the term psychedelic to some people and they immediately detect a conspirary . . . there's a confusion. Psychedelic music can simply be the inevitable result of musical progression (gasp); as bands become more proficient they require a lusher medium, tend to experiment with longer songs, longer guitar solos, ponder the meaning of life etc.

It's fairly obvious that Echo and the Bunnymen, Costello, Teardrop Explodes and Monochrome Set are capable of breathing new life into the format, equally obvious that the term itself doesn't have to imply burnt out casualty status, peace and love blathering and so on. (Anyone who thinks that The Doors, Love, The Byrds, even the hated Grateful Dead spent their time propogating dippy philosophies is talking out of the back of their ass — and check out 'Pebbles 8' if you don't think the genre was capable of sending itself up).

Much of the confusion is based around a revulsion for the word, in which case how would you feel if someone told you that punk rock stopped with Them or The Standells and the new wave was invented by Charlie Parker and killed dead by Miles Davis?

As long as the arbiters of taste don't get locked into semantic argument the music will pursue its own course.

Sensibly, Hannett doesn't lose any sleep over the problem. "I don't think musicial excellence is definitely a good thing, it's a discipline. People learn to exploit the medium. I've always hated Yes although I've never heard a Yes album."

Similarly he doesn't believe in a *Manchester sound.*

"How could there be? There isn't a huge body of all-purpose heavy-duty groups. It's certainly not Detroit. Manchester is dead at the moment, a lot of venue problems, that's perennial here. We had three years of continuity with Rafters and the Factory . . . all disintegrated. It's all happening in Liverpool. Obviously something has got to break here again. At the moment Wilson spends his time making up catalogue numbers."

Not quite true. Factory's latest hopefuls Kevin Hewett (two tracks cut with Joy Division) and The Royal Family ("completely unhinged") are ready to hit plastic and Hannett is finishing work with The Buzzcocks.

"It's not an album, it's a collection of songs. Two will come out on 45, we're still kicking the others around."

The next Factory single will be an Invisible Girls project, so Zero gets to make a record of his own at last.

The techniques that Hannett has made trademarks on his productions, outside of his infinitely good taste, are traceable in his ability to make electronic music appear human, a facility with a defined rhythmic clarity (i.e. he make drums bounce) and a tendency to go over the top with flair.

"Electronic music is a bit frightening . . . it gives a lot of potential for accurate amounts of energy that you can't get out of instruments. I was definitely pleased with OMITD's 'Electricity', it was a great tune."

A bubblegum record.

"Absolutely. As for drums, I love echo and drum synthesizers, but I got a bit worried about using repeats after I had a fit of quasi-realism. I still do 'em in a fairly subliminal way. Some of it's from reggae, reggae drumming is simple diagrams. I was indoctrinated into that stuff by Roger Eagle. I'd go round to his gaff around midnight and stay 'til dawn listening to his million reggae albums and they were all great dance records. Plus he tended to have a blow."

Hannett's stormier style is partly an affinity with the likes of Jerry Yester, Ted Templeman and Bruce Botnik, partly with his love of effects.

"Explosions, huge fucking coast-guard marine flares and industrial bangs," he enthuses.

And the return of the lightshow?

"I wish it would. Interesting people used to turn up with light-shows. apart from there being something else to look at there was a cross-cultural fertilisation of ideas."

He chuckles and folds up into a deck-chair. The black cat Mercury wants his breakfast. It's 8 am.

After 24 hours of solid abuse, bodily functions start to slide. Hannett's still awake but he shouldn't be. This is no time for an interrogation.

And so for the nice, neat rounded encapsulation — the man and his work. It can't be done. In the new renaissance Zero is producer, John Cooper Clarke manager (impossible), musical distiller, Abba fan. His favourite studio euphemism is "one more time".

Rob Gretton put it succinctly. "Oh, Martin. He's got a way with sound."

So what does he do again?

"Unload a few interesting techniques onto a dance beat. I just make records that's all. It's an amorphous delight."

PHOTOS ANTON CORBIJN

AMERICA BOOBS AGAIN

RICHARD GRABEL keeps his cool and finds out how to make a tit of yourself The Plasmatics way.

IN A loft on downtown Thomas Street, Rod Swenson sits and plots world domination. Tall, balding, mid-30ish, and very smart, Swenson's office is covered with the memorabilia of a career as, first, the king of New York porn promoters and now, the mastermind behind the Plasmatics' plot to corrupt and kick over an already seriously weak and crumbling Western civilisation.

Giant posters advertise the live sex shows Swenson presented some three years ago in various Times Square theatres. *Captain Kink Presents Unbelievable Acts! See—The Victorian Chateau! The Ritual Of The Insubordinate Chambermaid! See—Slopp Candy's Famous Whipped Cream Sundae!* And from a year later, the same blaring visual poster style advertises another kind of sex show. *See! Live! Plasmatics!* Dangling breasts, guys in nurses uniforms — these posters, plastered over every available inch of city wall, got the Plasmatics off to a highly visible start.

Visual images are still the means of selling the Plasmatics. And nothing is left to chance. "No tape shots" Swenson tells Joe Stevens as he's photographing Wendy O. Williams, referring to her trademark of wearing strips of black tape over her nipples. "Those are exclusively for live shots. Let's get some props. Wendy, where's the sledgehammer?"

Wendy O. Williams is blond, busty, speaks with a New York accent so thick it must be cultivated. She is ingratiating, anxious to please, but seems to speak only when she has a ready response, well rehearsed. Guitarist Richie Stotts sports a mohawk hairdo dyed an electric shade of blue, and speaks softly, punctuating his sentences with more "uhs" "likes" and "mans" than actual words.

They are the Plasmatics, along with Swenson, who guides the whole show from behind the scenes. The other band members — Wes Beech (guitar), Stu Deutsch (drums) and Jean Beauvoir (bass) are hired guns who show up when they're told and do their jobs.

Most bands put together as part of somebody else's marketing scheme try to hide the fact. The Plasmatics can't be bothered with such a cover-up and it wouldn't work anyway. No one who talked to Wendy or Richie would believe they could have come up with such a Grand Guignol spectacle of sex and destruction on their own. They are two very nice, very sweet people who don't impress one as having very much besides air between their ears.

So Wendy cheerfully acknowledges that "Rod is the prime mover of the whole thing." And they never talk to the press unless Swenson is present, ready to interject ideological justifications of the Plasmatics concept when either Wendy of Richie threaten to put foot in mouth.

WENDY left her home in upstate New York at the age of sixteen, and travelled Europe for a while working as an "exotic dancer". "But I figured if I was going to get noticed", she says, "Times Square was the place to go."

Swenson picks up the story. "She called me and said 'Well I just flew into town and I've only got enough money for one night in this hotel and I want to be a sex star.' It sounded like a joke somebody was pulling."

How had Wendy heard of Swenson? "He had the biggest, flashiest ad in the paper.

"These shows were like the Caddillac of sex shows. I specialized in being a dominant with all girl numbers, which got boring, and it mushroomed into the Plasmatics, which is the most fun I've ever had. I feel like I'm getting to use more of what I've got, and exploit more of what I've got, and wake up the middle class, better."

"I didn't pay particular attention to her initially," Swenson says. "When she came to me and said 'I want to be a rock and roll star,' I didn't totally grasp it at first. But then I saw it was the logical thing. There haven't been that many women in rock and roll who are willing to step over the line, be raunchy or outrageous. And here was this woman who wasn't self-conscious about that. That's what led me to believe in her and start the package. And in the course of looking for material is how I ran into Richie Stotts. Of course, the brilliant showman that he is today had not yet emerged."

"I was kicking around, playing in different bands," Stotts explains. "Rod approached me and what he was saying was great beyond my wildest dreams. He said: 'Let's get together and write some songs" and that's what I did. I wrote some songs."

Wendy: "Richie wrote most of the music and Rod writes the lyrics."

Richie: "I'm not a writer writer."

I ask him about his hair and costumes, which can include nylon stockings, garters, and a tu-tu.

"I look like this because I'm in the band."

You mean Rod told you to do it?

Richie: "No"

Rod: "I'm the instigator. But it was him coming out of his closet. It's not like the Village People."

The "brilliant showman" in Richie Stotts emerges only when the band is onstage. There, Stotts shows off his costumes to good advantage, jumping around like a madman while beating the hell out of his guitar, producing wails of screeching feedback and occasionally, actual chords. Only the professionalism of the rhythm section holds the songs together and gives the impression of an actual band at work. Stott's music is basically straight formula punk-rock, a direct lift from the Ramones down to his "one-two-three-four" shouted intros, but lacking the Ramones' conciseness or humour. To these skeletal tunes Swenson has tacked lyrics full of school-kid level sexual innuendo.

Wendy O. Williams is clad in a leopard skin jump-suit that pushes up her bare breasts, their nipples covered with tape. She sings these lyrics in a squawky, melody-less style. The best that can be said is she manages to be heard over the din. Her principal job onstage isn't really to sing. It is to execute a series of wreckings and explosions. She starts small, smashing up a couple of radios, then a TV set. Then a guitar gets chain-sawed. All of these objects are fully miked for sound, so each smashing in is a painful assault on the audience's eardrums. For the grand finale, Wendy comes dancing out with a sledgehammer and starts attacking the windows of a Ford Mustang parked onstage. Once the windows are gone, Wendy takes sticks of dynamite, lights them and caresses them awhile, rubbing the sticks over her breasts and crotch before tossing them into the car. Each explosion sets off a flash of flame and heat, until by the third blast the car is reduced to a pile of rubble. After this there's some more nonsense involving trashing of amps and having the bass player hang himself.

The blare, the volume, the blasts work a strange effect. At the end, there is very little applause, no calls for an encore. The audience has not been excited or aroused. They've been bludgeoned into submission.

BACK in Swenson's office, I ask Wendy why she blows things up.

"People have made these objects their gods. Everybody worships material objects."

What was the first thing you destroyed on a stage?

"A guitar, with a chainsaw."

Rod: "The guitar was kind of ritualistic. It was CBGB's and the band was probably making less money than the guitar costs. People said 'You're crazy, why don't you take an old guitar' and we said no, because it's real and here it is."

Richie: "That's a real car. The other day I was driving that car around. We didn't take anything out of it."

Rod: It's a tradition, it's part of the tradition of rock and roll. Even the Who, where that came from, I think, is that the average person has this feeling of wanting to destroy things throughout the course of the day."

Wendy: "Everybody wants to break windows."

Richie: "You can take it as a perversion but you can take it as. . ."

Rod: (interrupting, warming to his subject) "There's an art form of the thing which is expressed in certain cultural symbols. The destructive thing is something that people have inside them, that they keep down because they're civilized. In a sense they are natural feelings, as a result of living in a modern civilization. It's not something to feel guilty about. It is something to deal with."

FOR THOSE not in proximity to a Plasmatic live performance, an albumful of their sound, as yet unheard by these ears, is coming your way. It was produced by Jimmy Miller, the Stones' old production cohort. "He was very nice in that he let us do exactly what we wanted" Wendy says. "He was very impressed" Stotts adds. "He said, 'You guys don't need any practice or anything'. Though Wendy and Richie both profess confidence that the album is "very powerful", it is hard to imagine how it could ever convey much of the blood, destruction and gotterdamerung chaos the stage show whips up.

So, kids, got live if you want it. Got video and records too. But why should you want it? There are those who believe the Plasmatics are working in the grand tradition of theatrical excess in rock, and drop names like Alice Cooper and Kiss.

But I doubt that Swenson and the Plasmatics are bringing pornography and rock together out of a deeply-held conviction that they belong together as two expressions of the trash aesthetic in popular culture. And even if they are, their ultimate failure is that they don't deliver. At a Plasmatics show, you don't get sex, just a limp caricature. You don't get violence and destruction, just a lot of noise and an awful headache. It's just the same old Times Square hustle, moving in on rock and roll because that's where the bucks are.

But you don't need me to tell you what to think. Personally, if I never have to think about the Plasmatics again it will be too soon.

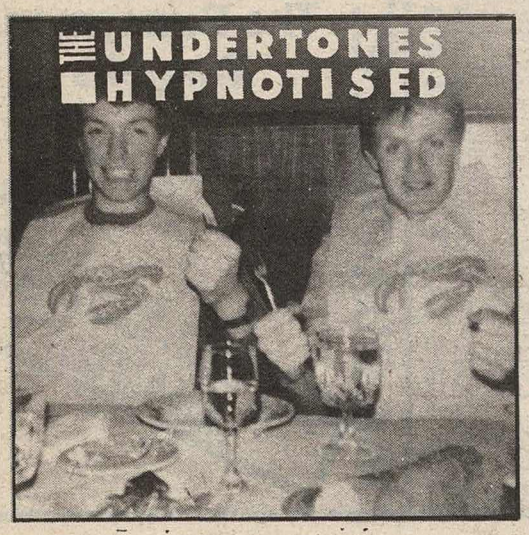
Pix: Joe Stevens

"Ya see, da real problem we, uh, serious artists have is dat youse joiks don't take us SERIOUS!"

THE UNDERTONES

HYPNOTISED

15 ROCKIN' HUMDINGERS



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2	1	THE ROLLING STONES EMOTIONAL RESCUE		4·19
3	4	JOAN ARMATRADING ME, MYSELF, I		3·49
4	8	PETER GABRIEL PETER GABRIEL		3·79
5	2	BOB DYLAN SAVED		3·79
6	12	JACKSON BROWNE HOLD OUT		3·49
7	3	GRAHAM PARKER THE UP ESCALATOR	*LIMITED PERIOD ONLY	2·99
8	5	ROXY MUSIC FLESH AND BLOOD	*LIMITED PERIOD ONLY	4·25
9	10	BLACK SABBATH LIVE – AT LAST		3·49
10	11	BOB MARLEY UPRISING		3·99
11	9	PAUL McCARTNEY McCARTNEY II		4·19
12	7	THE COMMODORES HEROES		4·19
13	14	THE LAMBRETTAS BEAT BOYS IN THE JET AGE		3·79
14	15	THE BEAT I JUST CAN'T STOP IT		3·49
15	18	SKY SKY 2		4·75
16	13	STEVE HACKETT THE DEFECTOR		3·79
17	17	HERB ALPERT BEYOND		3·49
18	16	THE PHOTOS THE PHOTOS		3·49
19	12	WHITESNAKE READY AN' WILLING		3·79
20	27	JEFF BECK THERE AND BACK		3·49
21	20	DIANA ROSS DIANA		4·19
22	36	STANLEY CLARK ROCKS, PEBBLES AND SAND		3·49
23	21	MICHAEL JACKSON OFF THE WALL		3·49
24	23	JERMAINE JACKSON LET'S GET SERIOUS		3·79
25	32	GIRLSCHOOL DEMOLITION		2·99
26	35	THE POLICE REGATTA DE BLANC		3·49
27	NEW ENTRY	VARIOUS – O.S.T. XANADU		3·79
28	22	STACEY LATTISHAW LET ME BE YOUR ANGEL		3·49
29	38	ULTRAVOX VIENNA		3·54
30	24	ROBERTA FLACK FEATURING DONNY HATHAWAY		3·49
31	29	THE PRETENDERS THE PRETENDERS		2·99
32	25	ERIC CLAPTON JUST ONE NIGHT		5·99
33	NEW ENTRY	BLUE OYSTER CULT CULTOSAURUS ERECTUS		3·79
34	30	GENESIS DUKE		4·29
35	26	VARIOUS KILLER WATTS		3·49
36	49	THE POLICE OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR		3·49
37	48	THE KORGIS DUMB WAITER		3·85
38	31	RY COODER THE LONG RIDERS		3·49
39	45	RANDY CRAWFORD NOW WE MAY BEGIN		3·49
40	28	TOYAH THE BLUE MEANING		3·79
41	33	ELTON JOHN 21 AT 33		4·39
42	44	SHEILA & B. DEVOTION KING OF THE WORLD		3·49
43	NEW ENTRY	THE CRUSADERS RHAPSODY & BLUES		3·49
44	47	VARIOUS GROOVES		2·99
45	40	CLEO LAINE AND JAMES GALWAY SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH		4·69
46	NEW ENTRY	CHIC REAL PEOPLE		3·49
47	46	CARLY SIMON COME UPSTAIRS		3·49
48	53	JOHNNY MATHIS ALL FOR YOU		3·79
49	50	FLEETWOOD MAC RUMOURS		2·99
50	34	AVERAGE WHITE BAND SHINE		3·79
51	37	PETE TOWNSHEND EMPTY GLASS		3·49
52	41	LIPS, INC MOUTH TO MOUTH		3·99
53	55	ROSE ROYCE GREATEST HITS		2·99
54	42	TED NUGENT SCREAM DREAM		3·79
55	57	FLEETWOOD MAC TUSK		4·99
56	39	LINTON KWESI JOHNSON BASS CULTURE		3·99
57	43	THE BEACH BOYS KEEPIN' THE SUMMER ALIVE		3·79
58	60	G-FORCE (FEATURING GARY MOORE) G-FORCE		3·49
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60	56	THE UNDERTONES HYPNOTISED	E&OE	3·49

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OUR PRICE RECORDS OUR PRICE RECORDS OUR PRICE RECORDS

EDITED BY CYNTHIA ROSE

WHO KILLED THE CHICKEN?

LEE PERRY ON THE SPIT?

SCRATCH is one of the consistently fascinating figures in Jamaican music, with his eccentric swings of attitude and loony productions well ahead of most people's imaginations on this planet. Last we heard, he'd become virulently anti-Dread and transmuted into the mystical figure of Pipecock Jackson.

Following the demise of his long relationship with Island, his music had been adopted by Black Star, the Amsterdam distributor-turned-label — and Scratch fans were slavering in anticipation of an album and a movie soundtrack.

Slobber, drool — here's 'The Return of Pipecock Jackson'; but what's on the sleeve? Produced by Lee Perry *and Black Star Liner?* Ominous; it sounds interesting but it doesn't sound like that exotic bird, a Scratch production, full of inconceivable sounds and zany rhythms.

Sounds more like rough mixes and raw tracks with good but undigested ideas. Once you adjust to the idea of a Lee Perry album not produced by Scratch, the LP gets better. The man still has that quizzical, nicely out of tune delivery and the words are pungent, ie. "Babylon your cookie jar a-crumble/Man I can hear your teeth a-rumble". Its story appears thus: when the Black Star Liner folks came to find Scratch in Kingston, they found his studio self-obliterated and his regular musical doings abandoned. They decided to try and work with him, and kept him together financially for over a year. Then one day the man gave 'em a buzz, said he didn't trust 'em any more, and left BSL with a crummy cash flow situation plus unfinished tapes. To avert collapse, BSL finished off the tapes as best they could (proving that Scratch's production techniques are irreplaceable), and released it, dropping Scratch a line to let him know.

Musicians on the album include several Movies, as the new-style Scratch apparently had refused to work with Jamaicans.

Never content with a one-sided story, we phoned up Scratch's next door neighbour in Kingston and asked to speak to Mr Perry from next door please (Scratch has no phone). The lady next door, normally friendly, sounded extremely cold. "How did you get this number? No, I can't call Mr Perry; we never talk to the gentleman."

"Well, is he in Kingston?"

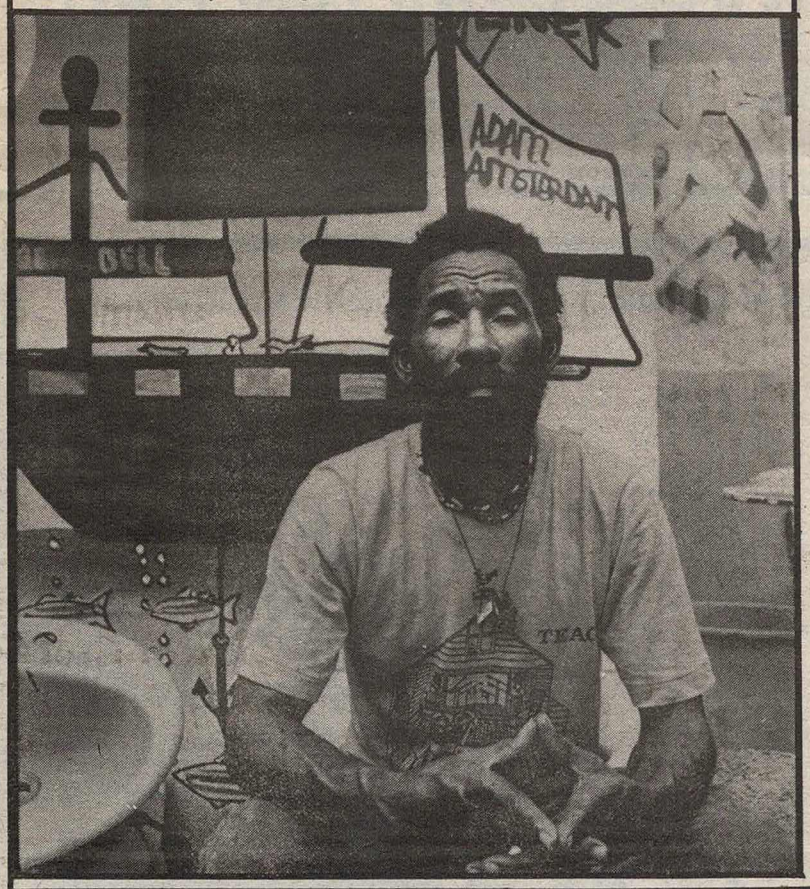
"Please don't call this number again."

Now, this could mean everyone in Kingston is well suspicous what with 223 people shot this year so far — or it *could be* that Scratch's continual repainting of his bungalow in ever-more-lurid designs and symbols has finally made the neighbourhood lose patience.

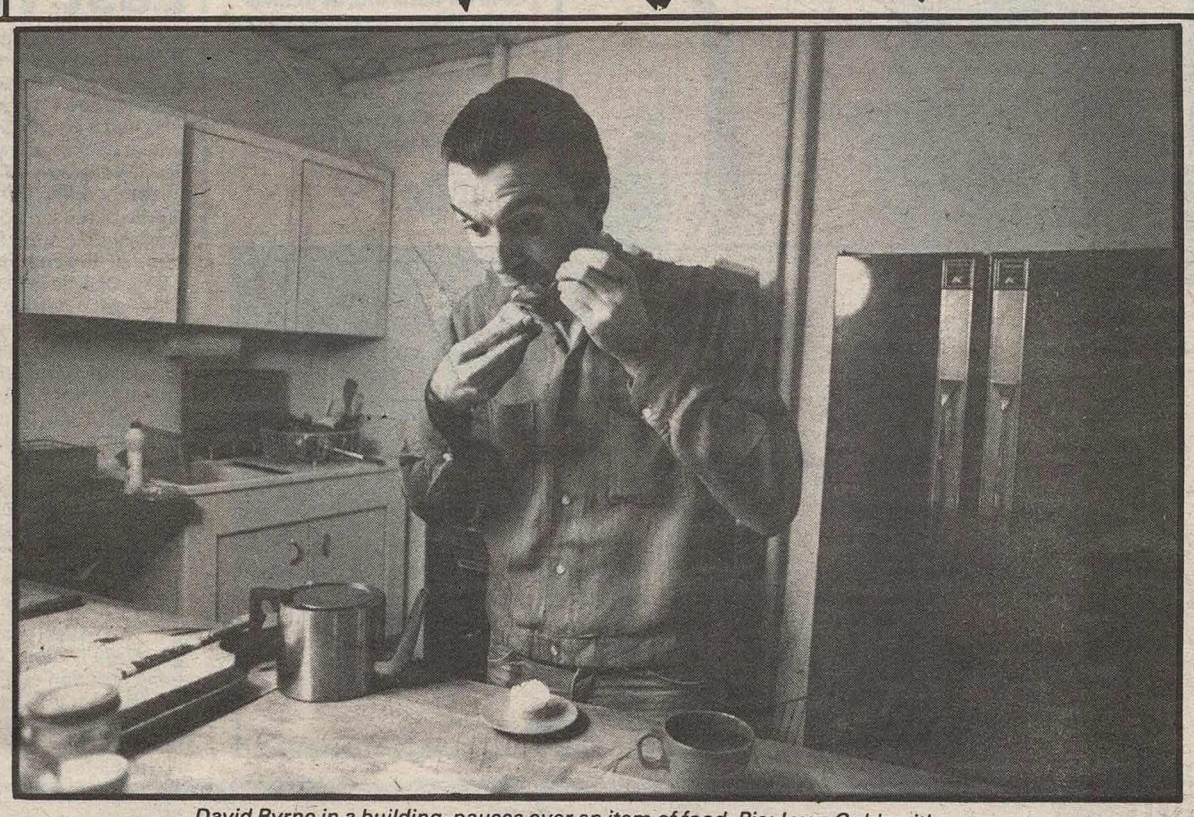
Whatever, it recalled his lyric on the nutty 'Who Killed the Chicken': *"Next door neighbour, do me a favour/Change your behaviour".*

VIVIEN GOLDMAN

Lee 'Scratch' Perry: the neighbourhood threat? Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez.



Thrills



David Byrne in a building, pauses over an item of food. Pic: Lynn Goldsmith.

More Qualms About Art and Tools

ALL things being well, which it turns out they weren't, David Byrne and Brian Eno were going to release this month a collaborative album called 'My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts', after the title of a book by African writer Amos Tutuola.

"The book is about . . . his life in the bush of ghosts," said David Byrne, a little enigmatically, when *Thrills* contacted him in New York. "But the album is . . . I guess you could call it ethnic funk psychedelic; a combination of those three things.

"Brian and I did most of it out on the West Coast, with some other people playing bits of percussion here and there. There's no singing on it. All the vocals were taken from other sources. There's some in Arabic and some in Persian, and we used this woman Catherine Kuhlman on a track that was going to be called either 'Into The Spirit World' or 'Lot'.

"She was an evangelist and faith healer who used to appear on TV and Brian had a tape of one of her sermons.

'My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts', which was to have been released by Sire in the US and EG in Europe, has been postponed because of this snag. Eno and Byrne have been at work with the rest of Talking Heads on their next album, which will now be released first.

"Also, since some of the techniques we used have been refined on the new Talking Heads LP, we'll probably want to go back and work on our album again."

So far, only the music for what will become Talking Heads fourth album has been put down — at the Nassau studios where they recorded 'More Songs About Buildings And Food'.

"Boy," enthuses Byrne, "it sure sounds different! This one is very much a studio album whereas 'Fear Of Music' was just the band playing with various things added on top. How to describe it . . . Psychedelic ethereal funk. Yeah. With a *lot* of rhythm instruments and percussion on it.

"I haven't done the words yet, but there won't be too much about people's problems. The words will probably deal a lot with the mysterious and the supernatural..."

This new twist of the fervid Byrne psyche sprang from an infatuation with Africana; part of his wider interest in musical anthropology revealed in a column Byrne wrote for *High Times* last year.

"I've mainly been reading books about Africa recently; about the rhythms and the spirits of the people in Africa."

It's perhaps an odd time for Talking Heads to make such a thematic departure, given their fondness for dealing with states of psychological tension and the recent international escalation of same. Has Byrne perceived any shifts in the mood of his country that might be worth commenting on?

"Ahh . . . (pause). Let me think . . . (longer pause).

"No, not really. In the kind of circles I move in in New York there isn't that much awareness of what the rest of the country is thinking. The media governs these things, and for a while they stirred people's feelings with the hostages. They wound up their propaganda machine but now they're getting bored with it.

"It's kind of hard to know how to respond. You can deplore the mood of isolation and paranoia that's been happening here, but at the same time you have to deplore the way the Russians moved into Afghanistan..."

The last time Byrne was in England, at the close of a long and finally arduous Talking Heads tour in London in November, he was talking about spending some time in Japan. "I was going to go to Japan, but I only got as far as the West Coast — then I got stuck making the album with Brian. We were going to go out into the desert to record it, but there were too many problems."

While Byrne was working with Eno, the rest of Talking Heads took a minor sabbatical from their college of musical knowledge. Jerry Harrison worked on some demos with Nona Hendryx, ex of Labelle, while Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth recuperated from the rigours of a tour which left the band less than totally content to repeat the same manoeuvres the next time around.

Byrne says they aren't keen to play live again until they can find a different approach.

"We might do a tour, but we have to figure out how to play some of the songs. There are a lot of percussion parts that have to be worked out, and we may use other musicians next time."

Their ideas at present lean towards the idea of some sort of continuous organised jamming mode, where the songs could be just slotted in rather than performed one after the other. As you can see this is still vague . . .

"I figure if we could get some sort of new sound on stage it would make it exciting," says Byrne. "I think people are bored with just going to gigs to hear bands playing their songs . . .

"I know I am."

PAUL RAMBALI

Specials' Lynval Mugged

LYNVAL of The Specials was the victim of a racial attack last Thursday, when he went to see the Mo-Dettes at the Moonlight Club. After the gig, he was followed down a side street by three blokes of a skin-nish appearance, who subsequently set upon him. He managed to get round to a friend's flat which was handy, and from there he was taken to hospital.

As Lynval was showered with abuse of the "you bloody nigger" sort during the fight, and as no reference to his livelihood was made by the assailants, it seems that the attack was one of pure racist hatred.

Lynval flew off the morning after the ordeal to play at Montreux, but upon his arrival there needed more medical attention plus painkilling injections, in order to fulfil the engagement. His condition is now satisfactory.

NF ROUSES ESSEX'S GYPSY BLOOD!

Thrills Telegrammed by Star

FRANK TALK SHOULD HAVE TALKED TO DAVID ESSEX FIRST BEFORE REPEATING RISIBLE CLAIM BY YOUNG NATIONAL FRONT'S BULLDOG OF ESSEXSUPPORT . FACT IS THAT ESSEX IS STRONGLY AGAINST FRONT. AT PRESENT HE/SWORKING ON FILM SCRIPT ABOUT HITLER'S MURDER OF HALF A MILLION GYPSIES . ESSEX HIMSELF IS OF GYPSY STOCK
DEREK BOWMAN MANAGER FOR DAVID ESSEX

B GIRLS PIN-UPS

in Fetchin' Fashions

Pics: Lynn Goldsmith.

WAS Cindy Wilson (left) influenced by Sissy Spacek's recent foray into wigdom for her role as Loretta Lynn in *Coal Miner's Daughter?* Or is she just breaking away from sister B–52 Kate Pierson's 'It's a Bikini World' beehive chic —see lower left)?

Neither! It's more of a colour statement, as the 52's manager frowned on dark wigs last time round Europe and Japan (the heavy hand of Debbie Harrydom at work?) Cindy's still trying to locate a case for hers, too, as airlines "don't like to have 'em aboard so I usually have to mail 'em".

Doesn't it get *hot* under there? "Yeah, and I have to take 'em off when I get headaches too."

Thrills

Up Against The Wall, Redneck Mothers? Not for Charlie Daniels.

Pic: Lois Greenfield.

Last Train to Jingosville...

IN THIS age of aggressive territorial postures, it makes a fellah mighty proud to see Charlie Daniels, who had a bit of a yee-haw smash backaways with 'The Devil Went Down To Georgia', currently riding tall in the saddle of the US country charts with a song by the name of 'In America'.

See, Charlie is what you might call a Patriot. Like any true American, he's been getting a little sore at the amount of disrespect being shown for the Home of the Free just lately. Damned if he ain't written this here song about it:

"The eagle's been flying slow and the flag's been flying low / And a lot of people's saying that America's fixing to fall. / But speaking just for me and some friends from Tennessee / we've got a thing or two to tell y'all . . .

"This lady may have stumbled but she ain't never failed / And if the Russians don't believe that, they can all go straight to heayall!"

Here's the chorus:

"You never did think that it would happen agin / But we're walking real proud and we're talking real loud again!"

Pay attention, good buddies. There's more where that came from:

"'Cause we'll all stick together, and you can take that to the bank / All the Cowboys and the Hippies and the Rebels and the Yanks!"

But there's always some folks as just don't realise just how lucky they are — like the folks that work on one of them New York intellectual magazines, *The Village Voice.* They printed the lyrics of 'In America', inferring that there was something funny about them. Charlie wrote a letter to put them straight.

"I don't particularly give a damn what you think of our work," he wrote. "As far as I am concerned, you can go straight to hell or Russia. I am proud to live in America, and if you are not, I suggest you get your ass out!"

You tell 'em, Charlie. Hyuk Hyuk.

DONALD REAGAN

Think It's Bad Down Your Way?

LAST week's Jamaican *Daily Gleaner* (soft-core European edition, yet!) lists the gun toll in Kingston till June: 296. In this daily game of police and thieves, the breakdown reads: killed by police / army: 73; killed by gunmen and others: 223. The sums are totted up from *Gleaner* back issues, "and may not be the full catalogue of all the carnage." A table shows that 'security force' killings have remained about level since '77, but "gunmen and others" have doubled their hit list; so far this year, more have been killed in Kingston than in all of '79 . . .

VIVIEN GOLDMAN

'THEY COULD WELL HAVE MADE THE FIRST WHOLLY SUCCESSFUL ELECTRONIC MUSIC ALBUM.'

Compass Kum'pas', for all its vagaries, is a magnificent album, I've been thoroughly floored by it for weeks now as it's hugged my turntable, and I unhesitantly have to put it along with Marble Giants, Magazine and Costello as An Album Of The Year So Far.

There are earthshaking melodies, hooks that stand the hairs on the nape of your neck on end, overall arrangements that I can only describe as intergalactic and a voice that oozes passion although it is thin and soft.

Dalek I have that room. The digital-watch that has a heart, the robot that bleeds, that's Dalek I. I'll swear, not on any machine, but on my own heart that this is a classic album not to be classically ignored.

DAVE Mc CULLOUGH SOUNDS

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DALEK I - COMPASS KUMPASS
NEW ALBUM AND TWO SINGLES IN SPECIAL PACK. ONLY £2.99.

BACK DOOR

*OFFER SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY.

We Don't Smoke and We Don't Chew— And We Don't Hold With Them That Do...

QUICK — what sugary genre of rock achieved a synthesis of childhood games and sexual suggestiveness which continues to endure unmatched by anything except the script of *Little Darlings?* Answer: Bubblegum, the '68-'69 born with Don Kirshner's TV combo The Monkees and extended by Jeff Katz and Jerry Kasenetz who released the seminal bubblegum song, 'Simon Says', by the 1910 Fruitgum Company.

Children's games, catchwords and rhythm patterns with a simple melody line became the formula for bubblegum chartbusters: from 1910 Fruitgum's 'Goody Goody Gumdrops' to 'Yummy Yummy Yummy', and 'Sweeter Than Sugar' by the Ohio Express, right up to Derek's 'Cinnamon', Tommy Roe's 'Jam Up and Jelly Tight' and TV's *The Archie Show.*

The marketing miracle of bubblegum's alliance with music may have lain dormant recently, but its memory endured in the echelons of the gum industry. Now Amurol Products (a division of The William Wrigley gum company) and Album Graphics Inc have jointly produced something called Chu-Bops: three-inch miniature album covers which contain bubblegum in the shape of an LP, with grooves and a hole in the middle.

Ten record companies have already licensed artwork for 'miniaturisation', including Warners, Capitol, Island, Motown, and Chrysalis. The initial Chu-Bops are albums by Abba, Rush, Billy Joel, Pat Benatar, The Knack, The Spinners, Pat Travers and Robert Palmer. Already projected for the second 'release' are the Commodores' 'Heroes' and Kiss' 'Unmasked', though so far Chu-Bops have been test-marketed only in Boston, Illinois, Northern California and — of course — Ohio.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Thrills

Lowry

"It's the final test before they become a newsreader. They have to maintain a superior smirk while announcing that black is actually white and white is actually black."

ARCHIVE FUN

Disc—January 20, 1973

ELP — the world's eighth wonder!

I HAVE just recovered from a fantastic concert. The three men on stage played music that swept through the hall. The stage was covered with instruments—an organ, piano, synthesiser, guitars, gongs, a large drum kit and a giant oscillator which flashed in the darkness.

During the act the master musician used the theatre organ, karated the organ keys, went into the audience and was attacked by a giant monster. Along with this the other members put on a rhythm so strong that it could have held any group together.

By the time the encore was over, I was shouting their name over and over again.

The following week I bought two of their albums. You must have guessed I went to see the Eighth Wonder of the World—ELP.—**Mark Perry, 11 Rochfort House, Grove Street, Deptford, London S.E.8.**

M. Perry of Deptford surveys disastrously Alternative Broadcast. Pic: Chris Horler

Rock Reveals Animal Passions?

LAST MONTH Balham band Metabolist made their bid to convert vacated public conveniences in South London into collectively-owned recording studios. Now Kennington-based quintet The Features have gone one better — opening their own recording studio in the basement of a neighbourhood pet shop, and dubbing it Pet Sounds.

This rush towards fame and psittacosis was facilitated by the fact that the shop is owned by their manager Alan Stuart — also the father of two Features. And joking aside (will they change their moniker to Heavy Petting in light of current tastes?), the band have 200 gigs behind them and released a debut single on their own ASM label last Christmas.

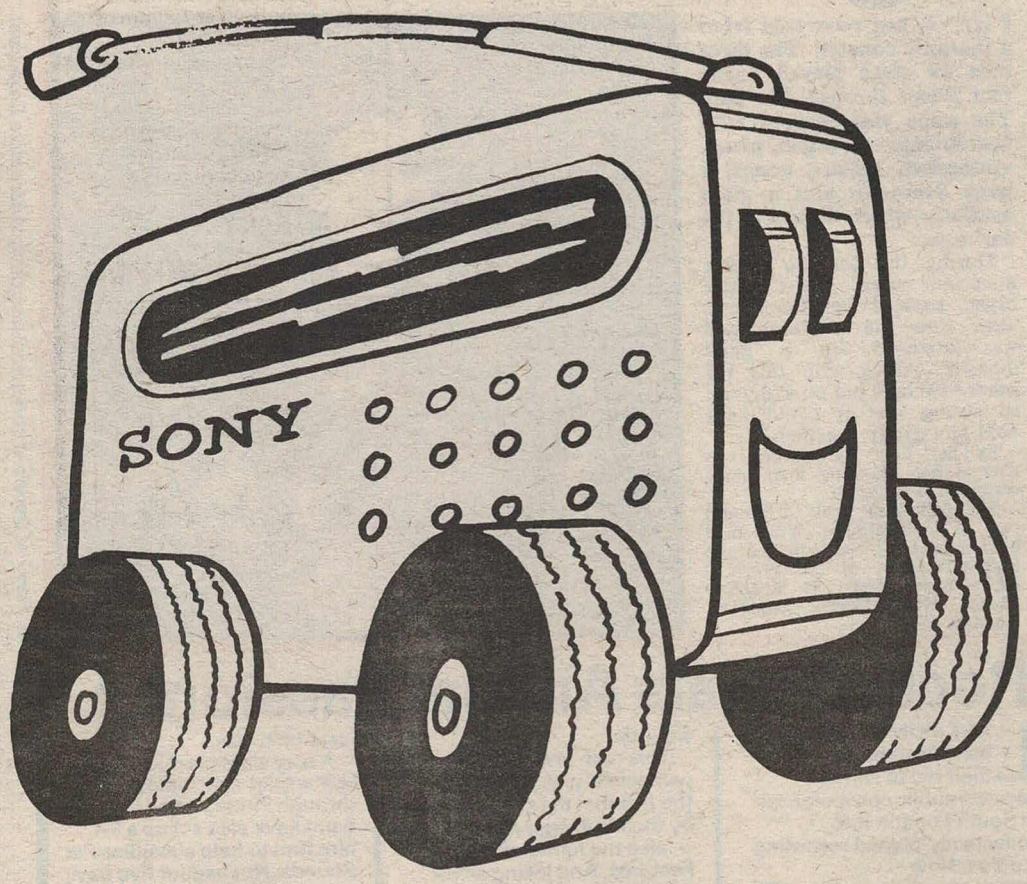
A new single is due out in a few weeks, distributed through Pinnacle and the band have also set up a PA hire firm to help subsidise Pet Sounds. Not bad for five boys who started out calling themselves Sucker.

SEAMY UNDERBELLY

Thrills

THE CHATS
INDEPENDENCE DAY
THE NEW SINGLE
polydor

JOIN US ON THE ROAD



....and you could win the career opportunity of a lifetime!

So you think you're good enough to dance with Hot Gossip or maybe you reckon you should have your own show on Radio Luxembourg. Well, here's your chance to prove it. Starting today the Sony/Radio Luxembourg Roadshow goes on tour. We'll be running heats in 37 major discos all over Britain for six weeks.

For further details, read on.

SONY® Disco Queen '80 Competition

Not just a dancer – we're looking for someone with style, looks and personality too. And the national winner gets an audition with Hot Gossip and a week's cabaret at La Tropicana Las Vegas with spending money and accommodation thrown in!

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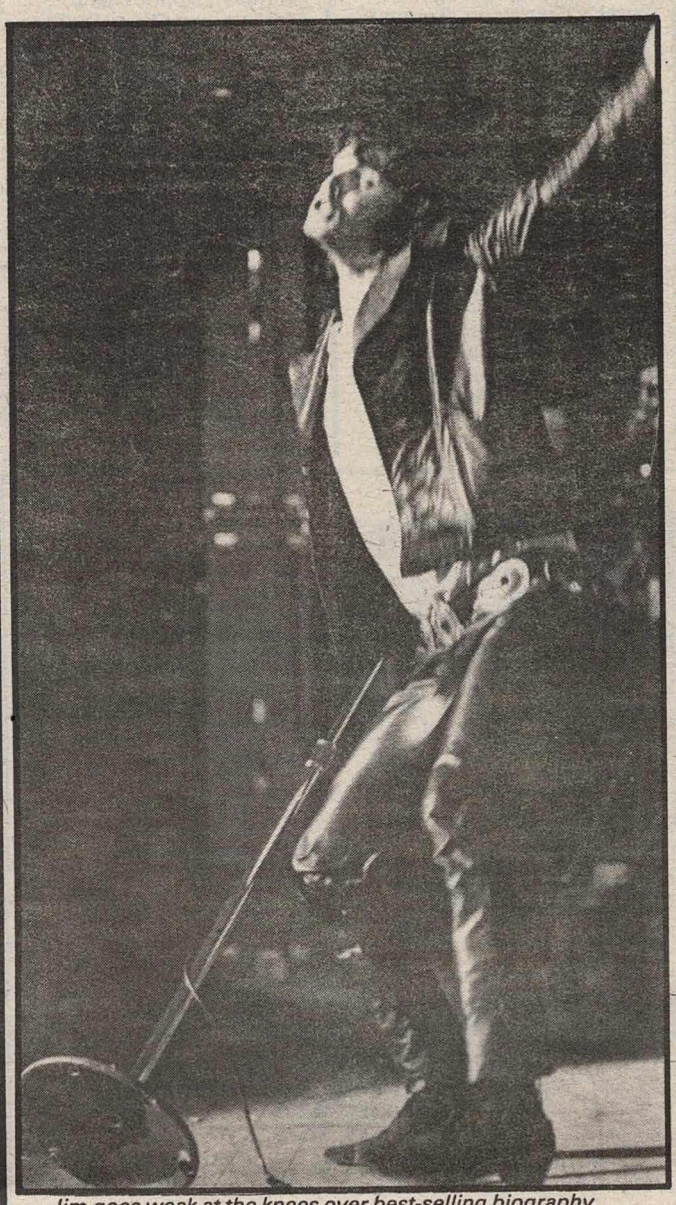
For venues, dates, rules and regulations write to Radio Luxembourg (Roadshow), 38 Hertford Street, London W1Y 8BA enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

208

SONY®/Radio Luxembourg ROADSHOW'80

Can't Keep Mr Mojo Down

But Biog Authors Went to Different Schools



Jim goes weak at the knees over best-selling biography. Pic: Peter Saunders/LFI.

ALTHOUGH Jim Morrison has apparently been dead these past nine years, his fans still refuse to go away. They may go to ground for a while or hole up in the woodwork like bugs waiting for the sun, but they never entirely vanish. The publication of *No One Here Gets Out Alive* by Jerry Hopkins and Daniel Sugarman (Warner Books) has brought the faithful swarming into the open.

Currently, this highly detailed biography of the Lizard King is number two in the New York best-seller lists. Records by the Doors are currently enjoying a radio vogue as golden oldies and a band of clones called Crystal Ship is reproducing the Doors' act round the New York club circuit. About the only sad note in the episode is that the book that rekindled all this interest is a somewhat sorry piece of literature.

The bulk of the research was done four or five years ago by co-author Jerry Hopkins. Hopkins, a careful and painstaking journalist with a more than credible reputation, approached the subject of Morrison with the same meticulous eye for pinpoint detail that went into his bestselling *Elvis* biography in 1974. Unfortunately, once Hopkins had completed his first draft of a Morrison biog, nobody seemed to want to publish it. As it passed from editor to editor, the consensus seemed to be that nobody needed a biography of a hippie rock star who drank himself to death in 1971. Wasn't punk having its first tatty flowering? Who needed Jim Morrison?

It was little use to explain that Morrison was a seminal influence on much of what was hailed as new and vigorous in rock and roll, that most of the new punk heroes, including John Lydon, had borrowed at least one move from the dead Door, and that then-cult figure Patti Smith had lifted his whole persona, virtually intact.

For a while it seemed as though Hopkins' manuscript would find itself filed under "great ideas that failed". It was saved by three totally unexpected factors. First Francis Ford Coppola reminded the world of the eerie power of the Doors' music when he used 'The End' as the main theme for *Apocalypse Now*. Then the sales of An American Prayer, the posthumous collection of Morrison's poetry and out-takes, proved that the Doors' audience was still out there.

The third, questionably fortuitous, happening was Hopkins' meeting with co-author Daniel Sugarman.

Danny Sugarman is a feature of the LA rock jungle. He dropped out of school in 1968 at the age of 13 and started to hang around with Morrison and the Doors. Later, he went on to dabble in magazine writing and to act as an ad-hoc manager/advisor to Ray Manzarek and Iggy Pop. Sugarman was obviously instrumental in hustling a deal on the supposedly non-viable manuscript.

Unfortunately he may have also been responsible for the way that much of the book, although lavishly detailed and serving the fan with all the inside poop his/her heart could desire, is written in a heroworshipping, almost *Photoplay* style of prose.

When applied to someone like Jim Morrison, such writing ranges from the annoying to the out and out ludicrous. For example, Morrison's early delvings into the wonderful world of Friedrich Nietzsche are glibly described as "Apollonian . . . Dionysian . . .", but at no time is it explained what this means or how exactly Morrison went about applying it to his later poetry and lyrics.

Heavy emphasis is put on Morrison's drinking, but the only explanation presented is that he was a poet. Don't all poets drink?

Dylan Thomas and Brendan Behan are cited as conclusive proof. The book is replete with easy answers but no real analysis of why Morrison was such a mass of contradictions. Here was a young man living out an ultimate adolescent fantasy; he was a rock star, he was rich, women flocked to him, men idolised him and yet he was obsessed with images of chaos and death. He indulged in childish, self-destructive pranks and drank himself into schizophrenia and an early grave.

None of this, not even the contempt for his audience (a contempt very similar to John Lydon's during the final Sex Pistols debacle) that was such a depressing part of his final live performances seems to have excited the curiosity or stirred the imaginations of our co-authors. There's a wealth of anecdote and detail, but if it was any more simplistic, *No One Here Gets Out Alive* would have to be a comic.

Ironically, this unquestioning, hero-worshipping acceptance of Morrison as the boy who could do no wrong actually does him an extreme disservice. Sugarman (if indeed it is Sugarman who is to blame), by his unwillingness to probe for motivation behind Morrison's frequent, monomaniac cruelty, paints a portrait of his hero as a shallow, posturing drunk — so two-dimensional that he could never have come up with something like 'The End'.

I've waited a long time for a biography of Jim Morrison. It's a pity this had to be the one.

MICK FARREN

Thrills/

Set 'Em Up, Joe!

REMEMBER Walt Disney's Chipmunks . . . Alvin, Simon and Theodore? They've just re-emerged with a Stateside release, an album entitled 'Chipmunk Punk'. Their versions of The Knack's 'My Sharona', 'Good Girls Don't' and 'Frustrated', as well as The Cars' 'Let's Go', Queen's 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love', Linda Ronstadt's 'How Do I Make You', and Tom Petty's 'Refugee' feature arrangements and playing which are surprisingly accurate — but with falsetto vocals which put the Gibb brothers in the shade.

The airplay 'Refugee' has received proves that The Chipmunks need never be restricted to Christmas carols again. Others in left field rock: West Coast band Hornets Attack Victor Mature, who with deference to Kafka call their stuff "insect rock" — and a certain independent film-maker from New York who claims to have captured on infra-red film a spirit leaving a human body. What was the spirit singing? 'Fly Me to the Moon'.

ANNETTE FUNICELLO

Thrills/

Pic: Santo Basone

Helen lectures Malcolm McLaren on Ten Lessons Back To Credibility

Helen in Waiting

Swindle Star's Career Plans

HELEN Of Troy (the first) lived in mythology and launched a thousand ships. The second one lives in NW6 and would like to launch her own career. All she wants now, she says, is a good agent, an Equity card and artistic credibility. And if the first two are hard enough to come by, then the third — when you're a dwarf and only known for playing Malcolm McLaren's sidekick in *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* — can be damn near impossible.

Helen got into movies, as she explains, "just to exploit myself and make some money out of all this. 'Cos everyone looks at me and I think 'God, if I could get sixpence for *each look* let alone for opening my mouth,' you know?"

Her opportunity came with the arrival of punk in '76, which she loved. For a start, she already looked like one: "Yeah, because I had to, not because of any fashion. I used to cut up my ex-husband's pants; because they were so wide I used to wrap them around me to make them tight. And I just think, well, I've got nothing to lose . . . and most of the time I can get away with it, because people are so sort of *christian* - d'you know what I mean, really, they find it hard to be honest with me. They probably think I'm a half-wit.

"But I do want to sing, and do films, and feel that I have worked, been notorious, famous, infamous, whatever. I have to express myself because I find life absolutely pointless if I can't have an outlet . . . I know I can make money. It's being Tiny Tim, I suppose; to have a career like his. He was horrific really, but he left a mark, he *did* something."

Knowing director Derek Jarman, her first break came with a role in his punk fantasia *Jubilee*, the second through a close association with The Sex Pistols. As a good friend of the group ("great boys, and considerate") and having worked as all-round dogsbody in the McLaren organisation (she claims to have been the designer of punk's blackmail graphic style, though credit went to Jamie Reid) Helen was prepared to "go to war" if she was left out of any plans to film the Pistols story.

Fortunately for Helen, *Swindle* director Julien Temple ensured her participation, and so she appears in the opening sequence assembling the title, and also as Malcolm's wide-eyed sidekick, listening with amazement as he lists his infamous 'ten lessons'.

"He used to feed off my face, my expressions; I drew it out of him." Helen's rather actressy manner extends to the obligatory bitching too: "*Vivienne* (Westwood, of Seditionaries) would come on to the set chanting directions — I mean, *Julien* was the director — and criticised Malcolm's looking at me, why shouldn't he look straight at the camera . . . like reading the news, so lacking in imagination. And because we didn't do that, it's 'not political'," she mimics with a sneer. "This is her way of saying it's too Chipperfields Circus or whatever.

"But I enjoy the film. Under the circumstances — what it went through, the hassles, the squabbles, people wiping their names off the credits and not talking to each other, all the bad vibes — it's done exceedingly well. Basically I think it's great, like a lucky dip, full of everything."

And as for Helen Of Troy (real name Helen Wellington-Lloyd)? Already she's done a few promo films, and made one attempt at forming a band with two Mo-Dettes: "But I felt I wasn't ready then. What I want badly now is a record deal and a backing band." She says she'd love to do a cosmetic ad too, if only they'd let her. "I can look quite dollybird-ish at times . . . that would really be punching people's whole way of thinking, to sell a product that so-called pretty proportioned ladies would sell."

Unquestionably, though her finest hour came recently, at, of all places, a UK Subs gig in the Music Machine. "I was mobbed!" she remembers blissfully. "Loads of them — they must have seen the record cover — they wanted my autographs. Dirty, pockmark faced urchins. I couldn't see a thing!" Her eyes close in delight.

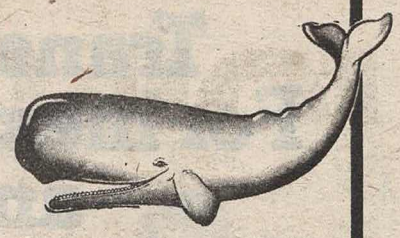
"I find that so exciting, I really do. . ."

Sweet dreams. . .

PAUL DU NOYER

Thrills/

Whale Fightback 1980



ANTI-WHALING activists from all over the world will be arriving in Brighton shortly when the International Whaling Commission, meets at the Hotel Metropole on 21-26 July to decide how many whales will be killed in the year ahead.

The anti-whaling movement has been characterised by a determined swing towards direct action in the past twelve months. Recently two Spanish whaling vessels were blown up with limpet mines, the pirate whaler *Sierra* was rammed and sunk and a renegade group called Moby Dick have been paint stripping Japanese cars.

Within the IWC itself, events are moving inexorably to some kind of confrontation between the growing conservationist lobby who are trying to force a moratorium on killing whales, and the Japanese and their allies who appear equally determined to keep harpooning until the last.

Add to that the extra bonus of a seaside location for this year's event, and the stage is set for some interesting action.

Friends of the Earth, Greenpeace and a number of other groups are organising a *Festival for Whales* to coincide with the IWC meet. Edited highlights follow:

July 19: Picket outside Metropole 9.00 — 10.30

2.30. Start of Inner Tube Race between West and Palace Piers. Prizes for fastest and best designed boats.

July 20th: 11am. All-day showing of whale films at the Brighton Film Centre.

3.40pm. Start of yacht races from Brighton Marina on behalf of Greenpeace.

8.00pm. Alex Harvey Band in concert at the Top Rank Suite.

July 21: 8.00 — 10.30: Massive demonstration of anything that floats in the Channel opposite the Metropole.

10.00 Opening of IWC. Start of all-week vigil.

A number of other events, demonstrations, gigs are planned for the week. Further details from Brighton FOE: (0273) 696425 (day) or (0273) 60891 (night). For details on accommodation ring Ian Shearer on (0273) 609891.

In London FOE are staging a Save the Whale benefit on Sunday July 20 at 7.30pm at the Venue featuring Mike McGear, Georgie Fame and the Blue Flames, Brian Patten, Terry Jones, Michael Palin, Neil Innes and special guests. Tickets £3.75 from Virgin Megastore or contact FOE on (01) 434 1684.

DICK TRACY

The Lone Groover — Benyon

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FASHIONABLE SAFETY PINS THROUGH FACES!
FASHIONABLE TATTERED CLOTHES!
FASHIONABLE UNEMPLOYED KIDS!
HMM—NOW UNEMPLOYED KIDS ARE SO COMMON THEY'VE BECOME LESS FASHIONABLE—ONLY ELITST GROUPS ARE HIP!
OH STUFF IT!—LET'S GO BACK T'YOUR PAD, AN' LISTEN T'YOUR MONGOLIAN EROTICA 45's—AN' SMOKE DRIED FROGS.

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Pic: Peter Anderson

Do you like dole music?

● "WE TEND to do things differently to other people in the music business simply because none of us have ever done it before, and we just don't know how they *do* do things." — Simon Woods, manager of UB40.

● UB40: The attendance card 1½ million of us take down to the friendly local DHSS every two weeks. We sign our name, they send us some money. So kind. A government form.

● UB40: Ali Campbell (lead vocal, guitar); Robin Campbell (lead guitar, vocals); Brian Travers (sax); Earl Falconer (bass); Jim Brown (drums); Norman Hassan (percussion); Mickey Virtue (keyboards); Astro (toaster, dancer, compere). A band from Birmingham who, months after being rejected by 2-Tone as "commercially unviable", shook the majors by charting a record that was pressed, recorded and distributed completely by independents. The corporations, bless their stony hearts, didn't lay their fat and itchy fingers on a penny.

IT'S A HOT afternoon in Birmingham's busy city centre, and the motley group assembling on a corner attract curious stares from passers by.

"That was UB40, that was!"

"Don't be so fucken stupid!"

The band shuffle uncomfortably and try not to stare back, chatting to friends like The Beat's Dave Wakeling, who stops by on his way to rehearsals. They are meeting here for tonight's gig in Walsall, but Ali Campbell hasn't turned up and the others are getting understandably impatient. A visit to Ali's flat produces nothing but more stares from behind the tower block's net curtains.

"Oooh, look!" Travers parodies in a Pythonesque squeal. "There's some of those Ratfastetarians!"

We decide to go on, and eventually arrive at Walsall's cavernous Town Hall to find Ali already there. The dressing room is full of friends, relatives, wives, children, autograph hunters, Au Pairs and beer, but somehow a gig appears from the chaos.

Looking at the dancing, enthusiastic audience, I marvel at the amazing variety of people UB40's hypnotic blend of reggae, jazz and live dub seems to attract. As they themselves say: "Everyone from the trendy drips, students, trendy nice people, to skins, punks, teenyboppers and weenyboppers."

So far, this mixture has caused very few problems, perhaps because the band has no particular image or leader that any one group can pick up on — onstage, the only impression they convey is one of eight people who are happy to be there and who love the music they play. They do what they define as "nice reggae", take it or leave it.

At Walsall, they took it, and everyone from Rastas to screaming girls together demanded they play nearly the whole set twice and were still left yelling for more. UB40 are perhaps going to be bigger than anyone thought . . .

AT KEELE University a few days later, in a room full of bustling and officious people wearing 'S.U. Ents' badges, manager Simon Woods talks about how they try to avoid having one member of the band set up by the media as their spokesperson/representative. "If the press ask for a picture of a certain person, for instance, I'll give them a group shot or one of anyone else but the one they want. UB40 are eight people, and we want the publicity to be spread out amongst them, not focused just on one or two."

Woods is a tall, friendly guy whose manner can change suddenly to one of stubborn, almost childish petulance when dealing with promoters or the media — he has already tangled with this paper, amongst others, and even as we speak a BBC producer is pacing outside fuming because he can't interview the Campbells as he planned to. I predict that this ex-encyclopaedia salesman could quite easily become one of the music industry's Most Hated Men.

Not that UB40 themselves are that popular in the business. Their success on the tiny, Dudley-based Graduate Records seems to have upset a few people.

Their first single, 'King'/'Food For Thought', a tribute to Martin Luther King backed with a searing attack on the hypocrisy of religion *("People sit stuffing their faces all Christmas while others are dying of starvation, and they call THAT Christianity")*, went to no. 2 nationally and stayed at the top of the independent charts for three months. The follow-up 'My Way Of Thinking' has since charged straight into the Top Ten.

The big breakthrough, 'King'/'Food' was recorded in producer Bob Lamb's home studio, an eight-track outfit in a room so small that not all of them could fit in there at the same time, and released on a local label run from the record shop owned by David and Susan Virrs, old friends of Lamb's. Distribution was handled by Graduate and independent specialists Spartan, and publishing by UB40's own company.

Everyone involved, the band are quick to point out, "worked around the clock" as soon as they saw its potential. After they finally left the dole for a plum support slot on The Pretenders' tour (although a threat to put Ali "in a rehabilitation centre" if he drew another penny in benefits may also have influenced the decision somewhat . . .), several of the majors such as EMI made offers, but all were refused. As Norman Hassan explains, "They all offered huge advances and small percentages, and that won't pay your wages for five years. We negotiated with Graduate, the first people to show interest in us, and got the terms we wanted as well as complete artistic control, so we signed."

After their initial success, however, UB40 refused to do the conventional thing — their second single and the album tracks have all been laid down in Lamb's home in Moseley, Birmingham 13, and the majors gave up on the band and waved their blank cheques at the Virrs instead in an attempt to buy out Graduate. At one point a certain well-known label even went so far as to 'accidentally' park a 24-track mobile studio outside a gig, and proceeded to make a live recording due, they claim, to a 'misunderstanding'. But the Virrs stayed firm and are now in the process of organising distribution abroad, all through independents.

Like the band, they claim to be unsurprised and in control of their sudden success, although they do admit they now need a bigger office — their present abode is so small that the chairs had to be moved into the toilet to make room for the TV camera and reporter that came to interview them. Everyone involved in UB40, from the label to the road crew, is new to what they are doing, but they're learning fast and determined not to get trodden on.

THE BAND, too, are self-taught — "and it usually shows" — and even now Norman and Astro are "practising hard" in order to introduce a trumpet and trombone brass section by Christmas.

It all started when Brian, Ali, Norman and Earl, who all went to school together, roped in a few friends and as many instruments as they could beg, steal, borrow or buy on the cheap, and started to play. The name came from "a mate in the pub", and UB40 was born.

Reggae, they claim, was a natural choice. "We all grew up on reggae," Hassan tells me. "We had one funk number once, but it sounded strange so we threw it out."

Later Ali tells me how he, Robin, and their two other brothers, all sons of folk singer Ian Campbell, used to sing in a barbershop quartet, but when I ask how they graduated to the music they sing now, he looks puzzled. "But it was reggae that we used to do then, in harmony!"

So who decides which direction UB40 will take?

"We all do," Jim explains. "We're a very democratic band, and important decisions are only made after a meeting with a debate and then a vote." I suddenly vividly recall a Brum RAR gig about a year ago: The Angelic Upstarts failed to turn up or even give us notice that they didn't intend to, and while five hundred angry skins rioted in the hall, UB40 sat and debated whether they should go on instead. (They did, and were canned offstage.)

Ali does state, however, that he could only sing lyrics he totally believed in, which brings me neatly to the questions I most wanted to ask.

Earlier, Woods had told me how he would like to "smash this image we have as a 'nice reggae band' and show them what we really are", and I myself am surprised that they have never been picked upon as a 'political' band by the media. They have played benefits for every worthy cause from women's groups to the Zimbabwe liberation forces, and the lyrics are hardly what could be classed as reactionary. 'Madam Medusa', for instance, sings the praises of our beloved PM and is always introduced by Astro as "our Rock Against Thatcher piece", while the excellent 'Burden of Shame' *("I'm a British citizen and proud of it/But I carry the burden of shame")*, deals with "all the atrocities carried out in our name: in Northern Ireland, for instance."

So would they class themselves as a political band?

"I'd class myself as a political person," Brian says, seriously.

"You see," adds Jim, "we're basically a bunch of misfits. If we weren't doing this, we'd probably be out on the streets rioting or something."

This idea seems to appeal to the others, and they all warm to fantasies of what damage they could be doing to the British Empire until Ali returns to our original subject.

"There is one song I purposely make inaudible," he admits. "Some women may not like the words of 'My Way Of Thinking'. They may find it a little . . . sexist."

Sexist? Ah ha! So the skeleton has finally dropped from the cupboard! I probe further.

"It's not *that* bad," Norman says defensively. "Just sort of like a Big Five number." He then collapses into a fit of giggles about the merits of Prince Buster as Jim explains the discussions that are going on within the band about the role of women.

"Sexism is a difficult subject," he closes wearily, while Ali admits that he would have preferred to alter the single's lyrics were they not already committed to vinyl.

"Anway," he quickly continues, "if anyone's being treated like meat at the moment, it's us!" He is referring to the recent wave of teenage female hysteria (UB40mania? Giroettes?) that culminated in him having his trousers ripped off in a Cardiff dressing room. "Ruined a new pair of underpants, too."

And they don't enjoy that?

"Yes! . . . Well, no. It's disgusting!"

We're still laughing at his confusion when an extra-important 'S.U. Ents' badge bustles in to tell them the stage is theirs.

I've got a feeling no one's going to take it from them.

UB40 — the band named after an unemployment benefit claim form — draw the paaarty line for NME, the paper named after closing time. Cheryl Garrett claims the train fare to Walsall.

Reviewed by GRAHAM LOCK

SINGLES

Devoto: the archetypal balding intellectual *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

EDWARD AND Ms. ROSS

More heart – warming stories of devotion sacrifice and anarchy

Ross: the archetypal cabaret artiste.

■ ***COUPLE OF THE WEEK***
DIANA ROSS : Upside Down (Motown). A great Chic 12" despite Diana Ross. The pace falters only on the few times the vocal is upfront — Ross sings like she's in a whole other era — but the rest is magnificent.

Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers have never been as taut or as minimal: the arrangement is pared down to a dark space through which bass and snare drum coil and recoil, winding the tension like a spring along the spine. After Ross exits, Rodgers' guitar leaps in to cut up the looping beat and lead the band into a rampaging fade-out.

And Danny Baker was right — Tony Thompson *is* the best drummer in the world.

SMACK : Edward Fox (Aspirin). Amazing. A funny single that not only stays funny to the end, but also slips in a little teasing ambivalence *and* stands up as a clever, catchy piece of pop. Across a crisp, rolling guitar beat, Mancunian quartet Smack quote hilariously from an interview with the famous actor *(Day Of The Jackal, Edward And Mrs Simpson),* in which he advocates anarchy and social revolution in a disarmingly upper-crust manner. With unsettling duplicity, Smack begin by poking fun but by the end — well, decide for yourselves. A very *foxy* single, and sleeve of the week too. Available from Studio 1, School Buildings, George Leigh St., Ancoats, Manchester, for £1 plus postage — and insist on a photostat of the original interview.

GEORGIE FAME: Yeh Yeh (RSO). 'Stereo-enhanced' but still bliss. Ticking hi-hat, low droning organ, slow-burning sax and Fame's slippery vocals along that sinuous line where soul and bluebeat danced cheek-to cheek, back in '64. Terms like *"groovy hi-fi"* are actually sung with nonchalance, while aficianados may like to know that the record was produced by Tony Palmer and that John McLaughlin once played in The Blue Flames. Downhill ever since, of course, for all of 'em.

THE FALL : How I Wrote 'Elastic Man' (Rough Trade). Mark Smith's latest invective against the music biz rides on choppy rockabilly, drives through monotony, sneers and nags on a frayed edge of bitterness. 'How I Wrote 'Elastic Man'' attacks the idolatry of the past, the inane probing of the artistic process *and* the *Observer Colour Magazine.* 'City Hobgoblins', the other 'A' side, is raucous fun, with newcomer Paul Hanley bashing his drumkit with heavyweight gusto. Flatly insistent and uneasy listening, The Fall lurk just off the beat(en) track, rant incoherently, jeer justifiably and alert those with ears and eyes to the difficult truth that there is no safe passage.

MAGAZINE : Sweetheart Contract (Virgin). Magazine's renaissance has yet to receive the popular confirmation it richly deserves. A trio of fine singles have passed unnoticed, but I can't see how this one will succeed where 'A Song From Under The Floorboards' and 'Upside Down' failed. 'Sweetheart Contract', from the 'Soap' album, is bitter-smooth romance, swept along by airy synths, and a gulping bass line. The free limited-edition live single also strikes home with a frenzied version of 'Twenty Years Ago, so for once here's a hype that's more than just soap and flannel.

THE ROLLING STONES : Emotional Rescue (Rolling Stones). Contexts are important but so is content; *or* selling your labour is not the same as selling your soul; *or* I may work for IPC but at least I don't sing in a silly falsetto and drawl out nonsense like *"I will be your knight in shining armour/riding across the desert on a fine Arab charger"* just to line my pockets. 'Rescue' is a superb soft-funk lope spoiled by Jagger's absurd vocal posturings and a weirdly fragmented mix that consigns too much to the periphery. B-side 'Down In The Hole' is much better. Jagged guitar duets and harp fuel an urgency that stays compelling despite Jagger again overdoing it. But the Stones haven't *really* had to bother for years (cue 'Exile On Main Street' fanfare), people buy their records just because "they're the *Stones,* man!" You know what you have to do, but will you?

THE DAMNED: White Rabbit (Chiswick). German import EP that features the fearsome foursome's lugubrious HM version of the old Jefferson Airplane drug anthem, possibly recorded underwater. Grace Slick was a great singer, Dave Vanian isn't.

YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS: Final Day EP (Rough Trade). One that nearly slipped away during the IPC dispute, and a personal favourite. 'Final Day' is a clucking bass, ghostly keyboards and a simple tale of nuclear holocaust, based obliquely on Peter Watkin's *The War Game,* a film about nuclear war commissioned by the BBC in the early '60s then banned when it was deemed too harrowing for public consumption. Play while reading E. P. Thompson's *Protest And Survive* pamphlet and choosing which eight gramophone records you'd take with you down to the shelter. You *do* have a shelter . . . ?

DRINKING ELECTRICITY: Shaking All Over (Pop: Aural).
REPTILE RANCH: Animal Noises EP (Z Block).
WAH! HEAT: Better Scream (Inevitable).
Three more that went down in the flood first time around, so to make amends . . .
Drinking Electricity is Bob Last's latest venture, a beakerful of fizzy electronic pop. 'Shaking All Over' surrounds *that* guitar break with a tangy assault of bleeps, chimes and funny synth noises. Frothy fun for pop conceptualists.
Reptile Ranch, Cardiff's pioneer DIY band, have the knack of subverting expectations by taking their songs through sudden twists and turns. 'Henry' is the best example on this 4-track EP, a rough-hewed psychedelic melange of swooping harmonies, plangent guitars and a startlingly sad voice-over. A pity their energy and flair is trapped within grim production and pressing facilities but well worth £1 from Flat One, 1 Walker Road, Splott, Cardiff.
Wah! Heat you know. Muted Gothic. Ominous atmospheres overlaid on rushing, hard-edged pop. Not quite focussed here, but still gripping. A sense of something powerful arising. The lyric is based on a CIA plot to overthrow Castro by staging the Second Coming in Cuba — a wonderful scheme which could only have been hatched by a drug-crazed Yippie infiltrator. Wonder what treats they've planned for us.

SECTOR 27: Not Ready (Panic).
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: Back To Front (Chrysalis).
Is there anything more depressing than brave young rebels who turn into boring old rockers? Answers on a p/c to The Clash, CBS Records . . .

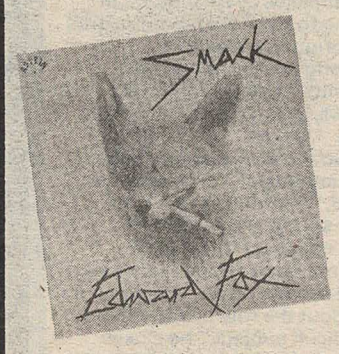
SPOILSPORTS: You Gotta Shout (Spoilsports). A touch of Joy Of Cooking, a small trace of Steely Dan. Formally dated and a little staid, 'You Gotta Shout' still captures a relaxed, funky lilt and adds trenchant lyrics that deromanticise 'Lady Madonna' and its ilk. Spoilsports are a feminist band who are now disbanding — and this single is their memento. Catch their farewell gigs this weekend. £1 from 46 Ellesmere Rd., London E3.

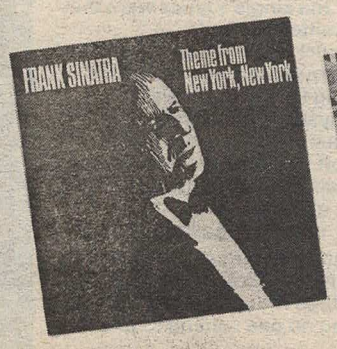
TELEVISION PERSONALITIES: Smashing Time (Rough Trade).
PHONES SPORTSMAN BAND: I Really Love You (Rather).
Playful primitives or sham amateurs? The TV Personalities' latest fab "smash" *(c. Melody Maker)* describes a weekend in London with true Wordsworthian banality; but without the sly barbs of 'Where's Bill Grundy Now', their studied naivety rings twee. Weak chorus but neat guitar splashes and brilliant sleeve-notes win them (him?) the benefit of the doubt.
Phones Sportsman loses it with another of those ramshackle parodies that stream from the Swell Map camp. 'I Really Love You', is doo-wop minus the doo-wop while the flipside trashes blues and funk like a piss-artist without any pith. The Bonzo Dogs were funnier, and I didn't like them much either.

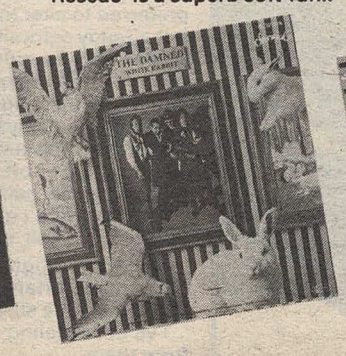
FRANK SINATRA: Theme From 'New York, New York'. (Reprise). Possibly the subject of a new cult revival thanks to fans of torch songs and Joy Division. Sings well but I can't take his friends or his toupe. I admit this is not a valid semiological point.

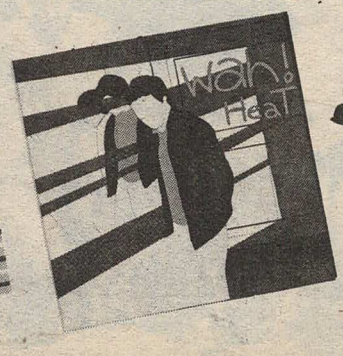
GIRLSCHOOL: Race With The Devil (Bronze). The "all-girl heavy metal band" as they were called by the all-boy DJ Paul Gambaccini on last week's *Roundtable,* where a comatose Jeff Beck was heard to mumble "yur, thuy're gud, thuy sund just luk guys". My theory is that all *male* HM musicians are trying to sound like *women* but their balls keep getting tangled up in their guitar strings. None of which explains why Girlschool choose to churn out the same dreary, turgid riffs as the rest on this old Gun hit. A Ms.

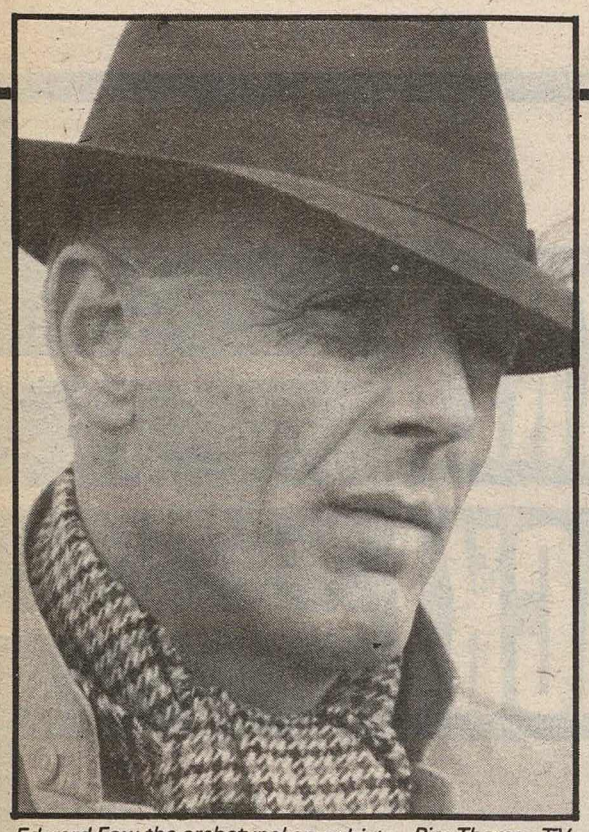
THE CRUSADERS: Soul Shadows (MCA). *"Standing by the window as the fog rolls in, I swear I can hear a far-off music. Jelly Roll is playing down in Storeyville, and Satchmo is wailing in Chicago. You ought've heard*











Edward Fox: the archetypal anarchist. Pic: Thames TV.

'em play the feelings that won't go away. Left the sound of their soul in the air." Bill Withers sings, The Crusaders supply buoyant jazz. A tradition's fruition, the resonance lingers. A hit. (But buy the 12").

HERMINE : Torture (Salome Disc). Husky-voiced European chanteuse warily intones an old Everly Brothers number over a Flying Lizards backtrack of abrupt dub art-pop cut-up. Very *weird* at first hearing, and David Cunningham ODs on the percussion, but insidiously attractive. Other pertinent facts : the flipside is a track co-authored by someone called Kent (no vinyl antecedent that I know of) and the record comes in a Virgin sleeve but is *not* a Virgin release due to dark deeds of Machiaevellian intrigue far too tangled to unravel here *(i.e. you don't know — Ed).* Yes I do.

ANY TROUBLE : 2nd Choice (Stiff).
DIRTY LOOKS : Let Go (Stiff). Stiff must be planning a compilation album of Elvis Costello clones. Any Trouble wheel out their second rewrite of 'Alison' (the first was 'Nice Girls' on the flip of their last single), flimsily disguised behind a slippery pop-reggae beat. But do I sneer too soon? '2nd Choice' is actually a strong song, wry, witty, stylish, almost good enough to make you forget its origins. Almost. Dirty Looks are all racing guitars and overdone climaxes. More like Joe Jackson, but no irony.

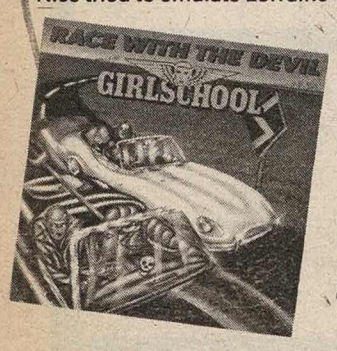
der PLAN : Da Vorne Steht Ne Ampel (Warning Rekords). Nestled within a winningly garish sleeve comes the week's strangest single. Would you credit a German *moderne* version of The Smurfs? Over minimal synthetic funk, a reassuring voice half-sings, half-coaxes while a chorus of dainty electronic gnomes go *"da diddy diddy"* and a loud whooshing noise comes and goes twice. I haven't a clue what it's about but the charm is easy and mildly infectious.

PP ARNOLD: Angel Of The Morning EP (Immediate/Virgin). Q: Name singer and song when an ex-Ikette backed by the future Nice tried to emulate Lorraine Ellison and Jerry Ragovy on a Cat Stevens track back in 1967? A: P.P. Arnold with 'The First Cut Is The Deepest', on which the plucky singer battled against toppling crescendoes, gauche violins and hamfisted white-boy soul percussion and still *won through* for what those in the biz call in awe "her finest hour" (actually 3 mins 19 secs.). The other three tracks on this EP reissue tremble into insignificance.

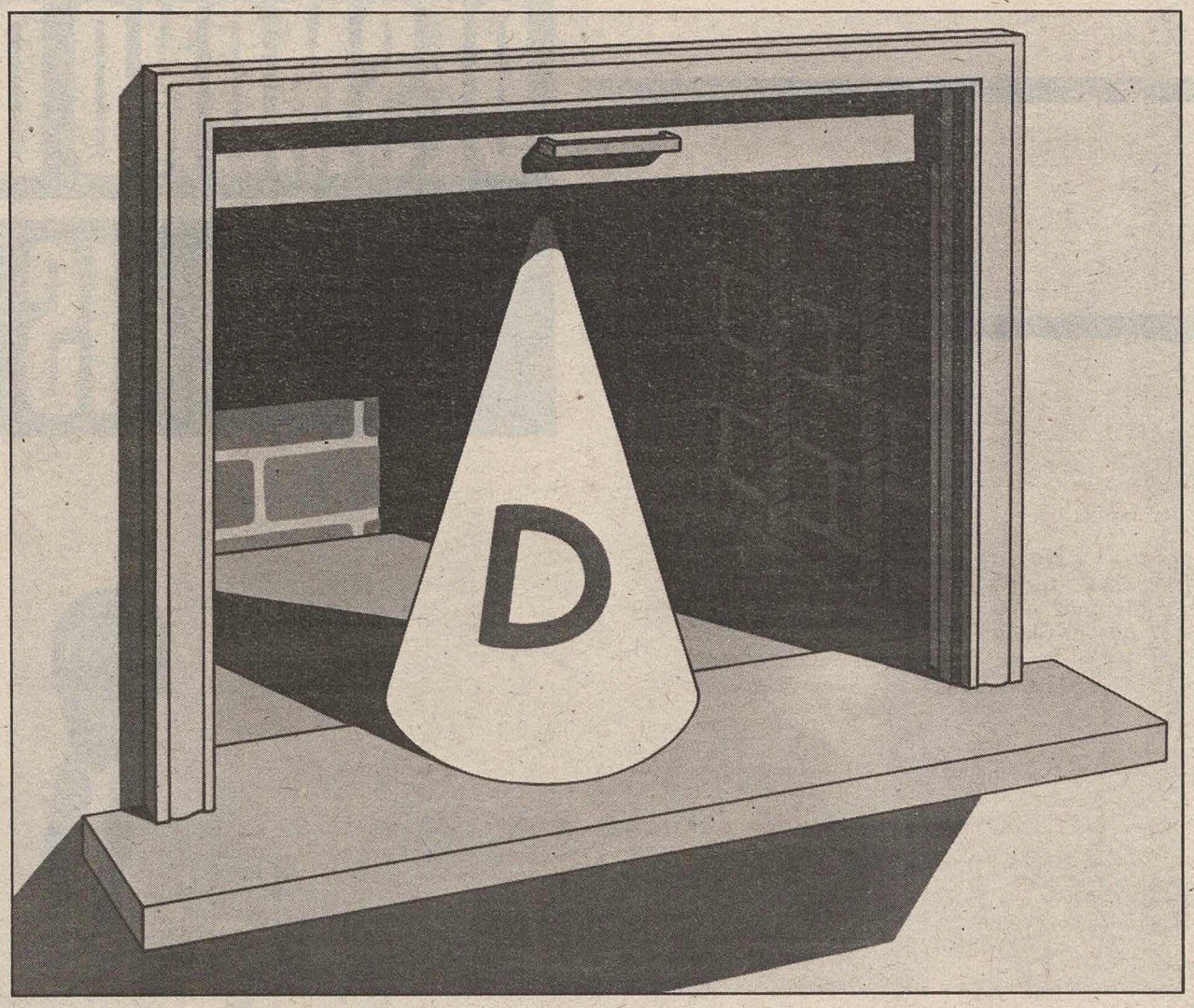
THE MEXICANO: Dallas (Phonogram). Cheap, trashy, sub-disco cash-in on updated Revenge Tragedy TV series: sample lyric *"I saw a man he looked so mean/Ben said his name was Jock Ewing"* (it does *scan*, though). Hmm. Who shot JR? Who murdered Blair Peach? Is the Yorkshire Ripper in the SPG? Doesn't Bobby look like Melvyn Bragg? Etc . . . the very fabric of our times.

AVERAGE WHITE BAND: For You For Love (RCA).
BEACH BOYS: Santa Ana Winds (CBS).
BLUE OYSTER CULT: Fallen Angel (CBS).
THE DICKIES: Gigantor (A&M).
ROY HARPER: Short And Sweet (Harvest).
ISAAC HAYES: I Ain't Never (Polydor).
ROY ORBISON & EMMYLOU HARRIS: That Lovin' You Feelin' Again (WEA).
SISTER SLEDGE: Let's Go On Vacation (Atlantic).
SLADE: Six Of The Best EP (Six Of The Best Records).
VILLAGE PEOPLE: Can't Stop The Music (Mercury).
And they blame home-taping! Oh, I almost forgot . . .

SINGLE OF THE CENTURY
THE PHOTOS: Friends (Epic). The camera's in the post, is it?



THE KORGIS



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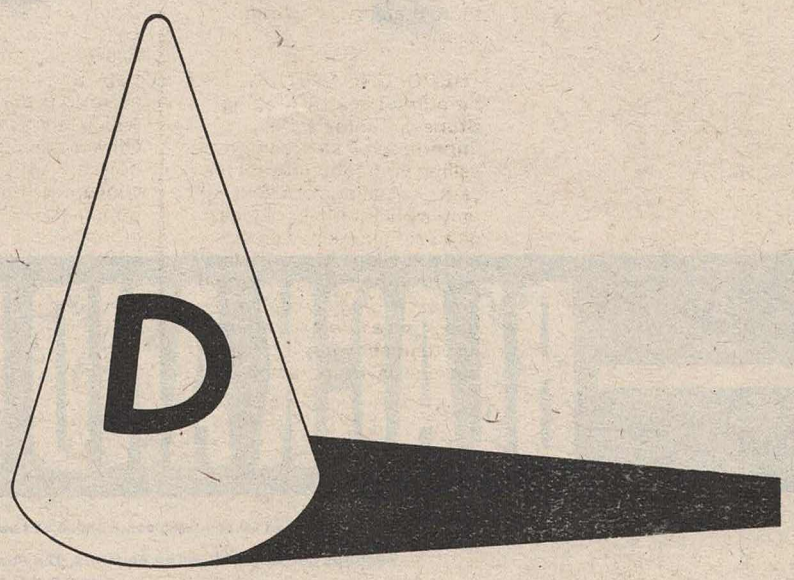

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STIFF RECORDS

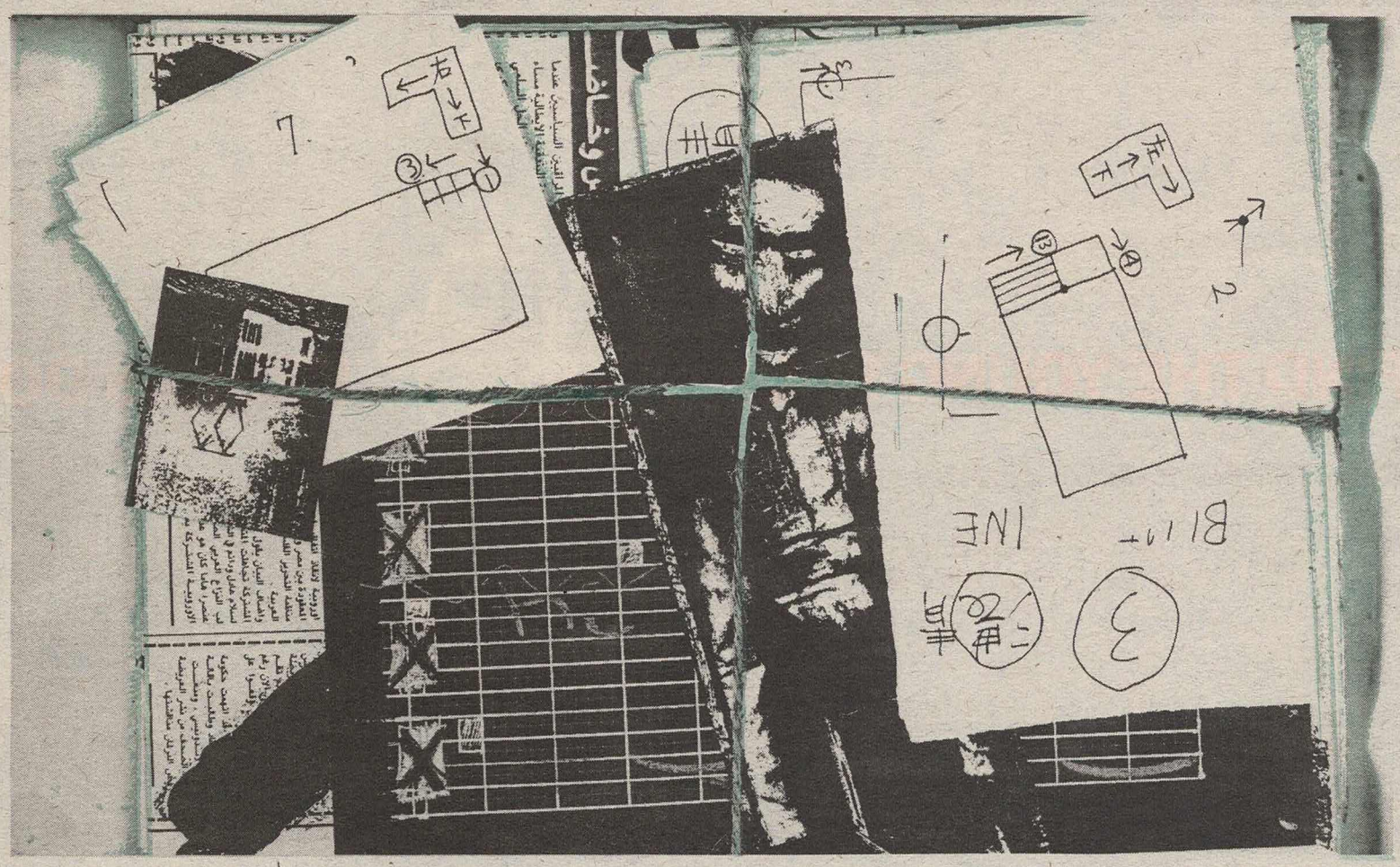
THIS STORY may sound like a manifesto, but it's a story nevertheless. It's a familiar story, a story about art and arrogance vs commerce and deceit. It's not without hope.

Our story concerns a brilliant but shortlived nova called Wire, whose star might rise again, but while it's dimming there's a Dome in its place.

It's told by three idealistic voices to a willing pair of ears that sometimes mutates into a voice of dissent. These ears — not too large, or at least not ridiculously so — have been burnt before and doubtless they'll burn again, but for now they're twitching with enthusiasm.

The voices are Dome's. They're passionate ones, but passions are properly contained for we are in public places. The place is a public bar where their voices and my ears congregate.

Voice number one is housed in the manicured form of bass player Graham Lewis, by which name it'll be subsequently identified. Lewis introduces voice number two as belonging to Russell Mills, the artist best known for his exhibitions of illustrations based on Eno's lyrics. They're joined shortly by our final voice, which originates in the gangling figure of a French-looking beat who passes us on his way to the bar. He'll be recognised as guitarist Bruce Gilbert. And now that the four protagonists are finally united, our story can unfold . . .



Bruce Gilbert

WE ARE THE MODERNES WE ARE THE MODERNES WE ARE WE ARE WE ARE THE MODERNES

Graham Lewis

The Wire-links between performance art and commercial suicide. By Chris Bohn Illustration by Russell Mills

EVER RELUCTANT to participate in the rock and roll game of selling an act as product, Wire always sought to dismantle any image they might have gained in order to throw the spotlight instead on whatever creation they were occupying themselves with at the time.

Just as punk audiences were catching up with 'Pink Flag' — an imaginative product of four non-musicians with more ideas than ability — Wire moved on to the smoother textural experiments of 'Chairs Missing' and, most successfully, last year's '154'.

In most people's eyes, '154' could have been a big seller, if that's what they wanted. But to EMI's chagrin the wilfully contrary Wire avoided all normal channels of promoting it, barring a few interviews. They'd toured before its release, but not to coincide with it, and given a prime radio spot on John Peel, they devoted their 15 minutes to an extended piece entirely unrelated to anything anybody had heard from Wire before.

Their deliberate commercial suicide prompts the question why they signed in the first place. Bruce Gilbert, our third voice, responds quietly:

"The EMI situation put us in the position where we had the facilities to be a rock band, which got us more exposure and so on. It was an interesting project, in a way, to be in that position. And we always felt we were fulfilling our part and felt that EMI fell down badly in theirs . . ."

First voice Graham Lewis interrupts: "I'd have thought that EMI had a position that they could exploit, particularly in Germany and some other countries, but we never found them doing that."

Their shaky relationship with EMI finally terminated, almost by mistake, shortly after the release of '154', when the company neglected to take up the option on a fourth album by the required date. Thus the band slipped quietly off the label into the nebulous state they like best, as it allows the four members to pursue their individual interests without contractual restraints. They're recording a Wire single at the moment, and during that moment Wire exists.

Singer Colin Newman is recording a solo album with drummer Robert Gotobed for Beggars Banquet, while guitarist Gilbert and bass player Lewis — the real subjects of our story — are immersing themselves further in the performance art experiments already begun by Wire.

Despite the hostility and puzzlement that greeted Wire's early incursions into the form at the Jeanetta Cochran Theatre and Electric Ballroom, they're only a development of the group's non-image ethic.

The idea was taken to its extreme last month at the Gilbert/Lewis London Notre Dame Hall concert, which saw the two musicians playing behind a grid designed by Russell Mills — hence his presence at the interview. Billing themselves as Dome Cupol, a name derived from the titles of their two recent record releases (more about which later), they alternately exasperated and excited the audience with a 20-minute piece based on a version of the Cupol 12-inch single, featuring new Lewis lyrics about Afghanistan. The subject isn't immediately apparent because in concert Lewis's voice is deliberately distorted beyond comprehension. *(Handy that — Ed)*

Also obscured behind the grid was Russell Mills playing synthesizer, while a Japanese aide wove strands of luminous rope and treated washing line in an abstract pattern across the Wire mesh. Finally when the piece was completed the musicians made their exit as the stage was lit up in ultra-violet light, bringing out the treated rope in a neon sheen for a few climactic moments.

Very interesting, but what did it all mean?

Gilbert attempts to illuminate. "It was supposed to be something which developed from the triangular discussions between Graham, Russell and myself, rather than a definite idea of what we wanted to do . . ."

"The grid developed partly from working with them down at the studio," interrupts Mills, "and partly from Graham's lyrics based on events in Afghanistan. And the whole thing was defined even further by the limitations of finance.

"As well as weaving the rope through the grid, the Japanese guy we got to do it — only found him the night before — had to place four Arabic newspapers into canisters at the end of the mesh. They had big red crosses painted on them — as a sort of spirit of negation of the whole thing. He got that part all wrong, but that was part of the spirit of the night, to see what happens. I gave him starting and finishing points and it was up to him what he did in between."

But if the trio wanted to make a statement, wouldn't they have done better to make it readily comprehensible? Apparently not.

Mills again: "We tried to make the language an abstract thing, another instrument to add to what we already had, rather than saying plainly: *'Ah, yeah, I got up this morning/And had a cup of tea . . .'*"

Graham Lewis mockingly interjects: " 'This is a political statement about the system over there — there's people getting killed there, you know . . .' "

"I think it's more important," resumes Mills, "to plant some sort of seed, a feeling of the spirit of the group, rather than telling them something specific. Those who take time to find out what you're talking about will benefit from it, and those who aren't bothered wouldn't have benefited even if you bowled it to them straight."

Gilbert tries to clarify the point. "One hates to draw parallels, but it's like painting, you know. *Guernica* is a really crass example — though it's one of the most violent paintings ever, it was painted carefully. But, hm, if you really get angry with a bit of canvas you can burn it, throw shit at it or whatever, and all you'll end up with is a mess. You've blown the expression completely, because all you've done is destroyed the canvas. It's always got to be slightly removed to get the point across. It's not about screaming."

With Wire, Gilbert and Lewis's performance art was ragged — they were playing under more primitive conditions, remarked Gilbert defensively — but Miles has brought them a polish they previously lacked. When the band played the Electric Ballroom, they confronted a mixture of Wire fans there for either their minimalist stuff or their more sophisticated '154' material. Their new set of wistful instrumentals, odd songs and nonsensical sketches completely threw them — especially after they opened with the rarely heard '12XU', dating back to the Roxy.

Many people upped and left, others jeered. So why expose themselves to possible ridicule by playing rock venues? Gilbert puts it down to missionary zeal.

"The performance area is well developed," he points out, "so one couldn't compete at that level without spending a couple of years getting involved in it. But it does seem slightly more interesting anyway to put a different angle on the way people are supposed to approach a rock concert. I suppose, er, it could be misconstrued as a missionary effort . . ."

"And there's nothing wrong with that," adds Russell heartily.

HAVING WILFULLY cut off their support from EMI, Gilbert and Lewis have had to apply a financial discipline to the recording of the two records mentioned earlier. The first was an album, 'Dome', which was hurriedly made over three days in an eight-track studio, and distributed by Rough Trade. For the second, a 12-inch single called 'Cupol', they were told by HAD, the independent label that released it, that they could fit 20 minutes onto one side, and subsequently worked to that limitation.

The music on both is as adventurous as their live performances, mingling taped voices, electronic noises and more conventional but distorted instruments in a way that's spontaneous and even sensuous.

However, recognising the widespread appeal of such music, they've adjusted their expected sales returns accordingly. That's why they're working on a one-off basis with two different companies.

Lewis explains: "It's only fair on the people you're working with, because no matter how much good will there is, relationships inevitably change over a longer period, because people start looking after their own interests."

OUR THREE voices have of late been reviled and cursed for readily identifying themselves as artists, where polite people would wait for others to acknowledge them as such. They've been attacked for their arrogance and conceit.

And though there is a preciousness in their firm beliefs, their voices should be heard dispassionately for what they're saying, not how it is said.

They might not be going where no man has gone before in the spheres of performance art, but they're definitely challenging rock and roll perceptions. React accordingly.

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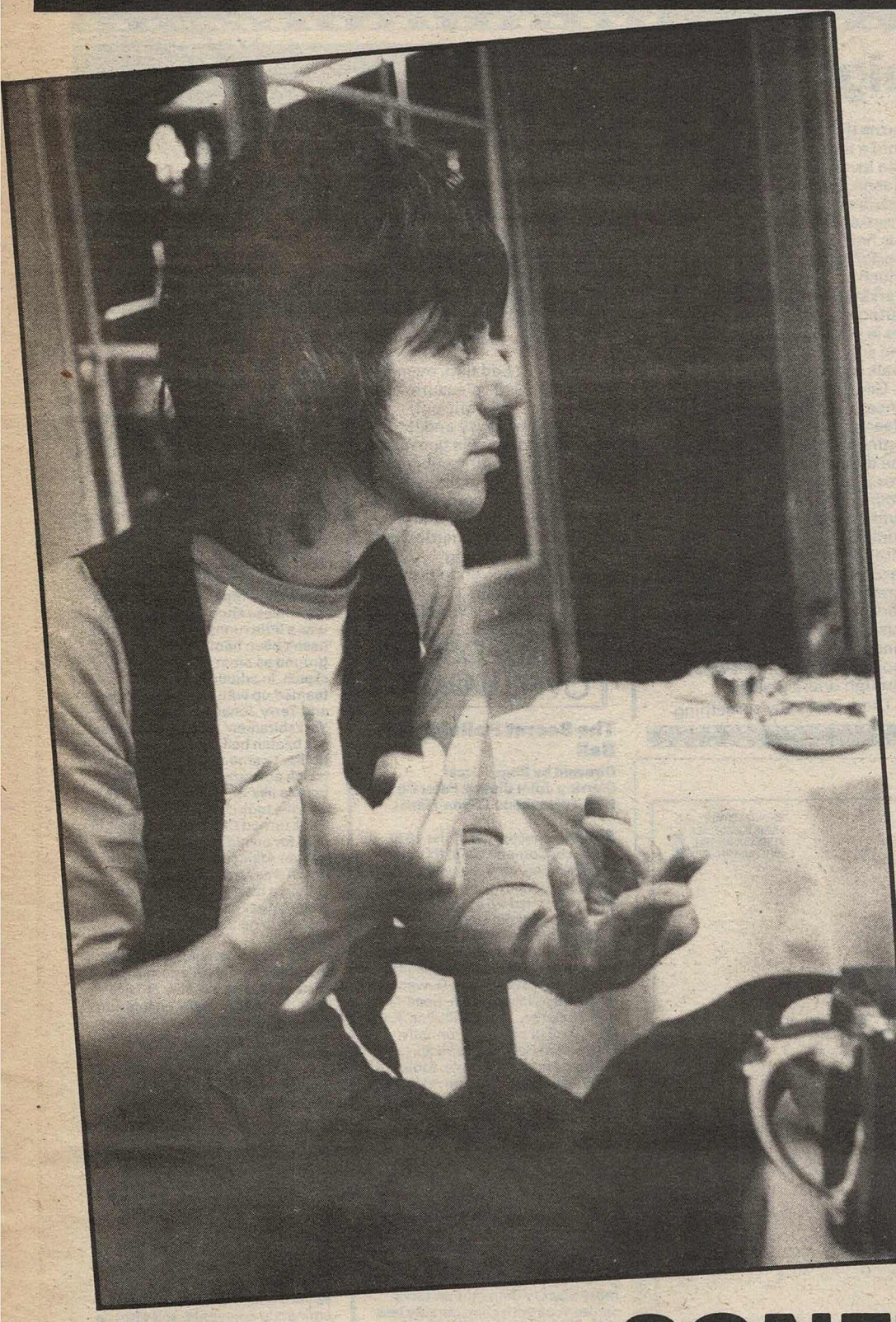

BECK'S BALL OF CONFUSION

Pix: David Corio

Jeff Beck hates Heavy Metal but HM hordes love him. He loves jazz-rock fusion but nobody else does. Nick Kent meets a man with a lot to answer for.

IT WASN'T Jeff Beck's idea to hold the interview in the main lounge of the Waldorf Hotel down along the Strand. And most certainly it wasn't mine. Some poor CBS employee in the press department must've dreamed up this totally daft idea for a location.

So we sit, somewhat agitated by the environment we've found ourselves in, each earnest question prefacing an ever more confused search for a reply.

Meanwhile well-to-do foreigners measure out their lives in coffee spoons at adjacent tables, whilst a fruity-voiced female trills out harsh cadences over the resident pianist's elegantly fingered keyboard truffles. Occasionally, as some sickly-sweet number terminates amid a dutiful clatter of mild applause, Beck will awake from his bemused ponderances and self-consciously clap his hands together. Musicians, after all, have to stick together.

AFTER A DECADE of guitar-hero histrionics, five years ago Beck appeared to turn his back on rock altogether, choosing instead to mould his obsessive fretboard doodles within that dire precinct known as 'fusion' music — yet still by no means certain of his bearings, ever hesitant, naggingly cautious in voicing any musical appraisals.

It's been a good four years now since Jeff Beck has given interviews. Wade back into the mid-'70s, just prior to the arrival of punk/new wave, and you can locate the last Beck press dialogues, orchestrated around the release of the album 'Wired' where the guitarist collaborated with such dubious fusion merchants as keyboardist Jan Hammer and the dreadful Narada Michael Walden on a facile instrumental collation of silly auto-fuck rhythms over which Hammer's indulgent moog conundrums were set against Beck's relentless guitar to provide one with the aural equivalent of cartoon musketeers.

As a rock guitarist he once proved himself second only to Hendrix in terms of attack and technique, able to detonate the most cliched 12-bar with a fiery, unpredictable volley of runs that, although they owed a marginal debt to early rockers like Scotty Moore and Cliff Gallup with added inspiration from blues player Buddy Guy, bore a stamp of quality and sheer bullet-headed tenacity that was Beck's and Beck's alone.

Yet even the brusquest study of the man's form to date displays glaring inconsistencies. What other figure throughout the whole spectrum of rock could boast of having released both the cringing schmuzak of 'Love Is Blue' and an effectively poignant reading of Charlie Mingus' 'Goodbye Pork Pie Hat'? The latter, recorded and released on the 'Wired' album, was that otherwise lamentable record's only real achievement.

Beck is constantly at pains to articulate himself properly throughout our interview. Although his complexion has a leathery, badly sunburnt quality to it and his face has a distinctly lived-in quality, his features — topped off by the yokel thatch of old — remain unchanged, characterised most of all by a pair of moon-shaped glaring eyes, stung with a mixture of suspicion and disinterest. From a distance, his demeanour seems terminally sullen. Face to face, he appears merely confused, the moody pout that frames his lower jaw going slack whilst his eyes lower their guard, making him seem one of those unfortunate souls plagued by a kind of depressive melancholia.

Beck and I are talking about music, of course. Basically I am — albeit diplomatically — attempting to find out whether, for Beck, there is life after fusion. Charlie Murray, *NME's* resident Beckologist, seemed to sum up what this whole fusion bender meant to Beck when, reviewing 'Wired', he presumed that Beck now saw rock as kid's stuff, an unbecoming vocation for one such as himself. When this contention is quoted at Beck, he looks quite shocked.

"No, absolutely not. I've never consciously thought like that at all. It simply comes down to the feel of the music I'm involved in. The way I play. . .the strings on my guitar are extremely slack, see, to the point in fact where it's virtually impossible to actually play a chord. I like to bend the strings as much as possible, my style pretty much dictates that the strings possess maximum flexibility. I'm not a rhythm guitarist at all and therefore because my instrument is moulded purely for lead playing, I have to have a keyboards player to work on the chords. No, I've never really considered using a rhythm guitarist in one of my bands because with keyboards you can get so many more textures. It's always been a case of me. . .first I've got to have a good drummer to work off and then I've got to have a keyboards player who can shape the chords, provide textures I can respond to.

"But as for this thing of me thinking jazz is *better* than rock, that it's more technically accomplished so that's what I should play, no that's not on at all. I don't think that what I've done with Jan (Hammer) is superior to what I was playing on the 'Truth' album. In fact, it's 'cos I was playing this tape. . .some kid sent me a cassette of a gig at the Grande Ballroom when I had that band with Rod (Stewart) and Ron Wood. . .and it's really hot. There were some nights when we really rocked."

Beck's overview on past endeavours appears to have reshaped itself fairly drastically since the years ('75-'76 principally) when such ensembles as the Beck-Stewart band were dismissed out of hand as a complete waste of time and energy. When interviewed for the jazz organ *Downbeat* in early '76, he railed against the hard rock sound he'd once pioneered with The Yardbirds and 'Truth' crew.

"It made me sick in a way. I'm no longer involved in that scene so I just don't worry about it. But if I hear it on the radio, it annoys me. I find it hard to swallow, knowing that millions are being made out of it. It's a little bit hurtful, but it gives them a bit of work. I mean, it's got them doing music rather than plastering a wall or something."

Similarly he virtually dismissed his ground-breaking work with The Yardbirds as a bad joke.

Four years later, Beck reminisces on his classic work from the '60s with a reverential spirit.

"With The Yardbirds, I came into my own as a guitarist. The best stuff was the six tracks we recorded at Sam Phillips' original Sun Studios. We'd arranged to go there midway through some tour. I remember waking him up (Phillips) in the middle of the night 'cos he reckoned my playing was too loud. He started shouting at me to turn it down, which didn't go down too well at first because I'd just 'decked' about ten geezers in England for tellin' me the same thing.

"I'm very sensitive about criticism, see," he adds, po-faced.

It was at the Sun Studios that 'Stroll On' / 'Train Kept A'Rollin', the old Burnette Brothers rocker, was cut, destined to appear in cameo when The Yardbirds (with both Beck and Jimmy Page on guitars) were filmed for Antonioni's *Blow Up*. The number has since taken on anthem-like proportions with those heavy metal outfits weaned on Beck's Yardbirds playing. Aerosmith and Motorhead are but two of the more notable examples of this species — bludgeoning the old rockabilly item virtually to death.

"It was 'heavy metal' — that term which they use to describe those awful bands that all came crawling up just after 'Truth' and 'Beckola' — that turned me right off rock and roll for a while. It was, like, a complete desecration of rock's essential spirit as far as I was concerned.

"Rock was totally destroyed for me by all of that, for a good long while. Things have changed a hell of a lot, though, these past few years. The new wave stuff I've heard — a lot of it — has really brought the spirit back into the form. Like, there has been a renaissance of getting back to the basics. It makes me remember when I was a kid just getting into the guitar and being totally into Cliff Gallup, Gene Vincent's guitar player. I idolised him, learnt his solos note-for-note. I even remember drawing pictures of him."

BECK'S DIALOGUE suddenly takes on a fervent, wide-eyed tone. That sense of awe — forever lurking in the heart of the true fan — is the most crucial moment during the whole three quarters of an hour, because it stands at direct odds with his otherwise depressing sense of confusion. Where most of his peers have succumbed to that wretchedly jaded feeling of "oh well, let's just go through the motions", Jeff Beck is still concerned about attaining the right setting for himself. If it were simply a case of rabid cynicism, then it would all be cut-and-dried: the artiste succumbs to the lure of filthy lucre and lets his inspiration die. But cancer of the muse is not Beck's malaise, so much as a desperate inability to check the right bearings.

So chronic is this particular blight that the new album — 'There And Beck' — may well have hit a new low for the geezer. One side of Jan Hammer-orchestrated noodlings showcases a talent so utterly lost, it has finally rendered Beck's output not merely obsolete but actively offensive to the ears.

By contrast, side two features Beck accompanied by his new recruits, an all-British bunch of session-players (Mo Foster, last sighted in Cliff Richard's back-up unit, handles the bass guitar duties) playing elaborate 'jams' constructed around keyboardist Tony Hymas' chord progressions and Simon Phillips' forceful percussion. Beck sounds more at home here, yet — give or take the odd stunning moment — rarely do the four players come up with anything that sounds more than the sum of its parts.

'There And Beck' is an album that grates profoundly. It's too jittery even to act as decent background music. And in a very real sense, Beck's obsolescene is made all the more glaring by the manoeuvres of other guitarists. Robert Fripp's guitar experiments merit far more attention; Tom Verlaine has achieved the maverick shaping of both a form and a guitar style that, although arguably more academic, nonetheless completely trashes Beck's blinkered conceits; Neil Young's playing on 'Live Rust' steals the fire that Beck could once kindle. . .

Beck confesses ignorance regarding all these

■ *Continues page 44*

BOX OFFICE

London

1. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Director: Irvin Kershner)
2. **The Sea Wolves** (Andrew V. McLaglen)
3. **Friday The 13th** (Sean Cunningham)
4. **Little Darlings** (Ronald Maxwell)
5. **Nijinsky** (Herbert Ross)

Regions

1. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Irvin Kershner)
2. **Last Feelings** (Billy Hughes)
3. **Midnight Express** (Alan Parker) / **Taxi Driver** (Martin Scorsese)
4. **The Wanderers** (Philip Kaufman)
5. **The Exorcist** (William Friedkin) / **Exorcist 2: The Heretic** (John Boorman)

(Screen International)

ON THE BOX

Friday July 18
THE GLASS HOUSE: Tough prison drama based on a Truman Capote story, given the added authenticity of its state pen location and a cast of real prison extras mingled with the stars — they being Alan Alda, Clu Gulager and Vic Morrow as the heavy. Directed by Tom *Will Penny* Gries in 1972. **(ITV Midlands)**

Saturday, July 19
THE DEVIL DOLL / DAUGHTERS OF SATAN: In the first named, Lionel Barrymore hams it up entertainingly as a crazy scientist escaped from Devil's Island, who shrinks human beings to doll size to avenge himself on those who put him away. Directed by Tod *Frankenstein* Browning (1936). *Daughters* . . . is 1972 voodoo from director Hollingsworth Morse set in the Phillipines. **(BBC2 Horror Double Bill)**

Monday July 21
SHENANDOAH: James Stewart is the surly patriarch of a crusty Virginian farming family who, against Stewart's wishes, are gradually drawn into the American Civil War. The touching story is one of director Andrew V. McLaglen's few outright successes. **(BBC2).**

Wednesday July 23
A STAR IS BORN: The second, and perhaps most famous, retelling of the rise of a fresh young singer matched in speed by the plunge of her husband into drunken oblivion. Judy Garland and James Mason star and director George Cukor pulls the emotional strings (1955). **(BBC1).**

THE MAIDS: Dull adaptation of dozy Jean Genet play. Controversial at the time (1974), but it's difficult to see why now. **(BBC2).**

Chris Bohn

Low jinks, high camp

Four clowns: Michael Palin, Rowan Atkinson, John Cleese and Terry Jones enjoy a sherry and a cigar. And a joke.

Nijinsky

Directed by Herbert Ross
Starring Alan Bates, George de la Pena and Leslie Brown *(CIC)*

THAT *Nijinsky* should have been chosen for this year's Royal Family Film Night is entirely appropriate. It is a model of decorous tedium.

Beginning at the height of Nijinsky's career the film traces his downfall and subsequent madness via marriage and his relationship with Diaghilev. Serge Diaghilev was a flamboyant visionary and charlatan, an entrepeneur who lived for style and who, not being an artist himself, enjoyed manipulating artistic people with whom he was surrounded. He was the essential catalyst in revolutionising European Ballet amd brought to public awareness the likes of Stravinsky, Bakst, Klimnt, and his lover, Vaslav Nijinsky.

In an absurdly Anglicised interpretation, Alan Bates turns this giant of a character into a midget, reducing him to the level of a fat, turgid old queen. Despite the natty wardrobe and Bride of Frankenstein silver streak in his hair, Bates' plodding performance has about as much style as Michael Parkinson with a jammed autocue — though to be fair he is not alone in rendering the subject as fascinating as a walk with a corgi.

George de la Pena looks uncomfortable as Nijinsky and clearly prefers dancing to acting, but is hamstrung by the direction. Herbert Ross (responsible for *The Turning Point* and *Funny Lady* evidently feels that his audience will be unable to sit through more than thirty seconds of pure dance at a stretch, so he intercuts the performances with backstage business and some vitally innovative devices like slow motion movement viewed through opera glasses.

There is usually something to enjoy in a bad film, even if it is a masochistic pleasure, but *Nijinsky* is just proficient enough to be lousy and it made me miserable because a potentially rivetting subject will now be untouchable for several years to come. Jarman should have made it. But then he would hardly have produced something acceptable enough to provide Royal film fodder.

Neil Norman

ALMOST OVERLOOKED

The Secret Policeman's Ball

Directed by Roger Graef
Starring John Cleese, Peter Cook, Pete Townshend *(Tigon Films)*

A FILM transcription of the 1979 Amnesty Comedy Gala, this has already been seen, heavily cut, on television. Among the damn good chaps rounded up by John Cleese (who directed the stage production) on behalf of a damn good cause are such worthies as Peter Cook, Clive James, Eleanor Bron, Pete Townshend, Rowan Atkinson, Michael Palin, Beetles and Buckman, John Williams, Ken Campbell *et cie*, Billy Connolly, Uncle Tom Robinson and all.

The format is a simple, foolproof revue-style presentation: skits and songs in quick succession. Graef and his crew are splendidly unobtrusive; one is conscious of the performers and the audience, never of the cameras and lights. The transitions from act to act are admirably smooth, and the cast perform their party pieces with far more enthusiasm than has been displayed during some of their TV appearances.

Some rise to the occasion with more alacrity than others: Clive James rose with considerably less if, indeed, he rose at all. His 'telegrams from people who couldn't be here' schtick barely transcended the woeful, and Eleanor Bron's impersonation of an upperclass woman praying was somewhat marred by the fact that she seemed so delighted with the magnificence of her own acting that she could hardly get the words out.

Billy Connolly was preferable for no other reason except that he at least laughs openly at his own jokes. I like a good vomiting routine as much as the next man, but — well, actually I don't like a good vomiting routine as much as the next man. This is because I have NO SENSE OF HUMOUR WHATSOEVER.

In a more cerebral vein, John Cleese and Michael Palin dug out the 'cheese shop' routine, which was a little runny for my taste but hasn't been hammered into the ground as often as the parrot sketch. In addition, they also teamed up with Rowan Atkinson and Terry Jones for 'Four Yorkshiremen' while Terry Jones got beaten half-to-death in a brilliant game-show pastiche in which an assortment of famous people like Anna Ford and Clive Jenkins took clown-on parts. Peter Cook turned Cleese into a straight man for an old *Fringe* sketch and Rowan Atkinson made excellent use of a cavernous voice, an enviable capacity for mime and a singularly repellent caste of feature in no less than four sketches.

The most anarchic section came from Ken Campbell's comic circus of horrors, and the only musical spot that was actually an interlude was a tasteful dab of culture and dexterity from the Byronically austere John Williams.

Pete Townshend showed up to sing 'Pinball Wizard' and 'Won't Get Fooled Again' (the latter as a duet with a totally inaudible Williams) from behind a large acoustic guitar. It is fascinating to hear Townshend give solo acoustic performances of familiar Who material, because he is fully capable of wringing perfect miniatures of Who dynamic set-pieces from his Gibson J200.

The Secret Policeman's Ball is entertainment for rather than *about* a cause. Most of it is eminently enjoyable, and after its abridged TV showing, this complete version won't remain the sole property of habitues of the National Film Theatre. One suspects that videotape owners will be showing this to their friends for many years to come.

Charles Shaar Murray

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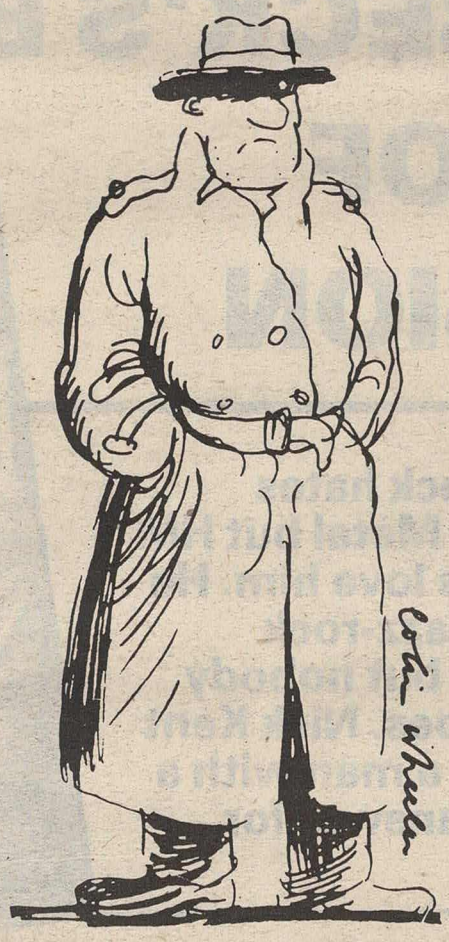

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Being There

Directed by Hal Ashby
Starring Peter Sellers and Shirley MacLaine *(ITC)*

BEING THERE, the screen version of Jerzy Kosinski's crystal satire of people and politics, is a slightly incredible film.

It goes beyond the blunt gags that could have been made at its subjects' expense to create a mood of delicious lunacy, where accidents and incidents and accumulated farce carry you away as though some sort of rare gas has been introduced into the air-conditioning.

In America, which is the principle rib the film tickles, *Being There* has become a mild sensation, partly because its sympathies lie with the little man (as did those of *Network,* another celebrated black comedy of recent times) and partly because of Peter Sellers' memorable performance as the little man, whose name is Chance, and who is a gardener.

Sellers' portrayal of the humble, honest, simple, very simple fellow whom fate tosses into the centre of Washington's political / industrial complex absolutely ammends for his years spent as the bumbling slapstick Clouseau, and Chance will linger as long and as vividly as Sellers' evocation of the horrendous Dr Strangelove some two decades ago. If there was any justice, Sellers would have got the Oscar he was nominated for, but as Chance finds out (were he able to comprehend it) justice is always in short supply.

The walled perimeter of the garden of the house where Chance has lived and worked all his life defines his understanding of reality. Though well into middle-age, he has never been outside. The death of the recluse who owns the house puts Chance at the mercy of a world he is familiar with only through TV, which he has spent years watching avidly. Give him a garden to work in and a TV to watch and Chance is happy.

Once outside, the serene and untroubled Chance becomes a hapless foil for a world riddled with anxiety and complications. Much droll comedy arises from the way people hear only what they want to hear and see only what they want to see in Chance, the simpleton who is too confused to even argue when he tells them "I am Chance, the gardener," and is, of course, taken to be Chauncey Gardiner.

From people's reactions to Chance the satire develops, and not the other way about, because Chance treats everybody with equanimity. People fall like giddy comets into his steady orbit; the gravity they see in him is an illusion, but they're too caught up in themselves to notice. Thus the scene is set for the people of money, media and power in Washington that Chance happens among to gradually make perfect fools of themselves. Chance is praised for having the courage to speak his mind, when in fact he hasn't the brains to be deceitful.

Being There: Peter Sellers takes his chance — no longer the goon providing the highspots in so-so movies, he at last proves he's a proper actor. (I always thought he was. — Stanley Kubrick). Move over Carter and Reagan — the English are coming, the English are coming!

On a simple level, *Being There* is a satire of gurus and politics and political gurus. It contains some obvious jibes, like the US President who is made impotent with worry, in this case over who or what Chance, whom he has met and quoted in a speech, might possibly be. On a simpler level, it's a satire about people and how they relate to other people, or not. On the simplest level of all, it's a message of hope for the lunkheads.

It is perhaps this that accounts for the film's popularity. *Being There* could be an urbane contemporary version of *Mr Smith Goes To Washington,* with Chance in James Stewart's old role of the bumpkin who takes the word of the little man to Capitol Hill. In Chance's case, the word is that growth has its season, as in a garden, and as long as the roots are not severed, the garden will bloom again — which is quoted by the President as a piece of sound political wisdom regarding the current state of the economy. And so it goes.

This old-fashioned idealism at the heart of a cynical modern spoof is probably the real key to the film's success. Your average Joe's sympathies are with Chance from the start, because he is honest and simple, in a world that is too corrupt.

And it's here that the true strength of Sellers' performance can be felt. He has given Chance a sense of great pathos unseen since Buster Keaton, which may seem like a grand claim but really isn't for such an unforgettable role.

Sellers makes of Chance a masterful, hilarious mixture of the heroic, the comic and the tragic — straight out of the old silent tradition, whose best known figure gets a tip of the bowler in the closing moments of what is still a slightly incredible film.

Paul Rambali

GERARD DEPARDIEU
BULLE OGIER
A Film by
BARBET SCHROEDER

Photography -
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Costumes by
KARL LAGARFELD
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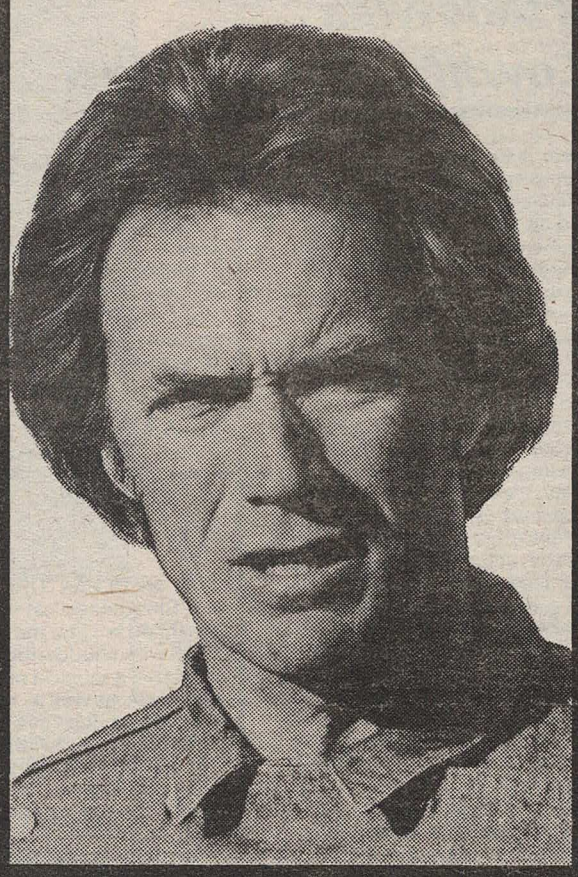

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AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY BLOCKHEAD

Ian Dury & his motley crew of tars pressgang Wilko Johnson to help mix up the medicine in the studio basement.

THE STORY SO FAR

A LITTLE musing on their past careers should make it clear how logical it is that Ian Dury and Wilko Johnson should end up working together.

Early '70s Pub Rock was, as Ian points out, generally only an excuse for "a beery Jolly-up", The Johnny B Goode Rest Home For '60s Musical Casualties, an often depressing, sometimes desperate affair rather than the roots movement it is generally painted.

Even though much of it was barren ground, there were isolated patches in which were gestating the seeds of the entire revision of British rock music that took place in 1976/7.

Stiff Records, though self-righteously sneered at by punk purists when the company began to experience its initial successes, was a direct result of its founders' involvement in Pub Rock — it was a loan from Dr Feelgood, indeed, that got the label going in the first place. In its turn Stiff paved the way for every back garden label this country has ever seen, even for the new Blockheads label itself.

The debt owed by The Sex Pistols to Ian Dury's Kilburn And The High Roads will probably never be admitted. It is probably more than coincidence, though, that one John Lydon was a frequent presence in the audience at London Kilburns gigs and evolved a hunched-over microphone stance not a million miles from that necessitated by Ian Dury's efforts to sing whilst holding onto the mike and supporting his polio-withered left side. That Malcolm McLaren was a protege of Kilburns manager rag trade *enfante terrible* Tommy "Mr Freedom" Roberts should also not be overlooked.

About twelve months after the 1972 unleashing of the Kilburns in London Dr Feelgood appeared on the same circuit, having honed their act to lethal precision on the Southend circuit. In the enigmatic Wilko Johnson, widely believed to be nutty as a fruitcake, they had a musician who was not only to have a powerful influence on rock'n'rollers' visual appearances for the rest of the decade but, in becoming the first British non-heavy metal guitar hero — his style relied as much on his rhythm work as his lead playing — was to cause a re-evaluation of their craft for all potential guitarists possessed of any brains whatsoever.

The influence went even further. Though the Kilburns were blighted by a succession of music business foul-ups that in the end permitted them only 3,500 worldwide sales of their one Dawn LP, and which presented Ian Dury with a whole new set of horrors to work through before he was permitted to have his turn, Dr Feelgood could do no wrong. In the eyes of the punters, that is. Always considered a red herring completely distanced from any possibility of commercial success by a large section of the music business establishment, the number one hit they scored in 1976 with their 'Stupidity' album can be seen in retrospect as having helped open the flood gates for the New Wave. In the succeeding months almost all our new heroes got their deals.

At the same time, however, as Ian Dury is experiencing flurries of excitement and the beginnings of eventual huge sales for his 'New Boots And Panties' Stiff LP, Wilko, his spirit knocked awry by a combination of massive unexpected success and a bad amphetamine habit, is involved in bitter, pointless squabbling with the other members of the Feelgoods.

At the end of March, 1977, he is kicked out of the group, eventually forming The Solid Senders, a group that goes through two incarnations, experiencing great live audience and critical acclaim but no large success in terms of record sales.

Meanwhile, Chaz Jankel, lyricist Ian Dury's musical collaborator on six out of the ten songs on both 'New Boots And Panties' and 'Do It Yourself', its successor, leaves The Blockheads. Now read on . . .

Interview/Overview: Chris Salewicz

Lowlife pin-ups: Anton Corbijn

AT THE Knightsbridge end of the Fulham Road there's a discreet alley, illuminated at night by the neon sign spotlighting the headquarters of '60s fashion superstar Ossie Clarke.

In the basement adjacent is a small nondescript studio to which Ian Dury And The Blockheads have bought a season ticket. The recording in progress, though, is far removed from the showbiz attitudes of many '60s British rock'n'rollers suggested by the approach route which recalls an Antonioni-like vision of Swinging London.

Some might feel that Dury, perhaps the finest lyric-writer in England today if not for all time, goes well beyond the limits of rock'n'roll. I doubt, though, that he'd go along with the weighty claims made for him being some slackly defined Twentieth Century British cultural phenomenon. That would hardly fit the modest chap he is, with all the anxieties and self-doubt — and sometimes all the super-ego, too — of the artist.

Anyway, this studio . . . until about a month ago it was only eight-track which must have pleased purist Wilko Johnson mightily while he and The Blockheads cut his new single — Don Gibson's 'Oh Lonesome Me' backed by the Kilburns' 'Beauty' — down here as the first release for The Blockheads' own label, a venture that will permit worthy musicians to release their records, make records with assorted Blockheads and release them under their *own* name. The label will be distributed by Stiff, with Dury/Blockheads recordings proper released on Stiff.

With the studio now a sixteen track, The Blockheads are cutting a new 45, 'I Wanna Be Straight' *("I'm sick and tired of taking drugs and staying up late")*, for Stiff.

The B-side, 'Tomorrow (All Our Yesterdays Seem So Far Away)', is being worked on at the moment, with Ian on his own in the studio, sitting on a stool, hands clamping down his headphones, running again and again over the lyrics, whose chorus-line gradually mutates from a breathy *"Vanessa, Vanessa, Vanessa"* to the more Shakespearean *"Tomorrow And Tomorrow And Tomorrow"*: In a rare departure for a man who likes to laboriously knock his words around on a portable typewriter, the lyrics are actually being written in recording time to fit the music of — another rare departure, a first even — saxist Davey Payne. It's a lengthy process, requiring patience, bottles of Perrier water, and occasional steps outside of the stifling atmosphere of studio and control room. Still, Ian knows this persistent labour to be a necessary part of great, apparently simple rock'n'roll. "Elvis Presley," he points out, "did thirty-two takes of 'Hound Dog', and in the end they released number twenty-eight."

Wilko Johnson, as ever all in black, sits on the plastic couch in front of the glass panel through which Ian can be seen, as though appearing on a giant TV set. In a disappointed manner Wilko enigmatically searches through his pockets and scrapes around in his brief-case. He doesn't find what he's looking for, so he repeats the process again. And again.

"I had that single out in March on Rockburgh," he explains his presence. "And it didn't do a thing. I was so depressed about everything I was thinking of jacking it in altogether and finding some new occupation.

"But I'd agreed to do that Rainbow Stranglers' gig when Hugh Cornwell was inside, and Ian was doing it too. Anyway, both of us refused to play the encores — we thought we'd done our bit — so whilst that was happening I was just sitting backstage talking with Ian and telling him how I felt.

"And I suppose that's how I came to be here."

Wilko *is* now a fully-fledged member of The Blockheads. He has not, however, disbanded The Solid Senders, and indeed two weekends ago cut an album with them that will be released in France and other parts of Europe through the auspices of Marc Zermati, the former Skydog label boss who is now running a new set-up following a jail sentence for heroin.

Also, Wilko is *not* the new Chaz Jankel, *not* the new Blockheads Musical Director.

THE DEPARTURE of pianist Jankel from The Blockheads last summer, so the rumours ran, filled Ian and the other members of the band with shuddering insecurity, though Jankel — a musical prodigy from around the age of six, as well as being the nephew of bandleader Joe Loss ("So he had that whole thing covered, too" explains Dury, pleasantly impressed) — was also rumoured to have been one-directional to an almost dictatorial extent during the making of the multi-overdubbed 'Do It Yourself'.

Ian confesses to having been troubled by the loss of this ally: "I was a bit worried about how I was going to go on writing. I thought, 'Well, I can always do it with Mickey', I knew we could work well together, and the solution seemed to be to do what I've always done when one working partnership broke up — to find another.

"All the same, I wasn't really happy about that. I mean, why Mickey and not any of the other Blockheads? Anyway, things seem to have worked out alright with everyone doing their little bits. This one I'm doing now is written by Davey: nine years I've been working with him, and we've never written anything together before."

If anything, says pianist Mickey Gallagher, it's easier working in the studio without Jankel: "It's much more relaxed now. Much looser."

Besides, points out the quietly hedonistic, communicative Gallagher's Geordie burr, the Blockheads had worked without Jankel for long periods of time: "There were three or four tours he didn't do with us. It's much more democratic now, I think. And we're still all good mates, anyway."

The amicability is something Ian confirms. He feels confident, indeed, that at some stage in the future he'll work with Jankel again. Also he fully expects other Blockheads to step outside of the coop for lesser or greater lengths of time.

"I don't want to look anything like Keith Richard" — Ian Dury

There were many, myself included, who felt Gallagher himself could well have vanished for a while, owing to his on/off role with The Clash. When that band played the Electric Ballroom last February Mickey told me he was enjoying himself much more playing with The Clash than with The Blockheads.

Now, though, it appears that remark was tempered by the gruelling road-work that had left all The Blockheads frayed and uncertain, and that in reality working with The Clash is simply an essential, but definitely secondary, feeding bowl for the keyboarder.

Besides, there's just been a third source of inputs for Mickey; he was in the studio with Wilko and The Solid Senders for the entire four days required to cut the Zermati album, he nonchalantly informs me, running his fingers in mock cool through his just-trimmed DAAD

Unlike Mickey, bassist Norman Watt-Roy, and guitarist Johnny Turnbull, who all present variants on rockabilly stylization, Davey Payne, in his black leather slipover and Hereward The Wake flaxen tresses, looks as though he has a cameo role in a Middle English legend.

He and the rest of The Blockheads are about to follow Ian's stint on the B-side by stepping into the studio to introduce their own names at the beginning of the record — an unprecedented device that doesn't detract from a feel which co-manager Kosmo Vinyl describes as "like Ian Dury And The Famous Flames. It oughta be on King".

Davey is feeling puzzled. "I tell you," he says to Norman. "I've already heard people whistling 'I Wanna Be Straight'. Honestly, I was walking through South Kensington coming here yesterday and I passed this bloke in the street whistling it.

Norman: "What? Do you think we've turned it into some all-purpose classic standard and are kidding ourselves that we've written it?"

Davey: "Yeah. It's probably something like the ultimate *Old Grey Whistle Test* number."

It is decided that the humour of Charley Charles' introduction of *"Hello. I'm Charley, I'm a blackie."* followed by Norman's *"Hello. I'm Norman. I'm a Paki."* will be wasted on radio programmers, and the individual members' one-liners are toned down to a more socially acceptable level of the order of Johnny Turnbull's Tyneside lilt: "How ya keepin'? Areet? Champion."

What with Wilko's (he announces himself with a simple grunt of his first name) years of academia spent at Newcastle University there is a lot of Geordiness about the current Blockheads; the new record'll be *huge* in the North-East.

Actually, it'll be huge everywhere. As Ian quietly and confidently points out to no-one in particular: "This is the first single that's the direct link to 'Sex And Drugs And Rock'n'Roll' — same vibe.

THE NEXT afternoon I find myself sitting drinking cups of tea with Ian Dury and Wilko Johnson around a small oak table in the sparsely furnished West End mansion flat into which Dury has just moved. This old place, on which the lease had run its term, had been behind Oxford Circus over a rag trade warehouse. It didn't matter how much noise he made there. Here, stuck away in the basement, he's worried about how the people living above are going to react when he begins percussing.

Outside, this being Saturday, there's that gentle calm that descends over the West End at weekends, a sense maintained in the flat by the demeanour of the two musicians — two men who, paradoxically, have reputations for behaving in exactly the opposite manner to that in which they actually *do* carry themselves. They are both bemused by this undeserved reputation for being 'heavy characters'.

"I've always made it clear that I don't want to be fucked about," says Ian's throaty growl. "I just made that quite clear very early on in any situation."

"Yeah," agrees Wilko's higher laughing twang, "there's a point where you won't be pushed any further. And if you've got any pride at all that's not more than about one step back anyway."

At sporadic intervals throughout our afternoon's conversation we are joined by one or other of the Sphinx-faced chocolate brown Havana cats who prowl about us, all-knowing. They'd been brought round for Ian just before I arrived. "I bought them for £25 from a Chinese doctor in Peckham when I was drunk. They're brothers. I'm glad they didn't have to be split up." says Ian, almost as though he's giving you a couple of lines from a new song.

Dark rain clouds scud across the sky, darkening the unlit room like stage lighting at intriguing moments. There is much jocularity and many Jolly-ups. It's Wilko's 33rd birthday.

There are plenty of similarities between Ian Dury and Wilko Johnson. Though at roughly opposite ends of their thirties, they're both chaps with children, both lovers of literature, both highly articulate and erudite. They both like to talk a bit.

Wilko will probably be a good foil for Ian's darker moods: about three hours into the conversation Ian's supping a can of Tennent's Superlager and becoming a little maudlin. "I've been more miserable in the last three years than at any other time in my life," he suddenly declares.

"Go on!" retorts Wilko, taking this announcement not at all seriously and offering no sympathy. "I know what you're like: you're just a miserable bastard like me. I bet you're a lot happier now than when you were in Kilburn And The Highroads."

"Well," concedes Ian, "I like the song-writing . . . And I like the studio work . . ."

What Ian doesn't like, though, and what had been physically exhausting him, was the constant touring that The Blockheads had been doing until last autumn. It is doubtful, indeed, whether The Blockheads will ever again work on the road in such a physically and financially wasteful manner. One-off dates are apparently to be the scheme of things in the future.

At the moment Ian looks in very good shape if you can ignore the thick stubble that looks as though it's maybe decided to turn into a beard: he's been swimming for five hours a day in a private pool he's got the use of, and he thinks he's in better physical shape than for about five years. "I got totally out of condition doing all that touring," he says. "And if you're a person with polio you need even more exercise than other people."

Ian is hardly reserved about his disability — how could he be when his polio-withered left-side has obviously had such a vast effect on his existence?

In fact, he thinks it's time disabled people became more militant: "Three year ago last Christmas I applied for a job at 'Arrods as a lift-man. I went along, showed 'em my disability card that Heath got us, said, 'There you are. I'm one of your four per cent disabled. You've got to employ me. 'Did they fuck!

"There's three million disabled people in this country. Can you imagine what the government would do if they all came hobbling — 'cos it wouldn't exactly be a *march* — through London to the Houses of Parliament?"

Ian Dury's endless optimism is deep-grained and — obviously — born out of the tragedies in his life. He's presumably had to teach himself *not* to hate, which is why he gives out so much love. You can't help wondering about the extent of the nightmares he's gone through.

THOUGH KILBURN And The High Roads and Dr Feelgood had played the same venues together, Wilko and Ian weren't more than acquaintances. Wilko: "You'd know geezers and you'd get a suss about the sort of bands they were in and whether you liked them or you'd just keep on nodding terms with them. But if ever there was a Kilburns/Feelgoods gig it was a laugh. We had some real screams."

"Corrrr!" recalls Ian. "Remember that fucking Grenadier Guards gig at Windsor Barracks?"

"Yeah, that was the one. That was funny. Actually, I can remember back then wondering about this whole Pub Rock thing, because there were no two bands alike. People would ask you, 'What is this Pub Rock thing? Is it some kind of music?' But it wasn't at all. It was just some places where people played.

"But I'd look at all the different groups, and find all kinds of different stuff, and think, 'The only other one I could ever see myself in is Kilburn And The High Roads.' They were the only other one that seemed to have anything special in the same way that Dr Feelgood seemed special."

Ian: "Both bands seemed aware that there was *people* in the bands, and they didn't mind being themselves or whatever. . . or exaggerating themselves or whatever. But basing it around what they *were*. I got that off the Feelgoods first time I saw them: it didn't look as if Brillo was pretending.

"It was Dave Robinson (now managing director of Stiff Records) who put me onto it. I met him down at The Speakeasy when the Kilburns did a gig there. Dave and Nick Lowe came into the dressing-room at half-time. He said, 'You should be in the pubs,' and put us in a week later, in the Tally Ho.

"Then the Kilburns were gigging six nights a week. But we used to go out onstage trying to do a concert — not a drunken old outing with loads of bods being sick all over your boots. Even though we was doing three sets between half past eight and quarter past eleven we still went out there as though it was the Royal Albert Hall, really coming on strong and not talking to the punters while we were playing, and not sharing a drink with them."

"That's it," nods Wilko, satisfied. "I think that's one of the things we felt we had in common. Because although it was just bar-rooms we did take it so seriously."

Ian: "Yeah. Well, Dave Robinson was managing Brinsley Schwartz at the time, who were all big round beer bellies and Guinness and The Jolly-up, and we used to have terrible rows with him about this. We had terrible problems trying to dis-associate ourselves from The Jolly-up of it and still manage to play those venues.

"But the Kilburns did only 38 pub gigs altogether. As soon as we met Paul Conroy, who's now with Stiff and was an agent then, and he said, 'Do you want to go to Halifax next week?' . . . well, we *was* gone: Clarence's Club, Halifax.

"But the Kilburns didn't particularly want to use those venues. They were a place to learn to play as much as anything. And the publicity . . . Nick Kent came down the Lord Nelson and

Continues over

The Wotsit Behind The Jolly-Up Contd

From previous page

did a big thing on the Kilburns, and I thought it was too early. I was embarrassed to be there. I didn't think we was ready yet. And we got this quite large piece on us on page five in *NME* . . . I mean, it didn't hurt because we got work from it, but our expectation of ourselves wasn't at that stage yet."

Wilko: "That's the trouble with the capital city: you're right under people's noses. That was one of the lucky things about the Feelgoods: we made our mistakes around Canvey and Southend. But we lived close enough to London to gig there, and when we started doing it we was *together*. We knew what we was doing. But it didn't take much to see that most of the bands, if they were taken out of a drunken atmosphere there wouldn't be much left.

"For the Feelgoods it all went right and our luck was good, but the Kilburns just seemed to have all the bad breaks. It was really unjust, because the Kilburns had established that scene by the time we arrived."

In the cast-list of Ian Dury's early musical career it is interesting to note the mentor-like role occupied by Dave Robinson, a music business figure of mixed reputation whose role in Stiff Records has often been overshadowed by Jake Riviera, his more flamboyant original partner in that venture: "Two days after I met Robinson at that Kilburns Speakeasy gig he came down to see me at this vicarage I was living in outside of Aylesbury. He gave me and the rest of the Kilburns a lecture. For about four hours he just talked non-stop all about advances and record companies and 'ow it's all 'orrible, and, of course, we still went ahead and did all the things he told us not to do.

"Then about six years later Stiff Records happened, and it seemed it was possible for me to go to Stiff knowing what he'd told me all those years before and do it with him. And it was because of that very early talk I'd had with him years before that I went with them.

"When I first did the record contract Peter Jenner, my manager, had already paid for 'New Boots And Panties', which cost £4,000. 'E'd lent me the money for it, in other words. But before we did a deal for the album we let Stiff have 'Sex And Drugs And Rock'n'Roll' as a single. The Stiff office was downstairs from my management office, so it was hardly escapable really.

"I said to Jenner, 'Look, if the single sells enough to pay for itself I'd much rather go on Stiff with the album, because they do seem to be an independent company'.

"And, as I said, Robinson had told me years before never to take advances because they put your head in a noose, and my teeth were all falling out — definitely falling out, all wobbling — and I just said to Robinson, 'I need six teeth for every album you get from me, and that's all'.

"In fact, it ended up as twelve teeth, which is £1800, which is a lot of money, but only the same price as a second-hand Cortina. I mean, that's one of my real teeth that I've got left," Ian peels back the right side of his lower lip to display a barnacle-encrusted lump of what looks like nuclear waste, "and they all looked like that. And I'm fucked if I'm going to go out and do video tapes like that. I don't want to look like Keith Richard in any way at all.

"So that was the deal I did. For more teeth."

Joe Strummer should know about this for when The Clash's deal is up with CBS.

"Well, certainly A Teeth Deal is the one."

ANOTHER common factor between Ian and Wilko is that they've both worked as teachers, Wilko having taught English in a comprehensive and Ian lecturing at Canterbury Art School, though he has also taught art in schools.

How strong did they find was the link between standing at the front of the class-room and standing onstage?

Ian: "It helps, I think. Makes you keep your eyes open."

Wilko: "My favourite way of looking at it is that the two jobs are similar: they both involve going out and making an idiot of yourself in front of thousands of screaming kids and trying to get something across. Quite similar.

"In the short time I was teaching I found that if you're going to get something across you have to be entertaining. You can't expect people to watch you or listen to you for an hour if you're being a bore. Each time you go and teach a lesson it's a bit like a gig."

Ian: "Discipline in a classroom is just being interesting. It's not being heavy.

"I taught art in a secondary school for about ten weeks, and they were all about to leave. I enthralled 'em, that was all, otherwise it would've been *'eeeeeerrrggghhh'*, fuckin' mad-house. I just made one mistake. I went, *'Ehhh! Crosby! Outside!'* And this kid went like that" — mimes fisticuffs — "'E thought I was ready to have a punch-up with him. I had to go round the back way and tell the other art teacher: 'One of my kids is waiting to 'it me'. So I just about got away with that. Just about.

"Another time they was all lining up after the lesson, and there was one called Thatcher. Really nice geezer, Thatcher. Big kid. I said, 'Thatcher. 'Ow come you can't get in line with the others?' So 'e went, 'Well, sir, I think it's because I'm thick' . . . Alright, Thatcher. Cool.

"It's very similar. I can go out and do an hour and a half lecture in an art school — I've done about twenty like that — and to be able to do that is very similar to knowing you can go out onstage.

"When I first met Peter Blake I was an art student and they told me I couldn't draw tits, 'cos I was to go out and draw street scenes in Walthamstow. And really I only wanted to draw tits, but I went to art school and had to stop drawing 'em for a couple of years. And gangsters and things like that I liked drawing.

"Peter Blake walked in and the first thing he said to me was, 'Do you like rock'n'roll?' I looked around and saw this geezer with a smart-looking beard, paisley tie, tab collar, nice jacket from Austin's, brogues, and I said, 'What're you saying?' And 'e said, 'Do you like rock'n'roll?' And I said, 'Yeah, I do.' And 'e said, 'Oo do you like?' and I said, 'Gene Vincent'. And 'e said, 'Do you like wrestling?' And I said 'Yeah.' And 'e said, 'Do you like pin-ups? What do you think of this book?' And out from 'is bag comes this *Nugget* magazine.

"And then 'e said, 'Do you know the difference between *Monsieur* red and 'Efner red?' I went, 'No. What?'.

"And I did this collage of about 700 pairs of tits out of all different titty magazines with a big muscled arm from a beefcake magazine that was only glued on at one end so you could blow it and it would all stand up surrounded by these 700 tits.

"And Peter Black saw it, and 'e went *'Monsieur* magazine, *Jeux* magazine' . . . 'E knew the colours. He didn't know the tits. He knew the colours.

"And that was my first good lesson in colour. And it was my first example of something you might be doing that you can regard as being creative that was actually relevant to where your 'ead was at. And your haps. And your Jolly-ups.

"I started drawing like a lunatic then — as soon as I met Peter Blake — just because 'e said it was alright to draw what you liked, what enthralls you.

"And you can almost apply that to your rock'n'rolling. And if you want to take it very serious — any part of it — well, your attitude can be very serious, but where it's going always wants to come out all light and simple."

Wilko: "If you get serious about rock'n'roll, and you dig it, you also see that one of the great things about it is its humour — the fact that it's funny as well as being heavy. If you think, 'This is all *serious*' . . . Well, if you think that in rock'n'roll you're a joke, ain't you?'".

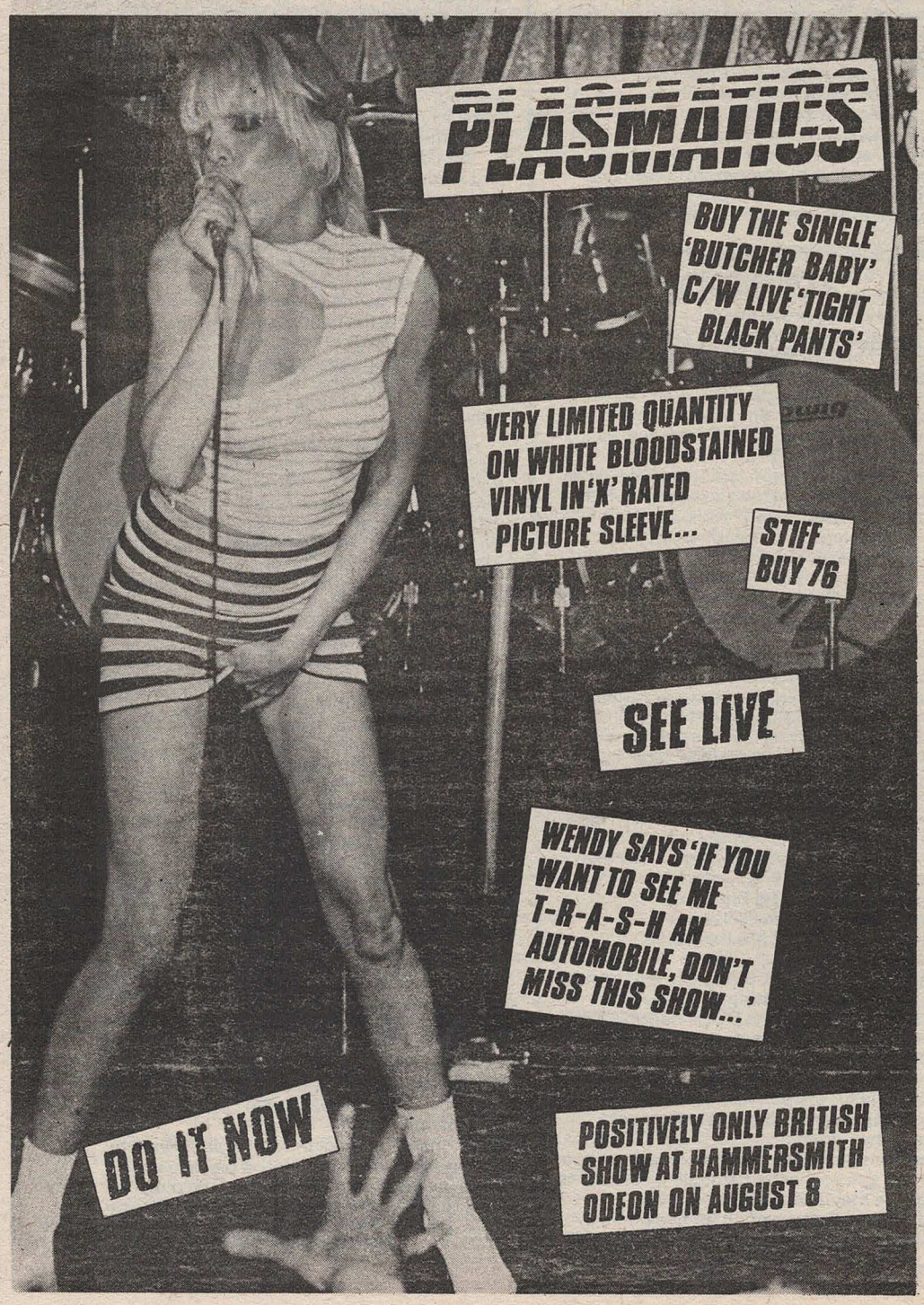
Ian: "When I first saw Wilko I cracked up. Like when you see Lee Marvin getting all naughty in a film I crack up. I get a kind of Jolly-up."

Wilko: "When we was first doing it you'd get around and you'd watch people, and first of all they're *gaping* at you, and then they start to laugh and you know it's alright then. Because after they'd had a laugh and seen that bit of it then they can start rockin' as well. Then everyone can have a good time, because it's funny and it's 'eavy, and it's fast . . . and it's got to have all those things in it."

BUT WAS it then that Ian re-directed his art into making music? In the piece that Monty Smith did on The Blockheads — as opposed to Ian — last summer, Chaz gave Ian's non-musicianship as one of the reasons he felt he had to go off and work on his own. Does Ian regard himself as a musician?

"I regard myself as a very limited, but quite good, percussionist. I know a lot about rhythm, and I work my lyrics with rhythm.

"I really respect and admire Chaz's musicianship. Working with him is quite a deflating experience for a lot of musicians just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DO IT NOW
POSITIVELY ONLY BRITISH SHOW AT HAMMERSMITH ODEON ON AUGUST 8

Collected Blockheads 1980: back row l. to r. Mickey Gallager; Wilko Johnson, Charley "Hello I'm a blackie" Charles; Norman "Hello I'm a Paki" Watt-Roy; front row l. to r. Johnny "Areet" Turnbull; Ian Dury; Davey Payne.

because he is so good. You always feel a little bit like you're with the sergeant-major, and he does put you there a little bit. But when you hear it played back you know why he does it. I used to get discouraged working with him, but I've worked with other musicians whose attitude was one of encouragement, and I'd respond to it much quicker.

"I did a demo for 'Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick' — just me and one of our roadies on drums and drum machines and things — and I monologued how it should be but it was only rhythmical, and until me and Chaz worked on it it didn't have any depth or any musical feeling or any chords or any playing. But the bones of it as a rhythmical peiece were there when I'd done my bit. So I think I am a musician."

Wilko: "*No!* You make music: you're a musician."

Ian: "But I don't know nothing about chords and notes. I sometimes think it's better that I don't."

Wilko: "But you do! You know about notes, because in the end you sing songs and they're made of notes and it's how those notes succeed one another that makes it a song. And it comes from inside you. So you *must* know."

Ian: "I saw Speight back in the Kilburns and he was showing Russell Hardy something on the keyboards and he held five fingers down on each hand and 'e said 'You've gotta take one finger off and sing the note that's missing out of that ten finger chord, and until you can really do that and hear from where it's missing and what's being flattened or diminished or whatever then you can't learn to sing properly'. And *I* can't do that yet.

"The only way I can do that is to play the piano and pick the notes out myself and then hear the relationships.

"But I'm going to learn to play the piano this year. I've got one in the other room. Mickey's going to help me. Because it's good practice for this hand." He flexes his withered left hand.

"I reckon it's another two years and then I'll be able to call myself a singer. Everyone says that'll definitely help with the pitching and with finding the right notes to sing."

Me: "I don't see any problems."

Ian: "In Switzerland apparently I'm regarded as a really good singer."

Wilko: "Well, it's the cuckoo clock that does that . . . but I've seen you onstage and singing and it never crossed my mind that you had any doubts about it until I started talking to you."

Ian: "But that's why I didn't start until I was twenty-nine."

Wilko: "But the first time I saw Kilburn And The High Roads I didn't think, 'Bright chap. Quite articulate. Can't sing.' I just thought, 'There's a group here and this bloke's singing all these songs.' 'Ow many singers can sing like Bobby Bland anyway? We're all on a scale somewhere below Bobby Bland. There's not a certain point somewhere below him where you're no longer a singer.

"If you're bellowing into a microphone you're a fucking singer."

SUCH MUSICAL self-doubt, nurtured by the psychic re-structuring that comes with any sudden, large-scale success, has been gushing like a blown-out oil well in Ian Dury's spirit over the past year, it seems. Mind you, Wilko probably wouldn't be in the Blockheads at all without it, so no doubt it'll all work out alright in the end.

"I felt that something had happened in our Blockheads music," says Ian, "and there was no longer any reliable and simple structural rhythm pattern running through it. It was always bouncing off the bounces all the time.

"And last year when we were out on the road we had about four songs where the audience didn't know when to clap. One of those was 'Reasons To Be Cheerful, Part 3', and that's actually going . . ." Ian taps out a steady beat on the table. "Except it's never actually stated because everyone's going. . ." he mimes virtuoso musical performances. "And it seemed like we'd lost the thread of it a bit. We didn't think we were being clever, though. We thought we were being rhythmical.

"But there was a big hole there taking away the space.

"And I just saw Wilko and all I could hear was 'Oh Lonesome Me' in my head. It started pounding through my head, and I just desperately wanted to be in the studio with him. I'd never actually heard him singing all that much. But I could feel it visually as much as hear it.

"And hearing Wilko on rhythm guitar playing it with the band while we were doing the song a few weeks ago there was suddenly a sound there that had never been there before, a sound that I'd always wanted to hear. I mean, I couldn't go up to Johnny and ask him to play simple rhythm, because he's a very *springy* guitar-player *BLATA*TABLATA*tatat* . . . A very, very fast guitar player.

"But as soon as I heard Johnny working his natural way with Wilko working *his* natural way, *space appeared,* and relationships between the lines and the chords appeared. And Charley dug it straightaway because he could relax then, because he's got to handle it when there's no other person doing it. And it just made total sense."

Wilko: "When Ian suggested doing that song — which is a record I've always liked from when I was first learning to play and being intrigued by the Nashville guitar solo — I thought, 'I can't do a thing like that'. But then I thought, 'It's just a one-off crazy thing', and went in and did it, because Ian had just stood outside of me and seen me doing something I'd never dreamed of.

"What came out wasn't the sort of thing I'd come out with on my own, but the sort of thing I'd come out with *with* The Blockheads. That record isn't *me.* It's a real team effort."

Had Wilko been apprehensive about his first meeting with The Blockheads?

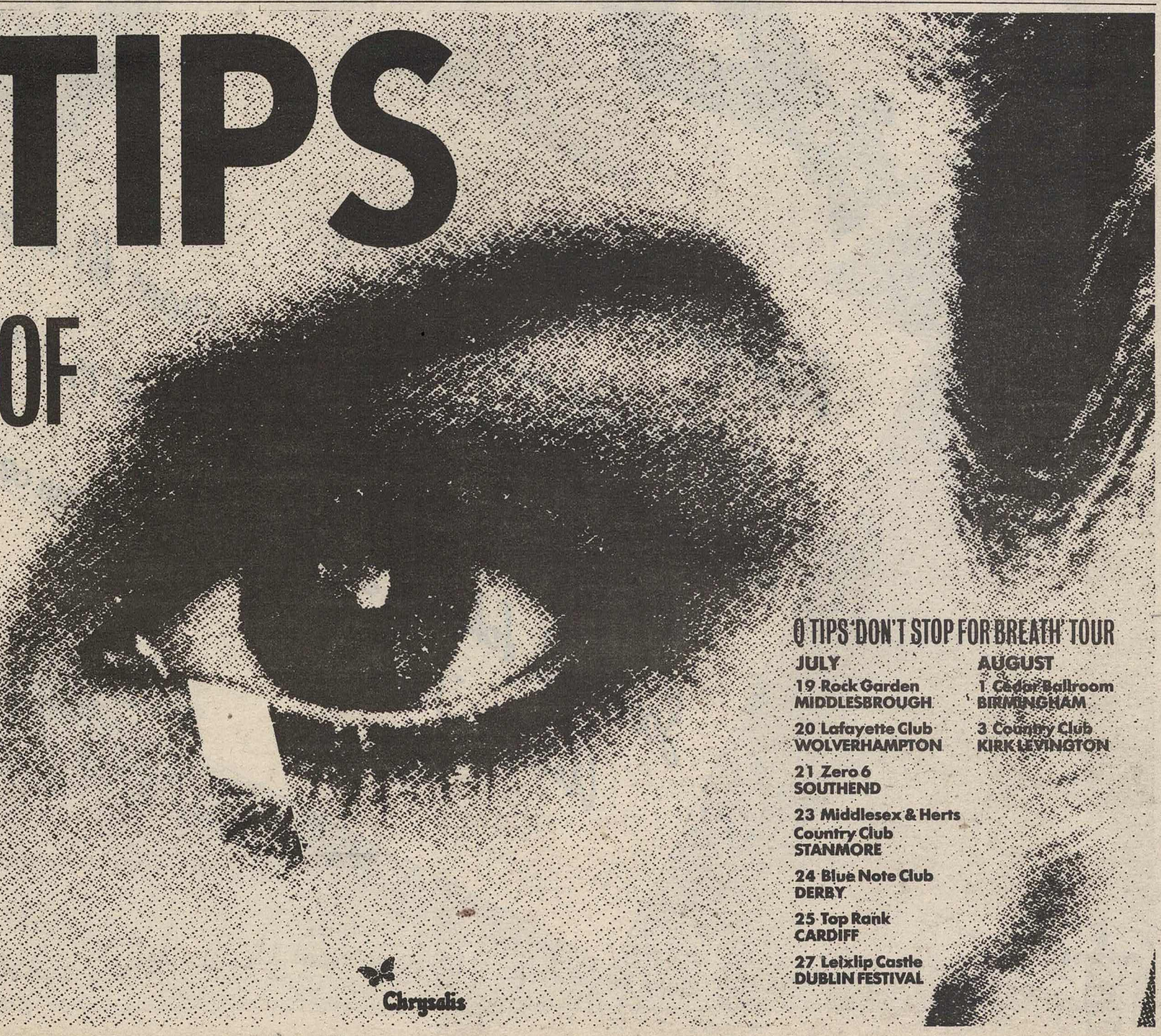
"Well, I know what sort of a geezer to go and sit next to when I'm feeling that sort of way

Continues page 49

Q·TIPS

TRACKS OF MY TEARS

CHS 2420



Chrysalis

Q TIPS DON'T STOP FOR BREATH TOUR

JULY

19 Rock Garden MIDDLESBROUGH

20 Lafayette Club WOLVERHAMPTON

21 Zero 6 SOUTHEND

23 Middlesex & Herts Country Club STANMORE

24 Blue Note Club DERBY

25 Top Rank CARDIFF

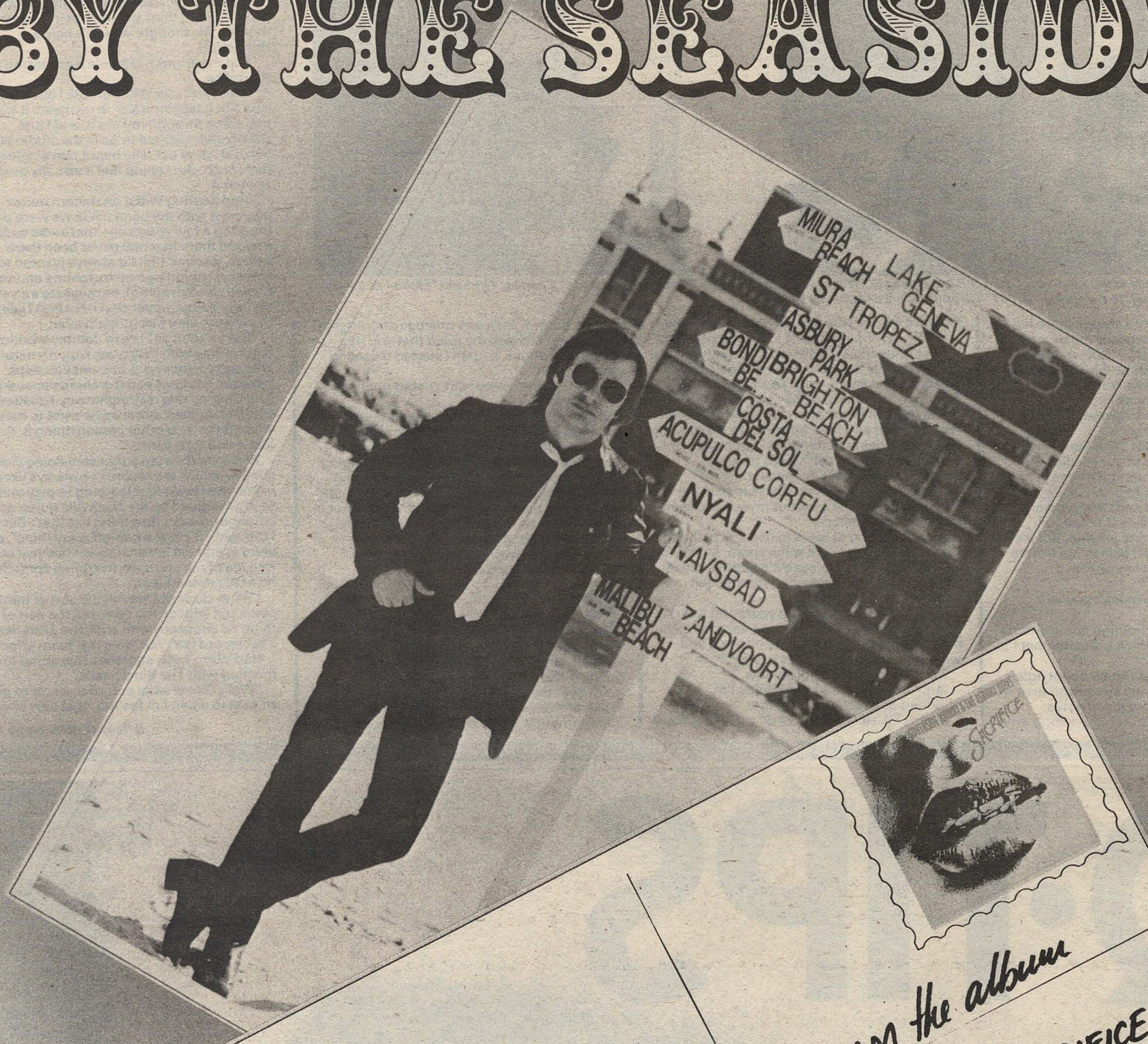
27 Leixlip Castle DUBLIN FESTIVAL

AUGUST

1 Cedar Ballroom BIRMINGHAM

3 Country Club KIRK LEVINGTON

SOUTHSIDE BY THE SEASIDE



Dear all,
I've arrived with my new single 'on the beach', wish you were here
Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes
X

FROM the album
'LOVE IS A SACRIFICE'
ALBUM 9111 081 CASSETTE 7142 747
SINGLE MER 21

ON THE BEACH
Passer el comdo il trava
este valu ovre de la plate.

mercury

marketed by phonogram

ALBUMS

Ian Curtis and Bernard Albrecht share a joke. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

JOY DIVISION
Closer *(Factory)*

. . .will tear us apart. Again.

A cleft stick: number one in a series of several thousand. It would be demeaning to all concerned — the late Ian Curtis, the surviving members of Joy Division, Martin Hannett, you and me — to treat 'Closer' as some sort of elaborate musical suicide note, dissect the lines and the words for evidence of that chronic depression that sent Ian Curtis through the out door, to scan for clues to the disappearance. By the same token, it would be both prissy and naive to pretend that nothing untoward had occurred, that the circumstances surrounding this album were ordinary, to cling to shreds of composure and pretend that nothing was wrong, that everything was okay. If Joy Division did anything, it was to centre their music around precisely such a refusal to pretend that everything was all right.

It is almost a convention of criticism to treat a death as, if not *part* of the work of art, then at least its validation. The hagiography that surrounds — take five! — Hendrix, Joplin, Morrison, Dean and Jones is a grudging acknowledgement that their art was the path that led to their deaths. But all of the above and many more were simply artists doing their stuff and living their lives, and somewhere in the proceedings they got derailed. Of course the signs were there, clearly visible with 20-20 hindsight, but if Dylan had croaked after 'Blonde On Blonde' or Woody Allen had snuffed out four days before *Love And Death* was released, then you best believe that some pompous jackoff would've crawled out from the woodwork: *hell yes, I knew it all along. . .*

So sod *that* for a game of soldiers. If only I'd known it, I picked up the key to Joy Division the first (and only, I'm ashamed to say) time I saw them: on a bill with John Cooper Clarke in Manchester last year. Their performance was terrifying, wracked, a struggle with emotions that I spend most of my time suppressing, and when it was over I was shattered, but they were laughing, joking, shoving each other, cleansed. They'd got it out of the way for another night, and they felt better afterwards. That was the point of their music: to deal with terrors and sorrows that most (rock) people merely attempt to wish away, and to feel better afterwards.

Closer to the edge

'UNKNOWN PLEASURES', the first Joy Division album, was both a narrower and more 'accomplished' album than 'Closer': narrower in its scope, more accomplished in its execution. 'Closer', by contrast, is less finished, less hard and defined. Where before they presented a gleaming, chiseled surface, now they are wreathed in mist. Where before Ian Curtis had coped with the nature of his voice by affecting a sort of Iggy-as-Morrison 'Sister Midnight' delivery, here he is heard beginning — just beginning, that's what hurts — to 'grow into' that voice, to confront the 'instrument' without dependence on the stylistic devices of others.

The first album was crisp and confident: this one is shadowy and occasionally almost fragile. It cannot have been easy to record. If Ian Curtis were still living — or if it was played to someone who knew nothing of the circumstances — it would sound no less haunted than it does to us. Harsh abrasive blocks of guitar or stormy synthesiser cloudbanks drift over the rigid, obsessive bass and drums (or drum machine), and the voice comes from underground.

Handled with less power, skill and verisimilitude, Curtis' images and metaphors would seem almost risible: the world seen in terms of Ballard ('The Atrocity Exhibition') and Kafka ('Colony') is too grim a vision not to laugh off if the option of laughing it off actually exists. Bernard Albrecht (guitar, synthesiser), Peter Hook (bass), Stephen Morris (drums) and Martin Hannett (producer) surround Curtis with a musical environment that leaves no room for doubt. The Gothic chant and drone that envelops 'The Eternal' and finally subsumes the proceedings on 'Decades' is icily disturbing: in other hands it could well have seemed like a redredging of one of the hoariest art-rock cliches in the lexicon.

Something like 'Isolation' on the first side would probably sit easiest with the material on the first album, but 'Closer's' best moments arrive when the band begin to move forward.

'Passover' features considerably more confident drumming than some of the other selections and Hannett goes to town, giving the music that eerie sense of space and perspective that characterises all of Joy Division's most effective work. *"This is the crisis I knew had to come/Destroying the balance I'd kept/Doubting and circling and turning around/Wondering what will come next,"* sings Curtis, the music remorselessly shutting off all avenues of retreat. It is one of the album's most unforgiving moments, matched most effectively by Curtis' performance on 'Heart And Soul': *"Existence, what does it matter? I exist on the best terms I can/The past is now part of my future/The present is well out of hand"* is the verse that leaps out, whipped along by a cruelly relentless drum figure and ominous, surging bass, drum and synth lines, begging the question *"Heart and soul, what will burn?"*

But the album's centrepiece is 'Twenty-Four Hours', beginning with the most mournful bass motif imaginable and exploding into a torrential rage of sound and Curtis, back momentarily in his Dr Doom voice, sneering, *"So this is permanent. . ."* The crucial verses are sung over the melancholic opening pattern, crashing into the second part of the structure with an almost unholy violence.

"I never realised the lengths I'd have to go/All the darkest corners of the sense I didn't know/Just for one moment I heard somebody call/Looked beyond the daylight. . .THERE'S NOTHING THERE AT ALL!"

This album could probably have been better. As postulated earlier, the recording period must have been stressful by any standards, but I really couldn't care less. I'm not really worried by the fact that they did 'Twenty-Four Hours' better on the Peel show, or live, or whatever. This is the only Joy Division second album we're going to get and we may as well make the most of it.

And by 'make the most of', I don't mean 'wallow in'. God knows its tempting, but if it was ever Joy Division's intention to glorify despair then I've misinterpreted them quite seriously.

This music deals in terror and confronts it — not necessarily victoriously, but with courage — more than any other recent rock.There are few settlers in this territory, and not all of them were able to stay there long. Jimi Hendrix, Lou Reed when he wasn't making a berk of himself, Pink Floyd before they softened up, The Doors, PiL (not as often as their most fervent admirers would believe). . .maybe others, but you can compile lists at least as well as I can.

'Closer' is sufficiently extraordinary to transcend our expectations of what we can get out of a rock album. Of course, if one attempts to assess it according to the prevailing standards of the market place one has to say little more than *Great album, buy it,* but one could say the same thing about a vast quantity of albums that — despite their merits on their own terms — aren't fit to share rack space with this one.

'Closer' is as magnificent a memorial (for 'Joy Division' as much as for Ian Curtis) as any post-Presley popular musician could have. In the most strict and literal sense of the term, it's a matter of life and death.

Aren't you glad to live in the kind of times that make people produce music like this? Love will. . .

Charles Shaar Murray

Flogging a dead pantomime horse

QUEEN
The Game *(EMI)*
KISS
Unmasked *(Mercury)*

ABANDON HOPE, all ye who enter here . . .

Between them, Quiss and Keen represented everything that was depressing about music in the '70s — like emotional emptiness dressed up as spectacle, like irrelevance to anyone's life, like the mega-success bought by corporate push and a new market of almost Pavlovian docility. They represented the elevation of mediocrity. Given half the chance they'll carry on the same way straight through the '80s as well. Neither enterprise shows even the slightest inclination to play it any other way but safe.

After all, why kill the dinosaur that lays the golden dung?

Why, indeed, even bother to acknowledge the artist's nominal responsibility to make an effort, when every shred of evidence suggests that your public actually prefers yesterday's re-heated leftovers? What splendid good sense to keep contriving those same old inspirational vacuums, in the confident expectation that nature will rush to fill them with cash. It would be nice to hope that these bands will one day recognise their creative bankruptcy and retire with dignity — nice, but unrealistic.

Instead, we get two more utterly unnecessary albums full of a music which ran its course a good six years ago: lumbering, slack-jawed, big-booted heavy rock; either in harmony syrup (Queen) or with cartoon crassness (Kiss). Both are slick, glossy and soulless. Neither mean a thing. Both have been joylessly conceived with cynical disregard for every value which ever made music genuinely important to life. But who can blame them? What performer needs to get wrapped up in all that social/emotional realism stuff, when every chart screams out advice to the contrary: give us the old razzle-dazzle, anything but the truth. Give us ELO and Oblivion Neutron Bomb.

As a matter of fact, all the comparisons to be made here are immensely flattering to Queen. Like Kiss, they're flogging a dead pantomime horse, but it's at least one of their own design. You might strive to forget every Freddie Mercury song you hear, but at least you remember it in the first place. And so on.

All that's remotely interesting in the Kiss package is its strip-cartoon cover — all about the press efforts to uncover our heroes' true identities. Even that's a bit puzzling, because I don't care what Kiss really look like, and I don't know anybody who does. True, the band are showing ever-growing refinement and skill at what they do, but it's still difficult to imagine them producing anything memorable. It's that mysterious Grand Funk Railroad syndrome — American acts become massively successful then vanish from your consciousness as totally as if they'd never existed.

Elsewhere, both albums are being hailed as contemporary masterpieces. Me, I'm going to bed.

Paul Du Noyer

Rick Parfitt and Alan Lancaster, winners of this week's Kelly Johnson & Kim McAuliffe Lookalike Contest. Pic: Mike Laye.

GIRLSCHOOL
Demolition *(Bronze)*

LET'S not lose any sleep over that pathetic squabble as to whether women can *really* play hard rock, when the only question worth asking is: Why the hell should they want to?

In Girlschool's case the answer would probably be a love of basic rock'n'roll noise minus all the comical machismo which generally accompanies it. For their occasionally intelligent lyrics (notably 'Not For Sale'), their winning image of innocent good humour, plus the fact that they play unpretentiously and well, Girlschool stand as prime contenders for the elusive 'Acceptable Face of Heavy Metal' title. (Nor let's quibble about what is properly rock and what's metal: it's the audience which defines an HM band, and Girlschool are for the time being HM).

If nothing else, this 'Demolition' debut shows up much of current HM ideology for the cant it is, demonstrating that volume, power-chords, riffs and rampage don't require lyrical idiocy and Tarzan-in-loon-pants posing to work quite effectively. Certainly, Girlschool aren't the act to convert this reviewer, werewolf like, into a card-carrying headbanger; but they come closer than anybody else.

Maybe due to their punky-ish origins and influences, and maybe due to the services of producer Vic Maile (a man more noted for his R&B work with the likes of Dr Feelgood and The Inmates), Girlschool's sound is fast and direct, without pomp or sludge or phony embellishments. The girls' voices, too, contrast well with the album's overall bass-heaviness.

My regret is that the band's career has been steered, probably irreversibly by now, up the cul-de-sac of HM audiences; all the pressures on them now will be to get crasser, not to progress.

Paul Du Noyer

JOHN COOPER CLARKE
Ou Est La Maison De Fromage? *(Noze)*
VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Crap Stops Here *(Last)*

TWO albums which originated in the Rabid archives of Martin Hannett and Tosh Ryan and which reach us via one Lawrence Beedle, credited as "Executive Producer" on both. 'The Crap Stops Here' is simply a Rabid compilation — which is to say it includes 'Jilted John', 'Psycle Sluts', 'Cranked Up Really High', 'Kinnel Tommy' and a few other singles by nobodies like Chris Sievey and the Freshies — with a few previously unissued tracks stuck on to increase its collectability quotient, chief among these being JCC's 'Bronze Adonis'.

For some reason, 'Suspended Sentence' (the best track from JCC's Rabid EP) isn't included here; nor is 'Holy Innocents'. As these are two of the few Rabid items I can imagine anybody going to any lengths to try and obtain, Lawrence might be said to have got his priorities twisted. No matter — who'd buy it, anyway?

'Ou Est La Maison De Fromage?' is a different matter altogether, a mixture of early out-takes and live stuff which hangs together well as a kind of rude documentary, "rude" being the operative word, as sizeable chunks of the album hint at JCC's possible alter-occupation as blue comic. Side one starts with a bunch of live pieces of varying quality, reaching a climax of sorts with 'Missing Persons', then skips to the studio for 'Split Beans' — the best thing on the record — where the dry rattle of the monologue's backed by the hollow, simplistic sound of the Curious Yellows (I'd guess, just as I'd guess this was an out-take from the original Rabid EP). From there on, the side deteriorates to the point where Cooper Clarke's regaling a friend with reminiscences of his favourite Public Service TV Adverts.

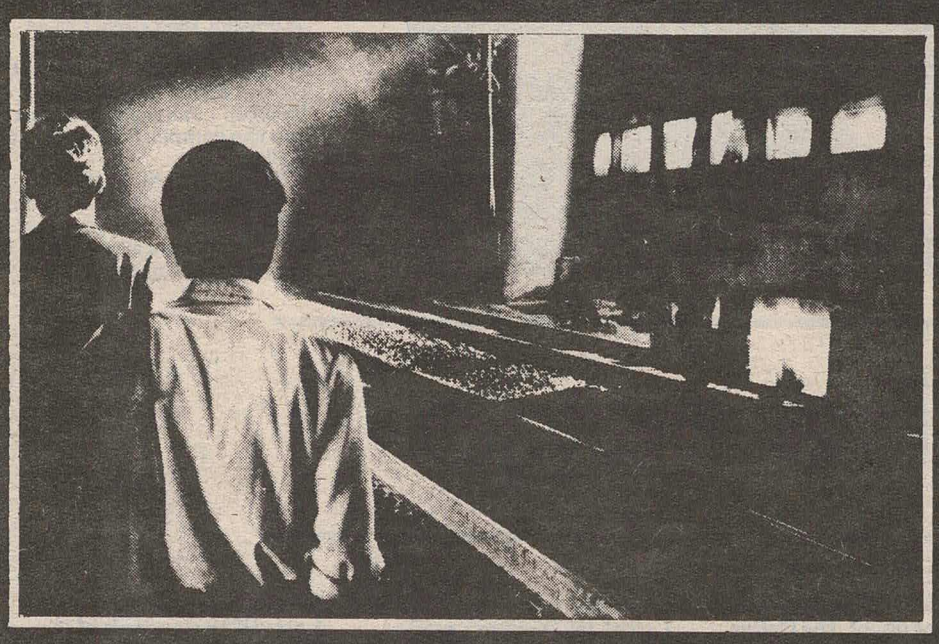
Side two's less interesting, because more familiar, apart from three excerpts from 'Ten Years In An Open Neck Shirt' — and even that's getting a mite familiar nowadays. I can't really see the point in duplicating already-available material like 'Daily Express', 'Readers Wives', 'Gimmix', 'I Married A Monster' and 'Salome Malone', even in live solo format — none really gain anything from their nudity, and some lose out by being garbled.

Still, overall a pleasant combination of manic metaphors and dry dialect, such as you'd expect. Worth hearing.

Andy Gill

TUXEDOMOON

SCREAM WITH A VIEW



EP AVAILABLE NOW PRE 7 12

CHARISMA/PRE RECORDS

A heavy dub-ble act

"Hey Cisco! ... Hey Pancho! ..." Mr Shakespeare (left) and Mr Dunbar re-enact Great TV Sign-off Lines Of Our Time. "Nice to see ya ..." Pic: Adrian Boot.

BLACK UHURU
Sinsemilla *(Island)*

BLACK UHURU — really the talent of Michael Rose, lead singer and writer — zoom straight to the top of the reggae charts each time they release a tune. Along with Lincoln Thompson of the Rasses, Rose is *the* new generation vocalist within reggae.

'Sinsemilla' is a Sly (drummie) and Robbie (bassie) production. Sly and Robbie have very clearly graduated from being the hottest young rhythm section of the late '70s to being the hottest young production team of the early '80s.

On 'Sinsemilla' Sly and Robbie just let rip, mash it up. Apart from the typically rolling melody bass lines that we've grown to expect from Robbie Shakespeare — melodies so potent you can actually sing the bass line on the bus, like a complete tune — Sly soars, polyrhythms scattering from his kit like Guy Fawkes fireworks. The production of the drums in particular is spectacular — cymbals, snare, syn-drum (plenty of those original syn-drum patterns that made Dennis Brown's 'Sitting And Watching' a hit recently) reach you so that you're the puppet and Sly and Robbie pull the strings; you never knew you were such a fancy dancer.

All the instruments on 'Sinsemilla' are flamboyantly produced; Ansel Collins' jazzy keyboards have never sounded as good and Jimmy Becker's harmonica extravaganza on 'There Is Fire' blazes like a forest aflame.

Reggaematically, these are the crucial rhythms of the early '80's. But sometimes Michael Rose himself, and the two vestigial back-up singers, Derrick Simpson and new American woman Puma Jones, sound slightly overwhelmed by the surrounding musical glories. On Rose's two earlier LP ('Love Crisis' on Third World, and the '79 greatest hits anthology, 'Showcase', on D-Roy) his voice was as dynamic as the accompanying (excellent) rhythms, featuring his idiosyncratic gargling / ululating effects between lines and dizzy spin-scatting between verses. Here, Rose still sounds lucid and sophisticated, but it's hard to drag your attention away from the over-riding drum'n'bass storm.

Lyrically, Rose has moved away from his specific, day-to-day narratives on 'Rent Man', 'Abortion' and 'General Penitentiary'. Now he confines himself to more general philosophies: *"There is no mercy for those who have ability and don't use it, waste it"* ('Happiness') and the traditional reggae themes of Africa and ganja. I miss hearing Rose's off-beat social comments, even though I sometimes disagreed with him.

Still, the only other reggae vocal album I'm looking forward to as much is the next Rasses record — and Prince Lincoln Thompson should only be so lucky as to have a production as vital, ital and dyno-mite-al as this Taxi-label special.

Vivien Goldman

SLY & ROBBIE
Gamblers Choice *(Taxi)*

THE INSTRUMENTAL duo of Sly Dunbar (drums) and Robbie Shakespeare (bass) have been fairly active of late in providing foundation for a number of Jamaican recording acts, especially as regards the Black Uhuru's black sounds of freedom or Dennis Brown warning that *"while life goes on, everyone's got to stand strong."*

This showcase set, an eight-track dub workout, is of fairly average, though not disagreeable tenor, a selection of plain deft rhythms with nary any resort to electronic effect, short of wider exploitation of Synare III courtesy of Mr Dunbar.

Bearing titles related to the pastimes of the unemployed, 'Pinball Machine', 'Parapinto', 'Coon Can' and 'Bone Dice' provide understated accompaniment for the pursuit of which. A diasporan soundtrack. One particular cut, 'Coon Can', states the melody of 'London Bridge Is Falling Down' in the manner of Neville Hinds, thus continuing a surviving tradition in the capital's surburban cafes.

Use also is made of the 'Drunken Master' refrain, a bass and drum melody which has made some prior impact this year and engendered a spray of vocal definitions; while the 'Strapper Lee Rap' is a talkover by Sly who delivers an oratorio in style borrowing from US disco merchants, hear today and g'wan tomorrow.

Penny Reel

THE TEARDROPS
Final Vinyl *(Illuminated)*

THOUGH Joy Division may well have perished, Manchester is still very much alive. The Thunderboys, Armed Force, The Things, Fast Cars and The Cheaters — these are all vibrant undiscovered bands. Yet with all this untapped talent, it seems pity that such a promising blend of the city's 'famous names' have produced an album as unremarkable as this one.

Amongst The Teardrops' celebrated ranks are the likes of Steve Garvey (Buzzcock), Tony Friel (Contact and ex-Passage) and Carl Burns (ex-Fall); names that may impress you as much as my earlier list of hopefuls didn't. They are an 'occasional band', a term which may refer to the number of times they gig and rehearse.

This offering is nothing but a mosaic of jumbled incoherence. Each track is a shallow exploration of one of the many faceless styles the band have cared to toy with. 'Final Vinyl' resembles a badly edited compilation album.

Yet despite the unfulfilled promises, the LP occasionally glimmers with the sparkle of wayward genius. On the gloomy 'No One Is Innocent' a solemn mood is firmly established; suddenly the sweetest acoustic guitar shifts the entire emphasis of the song. It's by far the brightest point on the album.

Mick Duffy

THE RECORDS
Crashes *(Virgin)*

THE RECORDS — good name for a band who stack up various '60 sounds like the dusty platters on some ancient Kursaal Rock-Ola. 'Rumour Sets The Woods Alight', the album's opener, sets the scene melodically and lyrically.

"They found him in the pool/He wasn't such a fool/He only took a dive/Poor boy should be alive."

Pick another track and the sound of The Searchers assails your ears, 12-string powered and summer soft. Needles and Pins'? Well, almost. In fact, it's Will Birch and Phil Brown's 'Hearts In Her Eyes', though you may have problems spotting the difference. So it's suitable The Searchers themselves used the song in their closest shot yet at '80s chartdom.

Stick another nickel in and up comes 'I Don't Remember Your Name,' an item so Merseybeat you can almost smell The Cavern must.

'Girl In The Golden Disc', on the other hand, is a teenage heart-on-sleeve a la Gerry Rafferty. But think about the Rafferty-McCartney connection and you're back to square one. And so it goes via a re-run routine that'll probably cause many to echo the sentiments of 'Spent A Night With You', a Will Birch-Johnny Wicks creation containing the lines: *"You don't send a chill up my spine anymore/You're not the thrill that I was looking for."*

However, I must admit to a sneaking regard for the born-too-late outpourings of Birch and Co. But then, I'm already sneered at in the street by those who know of my warped affection for The Raspberries, Groovies and other great losers of these and other times. If you too suffer from such a problem then you'll doubtlessly be charmed by 'Crashes'.

Fred Dellar

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'MR FIRE COAL MAN'

A fair cop . . .

KLARK KENT
Klark Kent 10-Inch LP *(A&M)*

BEING raised the son of a former CIA agent, Stewart Copeland is not unaware of the advantages to be gained from deception and disguise.

Klark Kent, for it is he, may well be the mask Copeland wears to give the impression that he's playing strictly for laughs, but are we really to believe that he wouldn't much prefer to see his work in The Police file instead of having to cavort around in a rubber mask playing charades?

Copeland is shrewd enough though to realise that I've-got-my-own-album-to-do indulgences rarely profit the sideman, as comparisons (sometimes quite cruel) are inevitably drawn and, if not supported by a hit single, sales are invariably restricted to die-hard devotees.

So, simply adopt an alter-ego of cartoon proportions and, not only is one's public reputation reasonably protected in the event of flat-on-the-face failure, but such a ruse can garner initial (and quite valuable) curiosity column inches.

Musically, 'Don't Care' may have been a single-of-the-week in its time, but KK doesn't pose too much of an immediate threat to his career in The Police. Nevertheless, it hasn't dampened his self-confidence, as he declares: *"I am the neatest thing that ever hit town/There isn't anything that could bring me down."*

If there's one recurring theme in Kent/Copeland's writing it's his desire to settle old scores ranging from such obvious adolescent targets as school authority *("I'd show 'em how I broke the rules")*, parental control *("I'm gonna abuse my brand new pad")* to the American Way *("It ain't no treason, just to look for freedom")*.

Kent's zest for revenge never once reaches the same vitriolic intensity that Elvis Costello transformed into High Pop. It never becomes threatening, drawing the line at a quick 'up-yours' and leaving it at that.

The only thing that's never made quite clear is the identity of whoever it is skulking behind that thoroughly ridiculous Stewart Copeland disguise!

Roy Carr

CHRISSIE'S NEW BOY — A POP STAR: Less than a month after her romance with Mick Jagger ended, 19-year-old Chrissie Shrimpton was linked on Tuesday night (24.1.67) with a new beat scene heart-throb — Steve Marriott of The Small Faces. Chrissie said: "I'm not rushing into anything . . ." Pic and caption: Syndication International.

Are you ready for the 'mod' revival?!!

SMALL FACES
Big Hits *(Immediate/Virgin)*

WHAT AN excellent idea: a compilation of *all* the original '65–'69 Small Faces A-sides on one album. It would have been an even better idea nine or ten years ago, but since half of the material originally belonged to Decca and the other half to Immediate it would have seemed a trifle unlikely. Still, time — and the collapse of record companies — heals a lot of wounds and so here 'tis, from the speedy, yammering soul-rock of 'Whatcha Gonna Do About It' through to the bulldozer crunch of the decidedly forgettable posthumous single 'Wham Bam Thank You Mam'.

In between, of course, were the dippy psychedelic interludes of 'Here Come The Nice' (Beatley chords, overt drug references), 'Itchycoo Park' (phasing, overt drug references), 'My Mind's Eye' (water glasses tuned to A, oblique drug references) and 'Lazy Sunday' . . . ahh, 'Lazy Sunday' . . . (sorry), and some of the most utterly charming and unselfconscious British pop extant.

The kids I went to school with always considered what Stevie Marriott was wearing to be of the utmost importance. They were, of course, correct, but before they succumbed The Small Faces more than did their bit.

Anyone who had this stuff on the original singles and either lost or scratched them over the years should give serious consideration to the possibility of replacing them with this album. Those with no '60s axe to grind will be relieved to discover that some of the pleasures of that much maligned period can cross temporal divides without excessive difficulty.

Charles Shaar Murray

VARIOUS ARTISTS
We Do 'Em Our Way *(Music For Pleasure)*

AND do we want 'em? No way.

It must take some doing to compile an album which only costs two quid, and *still* seems seriously overpriced. Yet with this 'Punk' collection of cover-versions, EMI budget outlet MFP have achieved just that.

And how did they do it? By throwing together a shoddy little ragbag of leftovers; some of the most disposable records of recent years, often by the most disposable bands. And worse, clumsy MFP packaging with their painfully fake, inept efforts at iconoclasm and rebellion (dumb title, crass artwork and stupid sleevenotes) and only succeeding in looking both mercenary and boorish.

True, there are two Pistols tracks, but beware: 'Rock Around The Clock' is post-Rotten (er, will Tenpole Tudor do?), and 'Stepping Stone,' while it's classic early Pistols and easily the best cut here, is just a rotten recording. As for the rest, most could have been lifted straight from some Dick Emery/Benny Hill sketch about those comically horrible little punk rockers. Especially Those Helicopters doing 'World Without Love' and The Golant Pistons' 'Friday On My Mind'.

The Dickies ('Knights In White Satin') we all know about; The Hammersmith Gorillas ('You Really Got Me') we've all forgotten about. Then there's The Stranglers' ugly 'Walk On By,' The Slits' messy 'Grapevine' (a travesty), Devo's over-rated 'Satisfaction', UK Subs' peculiar 'She's Not There' . . . all case-studies in pointlessness. (I haven't mentioned Hollywood Brats' 'Then He Kissed Me' and indeed see no reason why I should).

Half are intended as homage, half are simple vandalism. In all cases the originals emerge with much more credit than these tawdry performances.

Paul Du Noyer

DALEK I
Compass Kum'pas *(Back Door)*

AT A TIME when much avowedly 'new' music (and I use the term cautiously) sinks itself under the twin ballast of leaden pretence and pseudo-psychoneurosis, it's a rare pleasure to come across an album as refreshingly wry and friendly as Dalek I's debut. For, despite the high-tech monochrome lustre of the cover, 'Compass Kum'pas' steers well clear of the simplistic semaphore of 'art' and 'alienation' so beloved of the *nouveaux cybernauts* among us.

The vein of pop-drollerie introduced by the singles 'Freedom Fighters', 'The World' and 'Destiny' (all included here) is continued on tracks like 'Good Times' (self-explanatory) and 'Mad' (a bemused comment on changing values).

Elsewhere, there are hints and suggestions of something a bit more substantial, obtained, paradoxically enough, by a technique of disciplined *in*substantiality: songs like 'Trapped', 'Heat' and 'Missing 15 Minutes' all hang together despite constant cuts apart and shifts in emphasis — fragmented, dubwise pop best exemplified, perhaps by '8 Track', a finely-knotted mesh of sound slivers.

The essence of Dalek I, though, is the care of humanity at the heart of all their songs, a friendliness you can almost shake hands with. What other "new" music outfit, for instance, would follow (without a break) the lonely, sombre narrative of 'A Suicide' with the opening lines from 'The Kiss': *"Wasn't it me who said how nice it would be to be dead/Well, I've changed my point of view and I felt I should inform you"?* The impact of the first track is in no way lessened; instead, maudlin self-pity is avoided after the event by drawing hope out of despair.

'Compass Kum'pas' is like that: the Dalek I is presumably that which has an eye for a possibly positive future.

Andy Gill

THE CRUSADERS
Rhapsody And Blues *(MCA)*

THIS TIME next year, The Crusaders celebrate their 20th anniversary as a successful recording outfit. In that time they have produced close to three dozen albums of music few can match for consistency, always contemporary and beyond categorisation or compromise.

However, having attained a position where they are no longer just cult favourites, The Crusaders have now released an album which has simultaneously split their camp and become their biggest-ever seller: 'Rhapsody And Blues'.

'Rhapsody And Blues' follows much the same direction as 'Street Life' in that as its centre-piece it features a guest vocalist. 'Soul Shadows' is the song, Bill Withers the singer.

To his credit, Withers exhibits a kind of natural dignity dispensing with the more irritating mannerisms that have flawed his recent solo work.

Elsewhere, The Crusaders' attempts to seek a more sophisticated stance take them dangerously close to TV theme country. There is some justification for Joe Sample's sparingly employed synthesizers on the album's main title.

Despite such artistic discrepancies and the deceptive low profile of a number of the performances, the album's assets off set such short-comings. However, the warning signs have been posted that The Crusaders may be in danger of losing their perspective.

Roy Carr

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+ The Adventures

Friday 18th July £1.50
BLACK SLATE
+ Support

Saturday 19th July £1.50
"NASHVILLE'S LAST STAND"
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
+ No Idea
+ Special Guests

TRANZISTA
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Friday 18th July — Great Northern Hotel, Cambridge.
Wednesday 23rd July — The Fulham Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road (Supporting The Expressos)
Friday 25th July — Dingwalls, Camden Lock. (Supporting Any Trouble).
Saturday 26th July — Moonlight Club, Railway Hotel, West Hampstead.

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
THURSDAY 17
WHIRLWIND
SUNDAY 20 CAJUN/ZYDECO NIGHT FROM U.S.A. 7-11.30pm
QUEEN IDA BON TON ZYDECO BAND
TUESDAY 22
MO-DETTES
WEDNESDAY 23/SOUL SPECIAL
RAM JAM BAND
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Monday 4th August 8.30-2am
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Advance Tickets £2, Must be over 18 years of age
No membership required, no dress restrictions

NINE BELOW ZERO

17	THE MARQUEE
18	PORTERHOUSE, EAST RETFORD
19	BRIDGEHOUSE, CANNING TOWN
20	SHRIMPER'S, SOUTHEND
26	THE VENUE
30	HOPE & ANCHOR, ISLINGTON
AUG. 3	THE MARQUEE

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320 OLD KENT ROAD, S.E.1.

Thursday 17th July 75p
TENNIS SHOES + The Holidays
Monday 21st July £1
BOOGATTI + **STIGMA**
Tuesday 22nd July 60p
MARTIAN DANCE + Idiot Dancers
Wednesday 23rd July 75p
TRIMMER & JENKINS + Afghan Rebels

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Redfish
IN THE 2,000 CAPACITY BIG HALL

Saturday 19th July
OSIBISA
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Saturday 26th July
THE MECHANICS
Tickets £2.00

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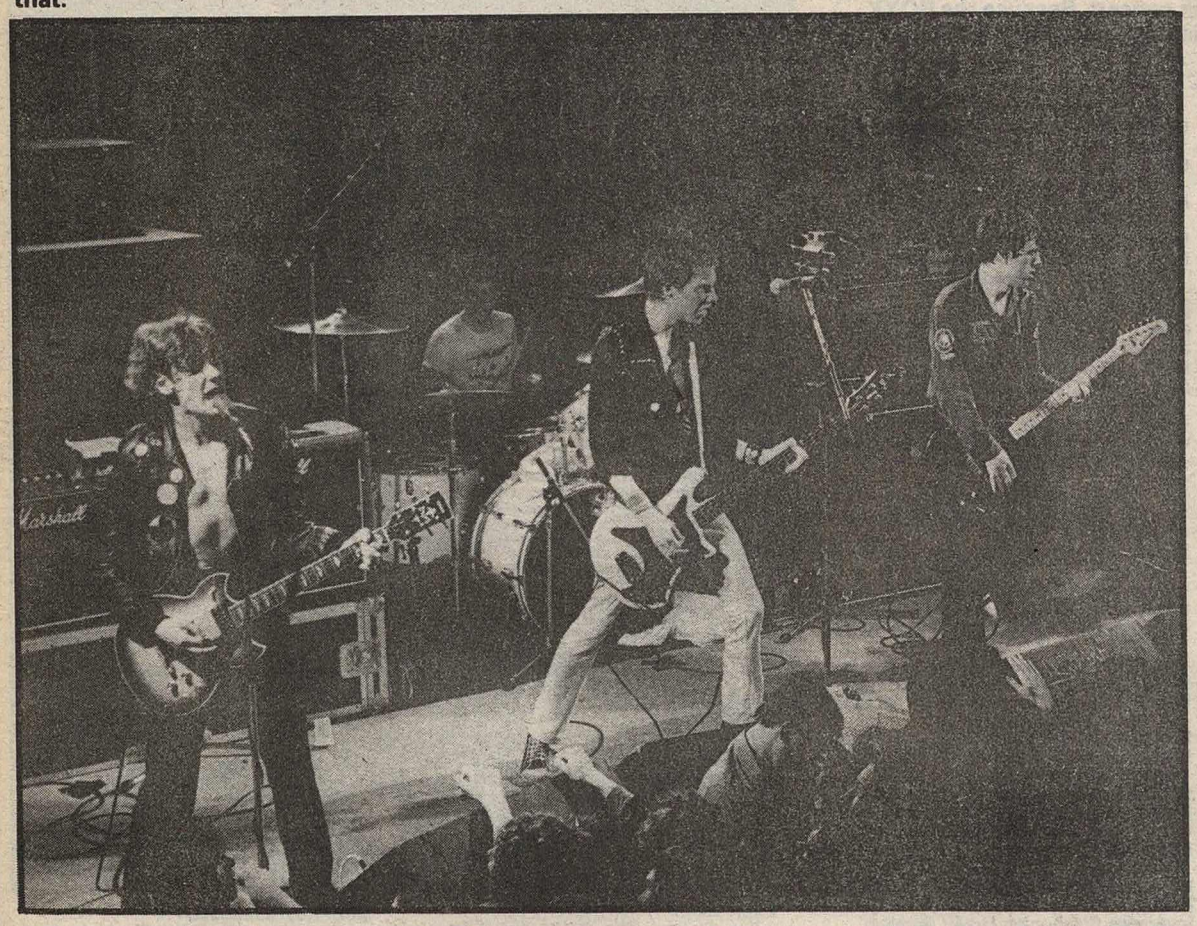
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS are headlining a summer "School's Out" tour, confining their gigs mainly to holiday centres. And you can catch them during the coming week at Malvern (Friday), Cromer (Saturday), London Rainbow (Sunday), Llanelli (Monday), Torquay (Tuesday) and Plymouth (Wednesday). There's only one other major tour starting this week, and the character at the foot of the page you will fill you in about that.



NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

Alton The Centre: **Pat Halcox All Stars / Sweet Substitute**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Little Willy**
Birmingham Gay Tower Ballroom: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Ad Lib / Fade**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Vision Collision / The Xpertz**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Briton**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Birmingham Top Rank: **The Damned / Billy Karloff & The Extremes**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Samson**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **The Lambrettas**
Brighton The Concorde: **Woody & The Splinters / The Audience**
Bristol Crockers: **The Tarts**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **Ethel The Frog**
Coventry City Centre Club: **Delegation**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Zorkie Twins**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Flash Cats**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Majority**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Visitors / The Freeze / The Delmonts**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Radio Ghosts**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Dick Smith Band**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **The Significant Zeros**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Beast**
Ilkley Rose & Crown: **Agony Column**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The Moonwalkers**
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: **Strange Brood**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Whirlwind**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Ram Jam Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Brunel**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Reluctant Stereotypes / Eric Blake**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Delta 5 / Modern English**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **The Van Trap Family**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Pagan Altar**
London Finchley Torrington: **Juice On The Loose**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Valentines / Metro Glider**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tenpole Tudor / Viva**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Soul Band / Sammy Mitchell**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Sta-Prest**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lemons**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Any Trouble / The Adventures**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **Nine Below Zero**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Al Ward Band**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Tennis Shoes / The Holidays**
London Putney White Lion: **Seven Year Itch**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis / Eddie Thompson Trio**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Flying Saucers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Vice Versa / Clock DVA**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Hibiscus / Anerley Park**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Hugh Burns**
London W.1 The Cock Tavern: **Hot Vultures**
Luton Baron of Beef: **The Cinematix**
Lye Bulls Head: **Switch 7**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Chris Williams Quartet**
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall: **The Photos**
Northampton M.F.M. Club: **The Fictitious / The Statics**
Northampton The Paddock: **Girlschool**
Norwich Cromwells: **Capital Letters**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Paisley Bungalow: **Thirty Bob Suits**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Mick Doonan & Tony Wilson**
Salford Pinky's Place: **Direct Hits / Two-Tone-Pinks**
Sheffield The Blitz (at the George IV): **The City Limits**
Skelgate Barge Inn: **Otway & Barrett**
Spalding Pied Calf: **Sacre Bleu**
Sunderland Locarno: **The Stranglers / Headline / The Tea Set**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **Johnny & The Roccos**
Weymouth Cellar Vino: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Sub Zero**
Winsford Youth Club: **Seventeen / God's Gift**

Friday

Barrow Champers: **Delegation**
Bath Moles: **Metro Glider**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **Junction 13**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Big Daisy**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **The Dangerous Brothers**
Bristol Crockers: **The Tarts**
Bristol Turntable: **Rockin' Louie**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Lambrettas**
Colchester Guisnes Court: **Final Demand / Shanghai**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Dark Star**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Yakety Yak**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Damned / Billy Karloff & The Extremes**
Durham Castle Inn: **Protex**
Falmouth Green Lawns Hotel: **Pat Halcox All Stars / Sweet Substitute**
Forres Mundlow Court: **Those Intrinsic Intellectuals**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Stranglers / Headline / The Tea Set**
Glenrothes Lomond Centre: **Dick Smith Band**
Harpenden Lourdes Hall: **The Seen / The Stern Bops / The Alcoves / The Claimed / BU2 & The Lumberjacks**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **Seventeen**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The VIPs**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Supercharge**
Leatherhead Leisure Centre: **Sta-Prest**
Lincoln The Vault: **Dedringer**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Terminal Snack Blues Band / Local Heroes**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Girlschool / Praying Mantis / Vardis / May West**
London Camden Music Machine: **Atomic Rooster**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Doll By Doll**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Pulsators**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Heroes / The Fanatics**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Any Trouble / The Mechanics**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **On The Air**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Books**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Blast Furnace's Revenge**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Black Slate**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Hedgehog**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Features**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London N.W.2 Hogg's Grunt: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Putney White Lion: **Johnny G**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kathy Stobart Quartet**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Spider**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Brunel**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Scala Cinema: **In Camera / Mass (11.30 pm)**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Ram Jam Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Young Marble Giants / TV Personalities / The Furious Pigs**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Blue Cat Trio**
London Willesden Old Cavern: **Dynamite**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **The Special Branch**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Keys**
London W.C.1 Action Space: **Poison Girls**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Manchester (Failsworth) Builly Youth Club: **Two-Tone-Pinks**
Manchester Goyt Bank High School: **The Cheaters**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Private Sector**
Matlock Pavilion: **Blush**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Samson**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Trespass / Bastille**
Paisley Bungalow: **Restricted Code**
Portsmouth Fratton Railway Inn: **Dodgy Geezers**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Boss**
Scarborough Taboo: **Otway & Barrett**
Sheffield University: **The Photos**
Slough Merrymakers: **The Beez**
Southend Elms: **Rockhouse**
St. Neots Cambridge W.M. Club: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Sunderland Locarno: **Taurus**
Torquay The Pelican: **The Revs**
Winchester Railway Inn: **Hot Vultures**
York Pockington Croker Hall: **The Mood**

Saturday

Barkingside Old Maypole: **Flying Saucers**
Bath Pavilion: **The Lambrettas**
Birmingham Cannon Hill: **Denizens**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham The Sydenham: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Blackpool Cleveleys Showboat: **Delegation**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **Treatment**
Brentford White Lion: **Seven Year Itch**
Brighton (Hove) Cliptonville: **Eye To Eye**
Bristol Granary: **Girlschool**
Bristol Stonehouse: **The Hybrids**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
Codsall Crown Inn: **Pat Halcox All Stars**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **The Photos**
Durham Castle Inn: **Otway & Barrett**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Ella Fitzgerald**
Glenrothes Lomond Centre: **The Rude Boys / Henry Gorman Band / The Squibs**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Dick Smith Band**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Roy & The Rovers / The Twist**
Harlow Square One Youth Club: **Sta-Prest**
Harrogate Pannal Memorial Hall: **The Oscillators / Collisions Of Romance / The Neurons**
Haywards Hearth Oathall School: **The Truth**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Beez**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **The Damned**
Kidderminster Bulls Head: **Dangerous Girls**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Any Trouble**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The City Limits**
Leeds The Beechwood: **Agony Column**
Leicester Sileby Club: **Strange Days**
Leigh-on-Sea Countdown Club: **Split Rivitt**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Flatbackers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sox / Embryo**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Cockney Rejects / The Pack / Kidz Next Door**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Basement 5**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **DAF**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Young Marble Giants / The Combo**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **The Prize Guys**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Members / Modern Jazz**
London Fulham The Cock: **Telemacque**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Black Cat**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Swan: **The VIPs**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Metro Glider**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Devillish Tin Trumpet / The Bitter Lemmings**
London High Barnet The Salisbury: **The Broughtons**
London Highgate Jackson's Rock Club: **The Dance Band / The Rhythm Squad**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders / No Idea**
London Marquee Club: **Live Wire**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Spring Offensive**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis / Eddie Thompson Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Stone Lady**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Ram Jam Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hinkley's Heroes**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **A Certain Ratio / Blurt**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **The Sharks**
Luton Kingsway Hotel: **Dynamite**
Manchester Denton Youth Club: **Witchfynde / JFRSRB / Tora Tora / War Rock**
Manchester Midland Hotel: **Rockin' Louie**
Mancester Pembroke Halls: **Johnny & The Roccos**
Newport Pagnell Youth Club: **U.K. Decay / The Suicide Victims**
Northampton Lings Forum: **Trance / Mystery Guests / Religious Overdose / Wheres Lisse?**
North Walsham The Feathers: **Percy & Sid**
Oxford New Theatre: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Paisley Bungalow: **Urban Enemies (lunchtime) / The Associates (evening)**
Perth Plough Inn: **The Significant Zeros / Capital Models**
Peterlee Festival: **Samson / Sledgehammer**
Retford Porterhouse: **Dedringer / Trespass**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **Veiled Threat**
Southampton The Saints: **The Skavengers**
Southend Top Alex: **Steve Hooker Band**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Osibisa**
Tamworth Hurley Club: **Ice**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Arbroath Condor Club: **Samson**
Ashington Metro Marquee: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Black Arabs**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Treatment**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **The Photos**
Brighton Top Rank: **Alex Harvey Band**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Clipstone Welfare Club: **Blush**
Croydon Greyhound: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido: **Delegation**
Dundee Caird Hall: **The Damned / Billy Karloff & The Extremes**
Edingburgh Playhouse: **The Stranglers / Headline / The Tea Set**
Glenrothes Lomond Centre: **The Solos / The Cheetahs / Snapshots**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **First Aid**
Keswick Century Theatre: **Pat Halcox All Stars / Sweet Substitute**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Dick Smith Band**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida / Eric Blake**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Young Marble Giants**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Wave Band / The Uglies**
London Finchley Torrington: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Ram Jam Band**
London Fulham The Cock: **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Wasted Youth**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Metro Glider**
London Marquee Club: **Angel Witch / More**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Tucker Finlayson**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **The Razz**
London Putney White Lion: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Le Sage**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Hawkwind / Inner City Unit / Out On Blue Six / The Beatnix / The Androids Of Mu**
London Victoria The Venue: **Mike McGear / Georgie Fame / John Gorman / Liverpool Express etc.**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Brian Brain / Temporary Title**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Bernd Weber & The Last Resort**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Joe Lee Wilson**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Seven Year Itch**
Mold Theatre Clywd: **The Zorkie Twins / Run 229 / Fear Of Flying / Neil Mackay**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **The Significant Zeros**
Paisley Bungalow: **Saigon**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Johnny Coppin / Gentleman Soldier**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Identity Crisis**
Reading Target Club: **Impulse**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Skavengers**
Slough Alexander's: **Flying Saucers**
Stoke New Penny: **Strange Brood**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Q-Tips**

Monday

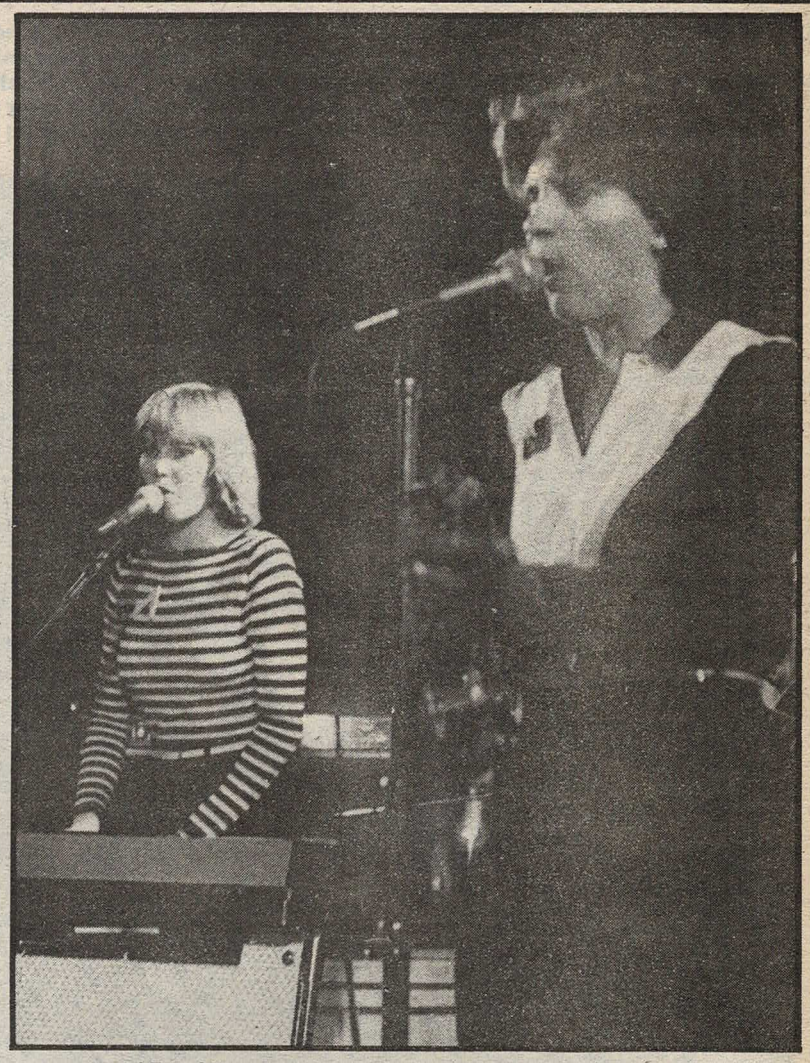
Aberdeen Music Hall: **Samson**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Drakes Drum: **Ice**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Force**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Gedral Bank**
Brighton New Regent: **Seventeen**
Castleford Roundhill Club: **Dedringer**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Pat Halcox All Stars / Sweet Substitute**
Dumfries Oughton's: **Otway & Barrett**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Damned / Billy Karloff & The Supremes**
Hull Wellington Club: **Vardis**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The Dave**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Remember This**
Llanelli Glen Ballroom: **Stiff Little Fingers**

Hi there! I'm back on the road this week, and you can find out more about the Roxy Music tour if you turn the page, because the Gig Guide . . .

CONTINUES OVER

GIG GUIDE EXTRA

Yes, it's me again. And I'm here to tell you that the two Marthas facing me across the page will be supporting me in concert. Because the ROXY MUSIC tour starts in Brighton on Wednesday, with MARTHA & THE MUFFINS appearing on all our dates.



London Camden Dingwalls: **Out Of Darkness / Still Survivors**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flatbackers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Lines**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Mighty Strypes / One On One**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour / 3 Minutes**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Thompson Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Elaine Delmar (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **Voyager / The Mechanics**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **The Enemy**
London N.W.8 The Crown: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Boogatti / Stigma**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Richmond Snoopy's: **The Oddhits**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Bill Evans Trio (for two weeks)**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Any Trouble**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **The Fans**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Citizens**
Norwich Cromwells: **The Lambrettas**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Bad Publicity**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **The Denny Laine Band / The Sinceros**
Paisley Bungalow: **The Penetrations**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Girlschool**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Flying Saucers**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **The Body**
Slough Alexandra's: **Sinner / Pagan Altar**
Southend Zero Six: **Q-Tips**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Salford Jets**

Tuesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham Top Rank: **The Lambrettas**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Hedgehog**
Blairgowrie The Gig: **Pat Halcox All Stars / Sweet Substitute**
Bournemouth The Woodman: **The Skavengers**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Corridors**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Trimmer & Jenkins / The Funky Groovers**
Doncaster Yarborough Club: **Artery / Grace Pool Five / Wama Jama**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Restricted Code**
Keighley King's Head: **Mysterious Footsteps**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Rotters: **UB40 / Deemus Mint**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Modettes**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Piranhas / The Chefs**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Roy Sundholm**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **White Lines / The Attendants**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Any Trouble**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Books / Modern Jazz**
London Greenwich White Swan: **The Van Trap Family**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Chevrons**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Everest The Hard Way**
London Marquee Club: **The Step**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Mutiny**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Martian Dance**
London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band**
London Ravenscourt Park Open-Air Theatre: **Hot Vultures**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All Stars Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Leopards**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Flatbackers**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **The Ram Jam Band**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
Malvern Nags Head: **Dangerous Girls / The 'A' Brigade**
Norwich Cromwells: **The Frequency Band**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Crimpelene Skinblende / Industrial Deafness / The D.P.'s / The Barking Hounds**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Sad Cafe**
Paisley Bungalow: **Otway & Barrett**
Penzance Demelza's: **Girlschool**
Poole Chequers Inn: **Seventeen**
Swansea White Swan: **Celebrated Ratliffe Stout Band**
Torquay Town Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **The Damned / Billy Karloff & The Supremes**

Wednesday

Avoch Village Hall: **Those Intrinsic Intellectuals**
Bedworth Cutalong Inn: **Ice**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M. S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blairgowrie The Gig: **Pat Halcox All Stars / Sweet Substitute**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **The Stacks**
Brighton Centre: **Roxy Music / Martha & The Muffins**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Johnny G**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Christchurch Jumpers Bar: **Seventeen**
Edinburgh Calton Studios: **Russ Moore Big Band**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Otway & Barrett**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Capital Models**
Inverness Caledonian Hotel: **Samson**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Dick Gaughan**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Ram Jam Band**
London Camden Music Machine: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins / The Civilians**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Spectres / Snapshots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Au Pairs**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Planets / The Phones**
London E.3 Earl of Aberdeen: **Tommy Whittle / Barbara Jay**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Broken Home**
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ALBUMS EXTRA

IMPORTS
by Fred Dellar

LAMBRETTAS
Beat Boys In The Jet Age
(Rocket)

IMAGE IS the essence of vanity is the promoter of fashion. Music must be fashionable to gain acceptance. Image dictates musical taste and fashion follows music. It's a whimsical merry-go-round that will never stop.

The Lambrettas are a mod band. They conform to the mod image; their music is appropriately fashionable. It's accepted (consumed) by a section of the population, ie other mods. But it's an automatic acceptance; part of a dangerous self-conditioning process. It has nothing to do with the intrinsic qualities or merits of the music.

On the band's current press release / biography Lambretta guitarist Doug Sanders is quoted as saying, "Most mods don't know what mod music is. As long as you're wearing a suit like they're wearing . . . they'll accept it . . ."

It seems the music has become insignificant; however bad it may be *it will be accepted*. Image has conquered.

'Beat Boys In The Jet Age' epitomises all that is bad *and* good about 'mod music.' It can be glibly dismissed as a harmless collection of tame, uninspired pop songs. The Lambrettas certainly have no lyrical depth; they merely present us with superficial cameo sketches of girls and cars, for example. There is never any development of a theme.

Yet some of the more bubbling pop tunes successfully capture the spirit of carefree hedonism which makes the whole 'mod scene' so appealing to bored and/or suppressed youth. It's their only escape from the factory, school or dole queue. The best example is 'Da-a-a-ance,' a happy, light and catchy song, the perfect (typical) Radio One summer hit; hear it and you'll always remember your 1980 holiday in Brighton.

If you're a mod, if you don't need songs with depth, if you don't want to think about tomorrow, if you don't really care about music, only *image*, then this is your perfect LP.

Mick Duffy

THE SURF PUNKS have blonde, Shirley Temple-styled locks. They hate 'Dummies' (those who only attend the beach at weekends), 'Valleys' (those who live more than two miles from the shore) and 'Hagles' (Hawaiian dummies). They are totally sexist, regarding brassieres as *"Over-the-shoulder boulder-holders"*; and claim of their teenage wearers — *"They're hot/They'll give it to you/They know what to do"*. They also have a stage show boasting a tower manned by a Malibu lifeguard. And, they state emphatically, that 'the only musical group gooder than us' were The Monkees.

The Surf Punks are Drew Steele, a guitarist who imagines his instrument is a string-equipped skateboard, and Darryl Dragon, sometime drummer to the Beach Boys, the Captain's brother and engineer of 'Love Will Keep Us Together' infamy.

A couple of years back, the pair provided Shelter Records with a flop single in 'My Beach'/'My Wave', and now 'Surf Punks', a whole Epic album, has washed up on these shores.

Predictably nutty — and dumber than anything The Ramones have yet devised — 'Surf Punks' contains the bleached ones' thoughts about girls, girls and more girls *("Too big, too big for her top/When are those strings gonna pop?/Distracting all the surfers, they forget about the tubes/No time for waves, let's talk about those boobs!")*; their various beach enemies *("This guy's a Valley, gotta kick him out!")*; the macho superiority of Surf City supermen *("No one escapes them dropping in and out/Clogging up the sea-lanes, that's what it's all about")*; and letters from Hawaii *("Went out to Sugar Shack and it was five foot and semi-closing out")* etc.

The Surf Punks will obviously never make it. But it's passable fun hearing them try.

Meanwhile, further inland, Adelphi, that amazing little label from Maryland, has done it again. Having lost The Nighthawks to the major league, they've released 'So Far', a 'best of' compilation by **Downchild**, Canada's ace bluesbasters. Downchild, who at the last count had cut five Canuck albums, have established something of a reputation in the States since Belushi's Blues Brothers began nicking some of their specialities. And 'So Far' goes far in proving what all the furore is about. A bevy of brass-bound blues-rollers, replete with female keyboardist, they breath new life into oldies such as 'Flip, Flop And Fly', 'Caldonia' and 'Stagger Lee', bringing back the good old days and heralding future joys to come.

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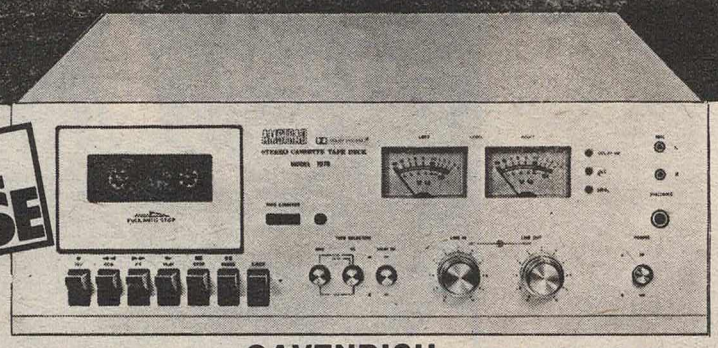

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NINE BELOW ZERO
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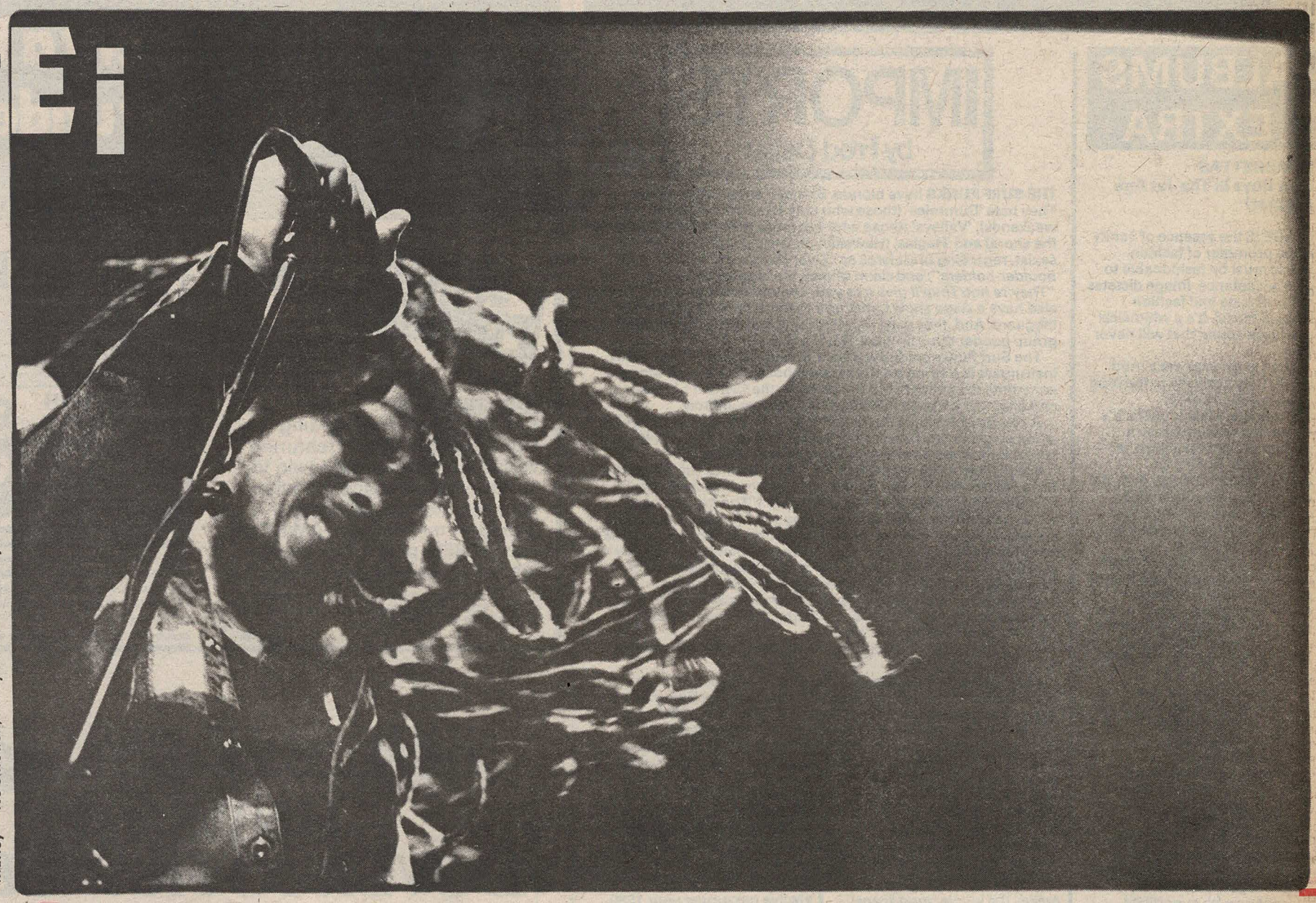


Marley — No emotion, no try. Pic Anton Corbijn.

Spider Man's Ghost

Bob Marley And The Wailers

Brighton

WE HOPE to dance and dream into the shadows, and as we dance feel that we are discovering something. A lot of pop music would have us dance and forget everything, and return into an ignorance to meet up with oblivion. Marley on record is close to the first: live close to the second.

Bob Marley, pseudo-revolutionary, love of so many lives, assaults the stupidity and bigotry of known and unknown enemies, asserting rights by blending the ultimate hedonistic and anti-determinist sound patterns with words of derisive, tender realistic resistance, and attests a furious sense of justice and love.

Born between the light of rasta-fantasies and the black tragedy of all dilemmas, Marley's worldview and fidelity is a pure thing, his music rising up from the struggle between 'good' and 'evil'. The abjection he flaunts does not keep him from hoping that 'good news' will save the world.

Bob Marley dances into the shadows, singing of misery, purity, the morbid need for love. A preacher of revolution deep in a golden dream.

Funny thing is, at Brighton you wouldn't know all this was going on. Perhaps Marley has resigned himself to believe that telling people off is a waste of time. Draped over this show was a sad and haughty sense of routine. Rage and the divine power of illusions seem to have no place in the rock arena, so Marley simply doesn't bother.

The Star and his melodies are all that is needed, the bearing of one who has suffered from hunger, wept for love, worked for God and for now has it under 'control'.

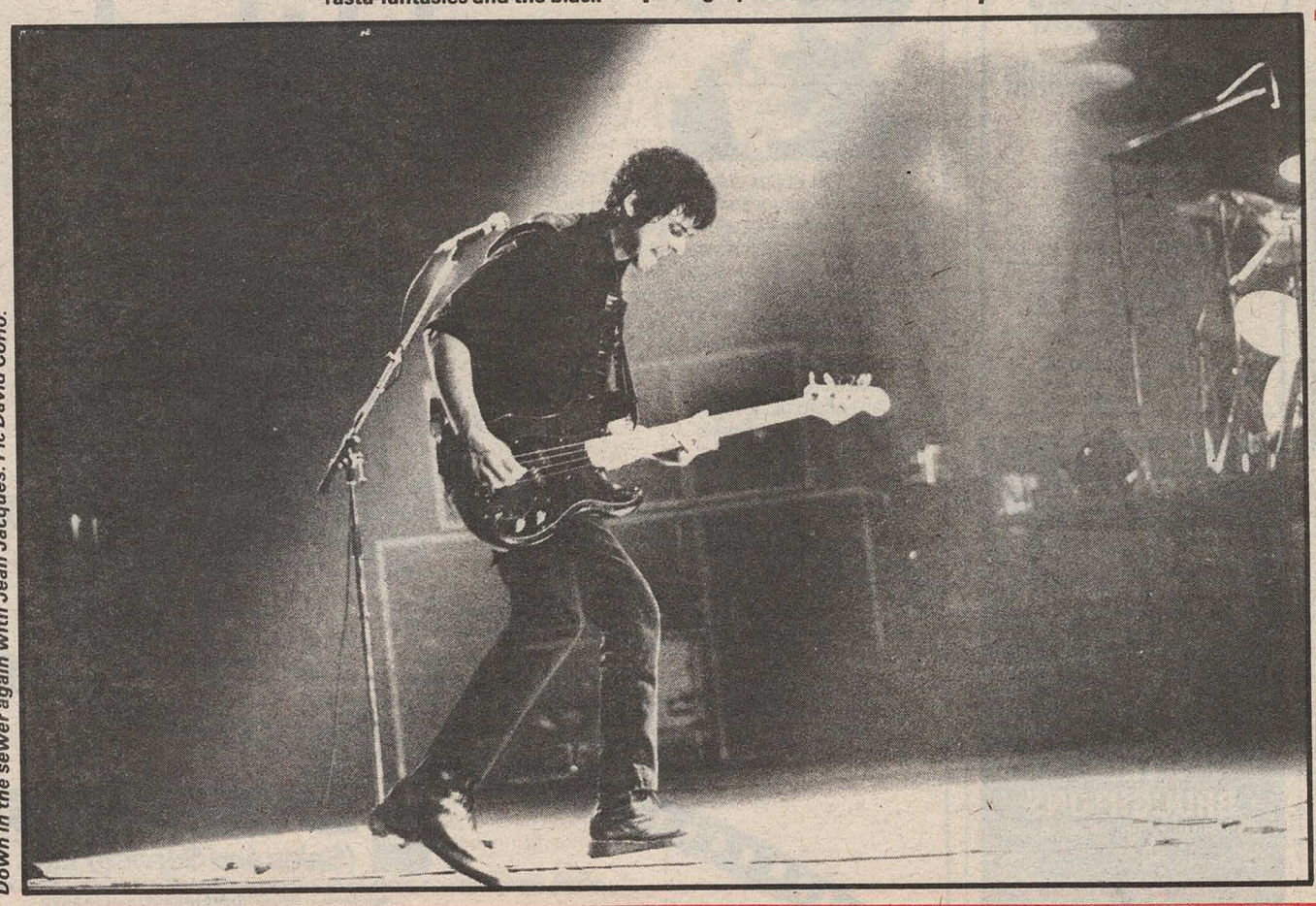
It was little things carrying a lot of weight at Brighton that made it feel the Marley show was 'serious' entertainment with simplistic political trappings and an undercurrent of coded, offensive preaching rather than a sustained cry of pain and revolt at the cruelty of the world. Well, one big thing — the depressing restrictive consistency of texture and dynamics which were *too* much under control and where the elated melodies of Marley's were left to carry the songs, which meant a conveyor belt of standards were *boring* and what else could they be? — and lots of little things.

Before they sugared Marley's melodies, The I-Threes opened the show with a handful of songs of love, Jah and paradise — paving the way for Marley, they say, and The Way. Backed by the Wailers, who remain faceless, while acting delight and involvement, swaying beneath a banner of Haile Selassie, they package their emotion decently for the stage.

The I-Threes depart, the Wailers stay put, lifting a rhythm into a heavy chant for Marley. The occasion has been well orchestrated, stripped of grace and even then hardly theatrical enough if that's what they want.

The size of Brighton's Centre (such ridiculous dimensions) means there can be no stage personality to grab hold, and no fervent, felicitous poet can move into the deep areas of the mind.

None of this is what's really needed here. The ordinary principles — pleasure, recognition, clarity — of rock and years of playing give some of the most seductive songs of deliverance and struggle a new emptiness, a gentle painlessness. 'No Woman No Cry', 'Lively Up Yourself', 'Get Up Stand Up', 'Natty Dread', 'I Shot The Sheriff', 'Jammin'' in such circumstances are bald of soul or glory. 'Rastaman



Down in the sewer again with Jean Jacques. Pic David Corio.

The Stranglers Headline

Rainbow

THE STRANGLERS inspire the sort of devotion usually reserved for heavy metal bands, which is somehow quite fitting. Sweating in their heavy black leather jackets, their fans flock the auditorium as if gathering for a satanic biker convention, except their raven emblems give them away.

To an outsider this could be worrying, but such total identification with heroes is usually more endearing than disturbing.

Headline discover that to their advantage, despite the rash of jeers that greet their shiny bald pates on arrival. Formed by ex-Steel Pulse singer Michael Riley, his rejection of the Handsworth revolutionaries' rasta and rebel philosophies is so complete that he brings his band on in smart suits and matching shaven heads to make his distaste plain.

Concentrating on more temporal matters is no bad thing, but repeating ad infinitum catchwords like rudie over feverish rock ska beat isn't really an adequate replacement. They aren't helped by a Godawful turgid mix that drags the pace of their set to a crawl. Outside the single 'Don't Knock The Baldhead' nothing else sticks.

So let's now descend into The Stranglers' dark world. I was last there four years ago on their Patti Smith support dates, discounting The Stranglers' variety show during Hugh Cornwell's internment. They've refined it considerably since then to an occasionally exquisite, but often monotonous grind that's far more effective than I'd expected.

Unlike heavy metal bands, The Stranglers never compromise their awesomely relentless rhythms with an unnecessary need to prove themselves. They're far brighter than that, and consequently embellish the central urge with the minimum of frills.

Cornwell's guitar work is the expert manipulative edge. His poppish hints are brief glimpses in the overwhelming blackness; too narrow to illuminate they nevertheless provide hope. On 'Who Wants

Pink Military
The Modernaires
Pre-De

Nottingham

IN A dark basement at the bottom of a labyrinthine late-night club, Derby's Pre-De are playing a short set that's a controlled chaos of conflicting rhythms. A scratchy clatter of instrumentation curves in and out of a brief, chanting focus. The deliberately anarchic dialogue often swings round the axis of sax, is sometimes supplemented by spluttering trumpet.

Theirs is a jazzy sort of wildness. Each instrument pursues its own rapt, wayward path and at best the vocals are a howling wail of white soul.

Pre-De have changed even in the couple of months since I last saw them. "Thanks for listening," they say. "We get better all the time." And there's something in their self-contained confidence, the wilfully cool way they take risks and their perversely unorthodox structure that's extremely intriguing.

The Modernaires come from the Isle of Angelsey and mingle with Pink Military in that Dave Baynton-Power is playing drums for both bands during the tour and tonight Phil Bradley deputises for Pink Military's indisposed Nicky on guitar.

The Modernaires own set is driven by the drumming, but the bass isn't quite flexible enough for the space they create in the looser interludes. The vocals are high, nasal, sometimes off-set by voice-overs. And since there isn't enough melody to propel it into pop, the music relies on the changing rhythms.

However, the sudden combined flurries of sound don't create the necessary tension and the overall effect is thus jumpy and slightly strained. Still The Modernaires deserve credit for putting maximum effort into their performance. And at least they get a generous smattering of applause.

"Show us yer tits," bleats one of the beery boys as Pink Military advance.

"Show us your cock," Jayne snaps back smartly straight in his face and a slight shock wave shudders through the ranks that are pressed against the stage.

Jayne is what was once called a trouper. Clad in a tattered blouse, leather trousers and flat brown boots, her battered hat crammed over the famous fringe, she commands the stage with the sassy panache of a 20th century urban cowgirl. Black lipstick frames a toothy smile, pale eyes blaze balefully as she gleefully outstares her mesmerised admirers. Just once you get a glimpse beneath the bravado: as she turns side-stage her snappy grin slides and her face falls into an expression of exhaustion.

This is the last date of the tour and it's rapidly exploding into a wildly enthusiastic chaos. The crowd can't resist joining Jayne on stage. The club bouncer who begins by attempting to stem the invasion is seduced by the sound and stays to join the dancing. Under these circumstances some of the finer emotional edges apparent on their album are inevitably blunted.

The slow, warm sensuality of 'I Cry' becomes more confident and loses a little of its balanced vulnerability. 'Dreamtime' is still a shimmering wash of sound that conveys a dazed, distanced unreality. 'Heaven/Hell' is a jarred, exophorous question. There's a new number 'My Mask Is My Master' — "It's a problem of mine," Jayne tells us. But in the energetic atmosphere it's songs like the crackling 'Wild West' and the twitchy, scintillating 'War Games' that suffer the least distortion.

But beneath the bright surface of their stage show, Pink Military are dealing with a deep unease, with the grey area where fascination and revulsion blur, ultimately with the moral schizophrenia that characterises our society.

There aren't any easy answers in songs that express isolation, There aren't any easy answers in songs that express isolation, alienation, a more personal sense of loss and loneliness. Everything is uncertain and as deliberately jumbled as the eclectic aural collages of a sound that ranges in texture from stripped, synth-streaked rhythm to lusher, denser melodies. Inside her harsh jungle imagery of impenetrable city life, Jayne watches the walls of dreary anonymity, drifts in and out of private drama and, like Devoto, she still turns to love.

Pink Military inhabit a fragile world of fear, fantasy and delicate desire. The only hope they offer is the assertion of a broken but indomitable individuality, a slight spark of humanity that's honest enough to explore the contradictions inherent in self-knowledge.

A brave and subtle smearing of blood and lipstick.

Lynn Hanna

20th Century Urban Cowgirl

Sweet Jayne grappling with the audience again. Pic Bryn Jones.

Vibrations', 'Zimbabwe', 'Exodus' seem like songs of disappointment.

Singing them, Marley is not shaken by anger, possessed by dread: he poses and preens, lets his legs give way beneath him, lets through a hint of erotica, makes love to his locks. Entertainment of high-ish order to many; but surely weak gestures and soul music that is poor, songs of great confession and consequence sacrificed by cheering lowest expectations.

Live, there is no stimulating musical expansion, nor an intensification of Marley's commitment, as Marley expresses private expressions of ugliness, offering and ascension theoretically even more personally than through record. The show is a sale, hardly the art of action. Given rock's organisation, where safety and regurgitation is expected, even celebrated, this is normal: given the vanity and will of Marley's aspirations, this is passive.

At Brighton a 95% white audience for a few moments fall in with Marley's consciousness as revealed — few presumably have their own developed by it — and get turned on in a particularly untidy way by the rasta-images that filter through the show. A great list of known songs are accepted up gratefully, in the way that has in some ways weakened Marley over the past few years. It is no uplifting experience. If in the rock world Bob Marley And The Wailers can have a great force and reason there is no sign of it here.

But the vulgar sale of Marley's private essence is superb Value For Money, something the critic is told never to undermine. Marley departed after 45 minutes, returning to play another hour. The second part commenced with unusual solemn penetration, with the mostly acoustic 'Redemption Song', and included the elemental and naively purefying hits 'Is It Love' and 'Could You Be Loved'.

After such exposure the unspoilt consumer is exhausted: the spoilt critic is bored, and not a little annoyed. Nothing of course is resolved.

Prophet or populist, poet or pop star? The way I see it, the way things are, Bob Marley is a ghost, warning and wailing as he wanders down the dirty rock'n'roll corridor, his words, like all those other words of reason and resistance, lost in all the noise. This is not a criticism of Marley, more an attack on the way things have become with audiences, the way we accept nonsense and passion in exactly the same way. My criticism of Marley is that he is not HARD enough.

Bob Marley, for all his faults of commitment and obsession — it's his art he can do what he wants to? — for the most part tries to talk truth. A strange thing.

Paul Morley

The World', his upturned guitar sound comes from underneath for The Stranglers' witty, yet total rejection of mankind.

But ultimately their concentration on lowlife, like 'Down In The Sewer' — one of the few songs from their past played on Tuesday — lets them down. Obsessively mean, apart from sentimental asides to their admirers, the final impression is of colourful 'B' movie gangsters chivvying willing victims.

Or to paraphrase Bogart's Sam Spade in the *Maltese Falcon:* "The cheaper the crook, the gaudier the patter?"

Chris Bohn

Mo-dettes

Marquee

AM I, perchance, just not twigging something here?

Sure, The Mo-dettes played one of those fast, loud pretty sets which have won the hearts of hundreds and might well, as their new employers at Decca must be hoping, go on to win many more. But to this bewildered old fool, frankly, it seemed like a case of critical over-estimation.

The Marquee Bachelors celebrate Ramona. Pic Peter Anderson.

What people see in this pleasantly average band that's so extraordinarily special, well, I confess ignorance. And many times throughout the set did my guilty thoughts stray with pity towards those poor sods standing outside in the rain, denied of admission to leave room for the disinterested likes of myself.

The fault conceivably lies with The Mo-dettes' apparent inability to supply enough striking written material to match the undeniable freshness and spirit of their playing. What suggests this very strongly was the dramatic upturn in the general excitement level occasioned by performance of a cover-version: specifically 'Paint It Black' which is imaginatively handled and is, of course, the choice for their current and excellent single.

The spontaneous improvement generated by this number was maintained into the encore which followed, in the form of the group's now traditional performance of 'Twist And Shout'.

At this point, regrettably, matters got out of hand and elements of The Mo-dettes' following gave vent to their enthusiasm by invading the Marquee's unspacious stage. The unseemly spectacle of a Sham 69 debacle loomed large and menacing as the four frail musicians got swamped by robust and bouncing admirers — obliging them to stop the song mid-way, appeal for order and speedy stage-evacuation, before resuming, erstwhile exuberance now looking tempered with nervousness.

If by their fans a band may be judged, then The Mo-dettes could have problems. There were some other instances of unimpressive yobbery around the club this night; some dangerously stupid antics in the crush at the exits after wouldn't have reflected well on your average baboon, let alone human. Oh, and fireworks and stink-bombs in crowded rooms are *so* hilarious, I don't think.

On a more positive note, The Mo-dettes do possess wide appeal and doubtless commercial promise, even if I'm going to sit on the fence awhile and await more product. Singer Ramona, in '60s tack from the better class of jumble-sale, fronts the group with agreeable personality and a pleasant Swiss voice (no yodelling, either) while Jane's bass I find to be a consistent source of interest. Drummer June and guitarist Kate might be just a little more offhand in their approach than they can presently afford to be.

Time will tell; I know I can't.

Paul Du Noyer

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SPEED KING*
*New previously unreleased live version taken from 'IN CONCERT' 1970
DEEP PURPLE
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HARVEST

Athletico Spizz 80

Little Bit Ritzy

THOUGH the great Spizz signing debate died before it ever began, it's taken the dapper space suburbanite even longer than Vic Godard to find a home with a major. Yet the majority of critics who've consistently ignored him for three years are now accusing him of betraying the independent's cause.

In light of his aerated pop, which needs honing against the competitive edge of the commercial charts, the claim is patently ridiculous from anyone but Rough Trade, who're understandably annoyed by the suddenness of his departure to A&M. Otherwise people should perhaps hold their fire until his stuff sounds deliberately tailored to fit commercial needs.

The most immediate effect of the signing, going by Friday's gig at Little Bit Ritzy, is the drastically improved efficiency of the band. Where before their elaborately quirky arrangements were prone to collapse shambolically, they're now capable of backing up Spizz's various odd personae with ruthlessly executed riffing, but without losing that essential bizarre colouring. They've lost their endearing random spontaneity, but they've replaced it with something much more enduring: power.

That's down to guitarist Dave Scott, who uses it with the pop-eyed intensity of a man possessed, gleefully churning out ultra heavy chords to bolster previously fragile songs. Coming from a performance art background, he never allows the heaviness to dominate him, as would standard hard rock guitarists, and instead takes it for just another prop.

His impact is devastating, especially early on, following the endlessly long intro tape from the 1930s SF movie *Things To Come*, the novelty of which Spizz nonchalantly undermines by revealing its origins. Spizz is momentarily in excellent form. Like some cut loose character from a looney tune cartoon, he hurtles himself with renewed energy through songs old and new.

Other than band improvements, Athletico Spizz show no signs of rationalising their dopey defiant irrelevance to conform to current standards. Some things are pointlessly silly, like the reggae — heard on a

Not sooner come enough

Jimmy Cliff

The Venue

BEFORE A large crowd crammed betwixt table, corridor and stage at the Victoria Palace theatre last Wednesday evening, Jimmy Cliff returned to second base with a set that was good entertainment, proficiently executed, but without ever approaching the same frenzy as reportedly has accompanied the singer on his recent concerts of movement in South Africa and South America.

Jimmy Cliff is an international attraction. The former Jamaican ska singer who charted fame in Britain with his pop reggae adaptations is in the minds of many something even more still, the hero of the film *The Harder They Come*, a phenomenon that has had probably even greater impact on reggae than the music of Bob Marley And The Wailers. In South Africa his most recent songs have been adopted as chants and slogans during the uprisings of a month or so ago.

Britain knows him for the hit singles, and there's not been one of those for the past decade. He tells me that things will change for him in this country in the '80s, but for now Jimmy Cliff really does seem to be sitting here in some kind of limbo, and the general effect conveyed by his show was that of one just passing through with no more than a nod in the direction of the faithful.

He sung all his most famous titles, including 'Wild World', 'You Can Get It If You Really Want', 'Wonderful World Beautiful People', Going West', all to the echo of polite applause, and to something a little more substantial with 'The Harder They Come', enjoining the crowd to entreaty on the song's chorus. His voice grew a little bit hoarse towards the end of the set, but Jimmy Cliff was trapped off the Jamaican coast by the National Guard, living out his last few moments in a Spaghetti Western fantasy. This re-emergence as a supper club entertainer had its moments of incongruity. Many happy returns.

Penny Reel

C·30 C·60 C·90 GO!
C·30 C·60 C·90 GO!
C·30 C·60 C·90 GO!
C·30 C·60 C·90 GO!
Copying of this sound recording is UNLAWFUL

New Single On E.M.I.5088

Off the **RADIO** I get a constant **FLOW**
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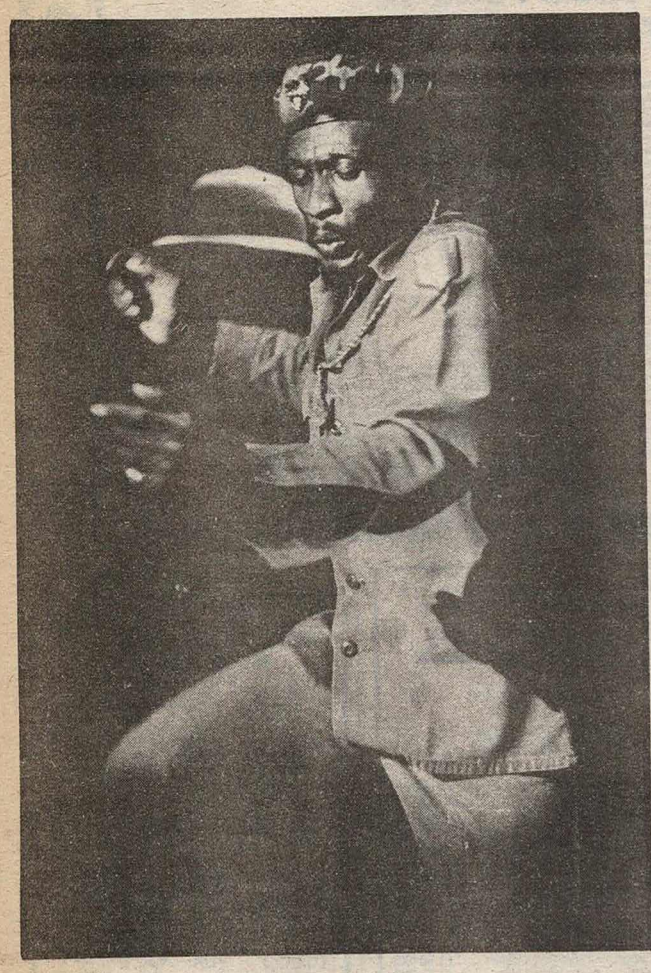


Jimmy Cliff. Pic Anton Corbijn.

couple of unidentified new numbers too — is the daftest, most deliberately stilted kind you'll ever hear.

Mostly, though, Spizz's idiocy is thankfully far too absurd to be easily classified under zany appeal. Witness the wild solo outing of 'Spock's Missing' — the 'Where's Captain Kirk?' sequel that's performed with the pained soul-searching of supposedly serious singer-songwriters — or the final encore of 'Virginia Plain', made by Mark Coalfield's scuttling keyboards.

Spizz were great enough to almost completely erase the memory of the Thompson Twins, an intermittently interesting, but too often contrived quartet, currently sparking interest with their single 'Squares In Triangles', a charmingly dippy song mercifully free of the cutesy eccentricities that mar most of their material. Television style meanderings from the two guitarists only confuse the issue, while the introductory burst of modern jazz funk tape — taken over by the band on shrieking woodwinds — is seemingly misplaced, as it's not referred to again.

The Thompson Twins only look bemused, whereas Athletico Spizz 80 just *are* and always have been. And now they've got a new found initiative they probably will be for a while to come. As Howard the Duck once said: "May the farce be with you."

Chris Bohn

The Elgin Marbles

101 Club

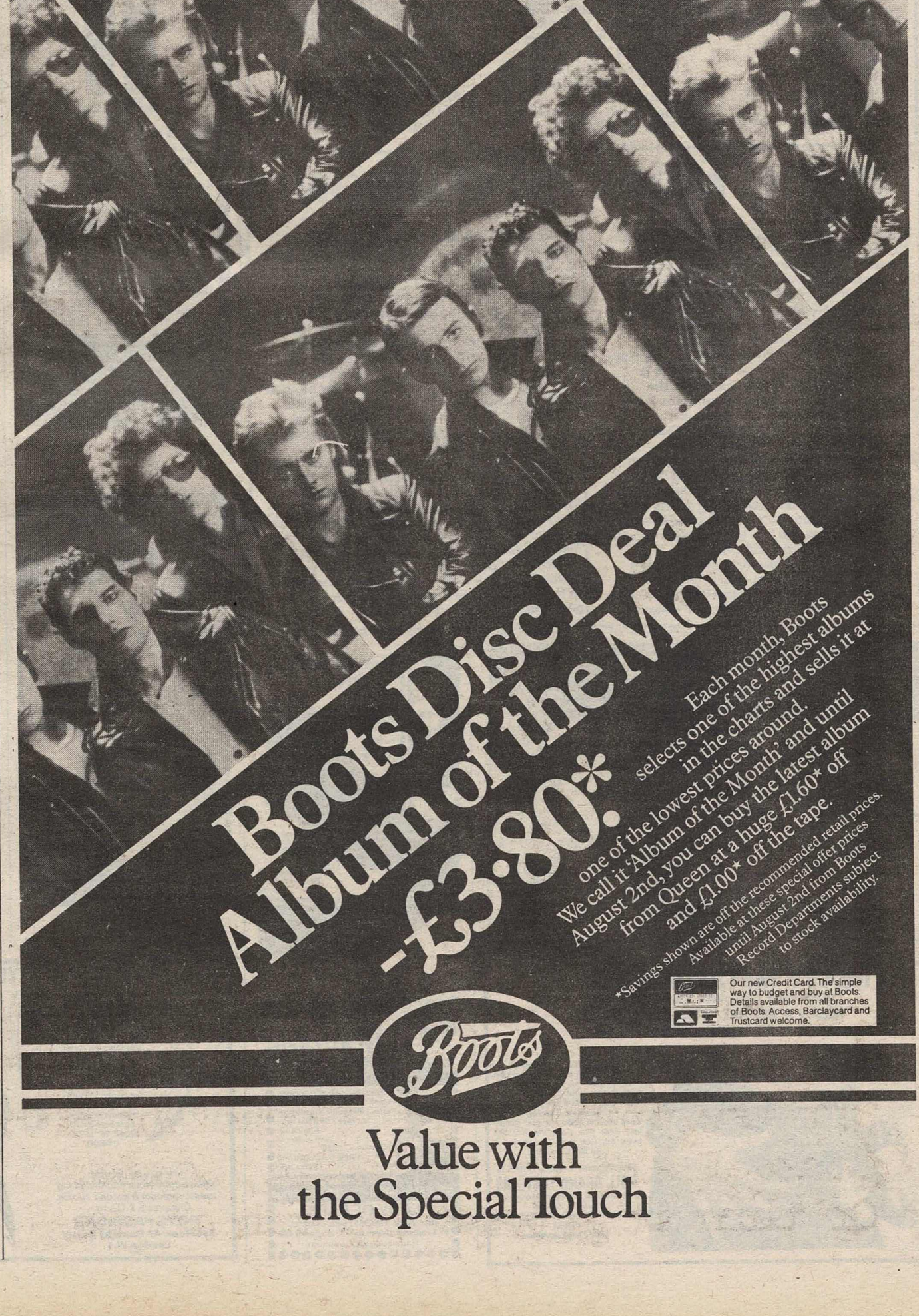
SHOW BIZ. . .dontcha just love it? In the ridiculously cramped confines of the 101 Club a motley collection of men and women went through the motions of performance with more nerve than style and more skill than was either necessary or desirable.

The Elgin Marbles, (for it was they), preened, posed and played their way through a set of lacklustre numbers, each song different from the one before yet all of them familiar. I liked the Lionel Bartish 'Could You Fancy Nancy' for its tongue in cheek poppiness, but it is no more representative of what the band are about than the overweight 'Jane Is Innocent', which has a two-part structure ending in a fighting riff.

The image is tacky Moderne, with the girls clad in black lace and torn fishnets from which they bulge and jiggle, while the men sport a more becoming wardrobe, skinny ties and neat hair, leader Steve Elgin contenting himself with a modest all-white garb, set off by a Maltese cross at the throat.

They are a good example of a group who have seen a lot of rock bands and heard a lot of albums and whose artistic motivation is entirely due to those two factors.

Neil Norman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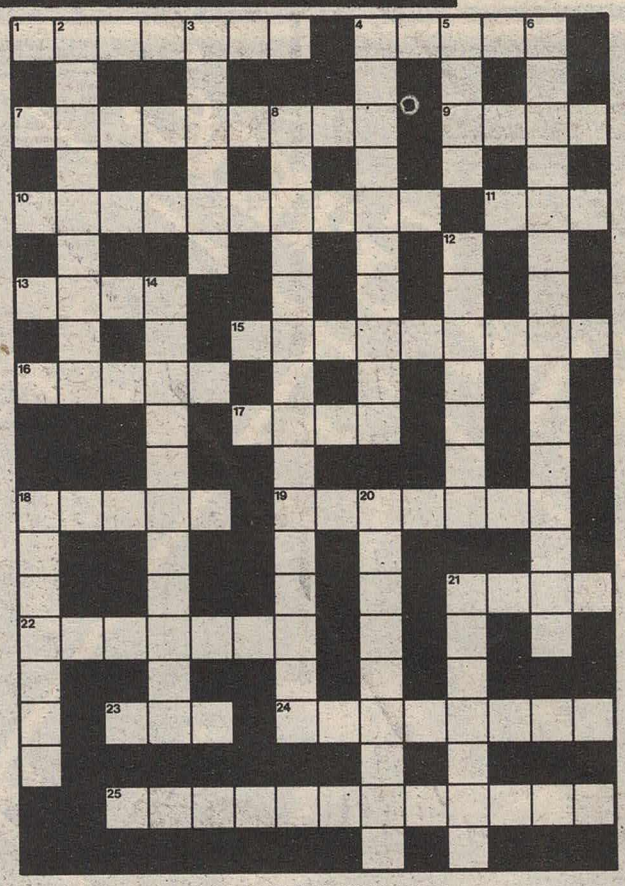

ACROSS

1 & 14 The many bunched none (anag. 4 words)
4 Head in flames!
7 Subway Sect soloist (3,6)
9 See 21 across
10 Motowner confused in a gravy mine! (6,4)
11 Punch a record?
13 Mick Ralphs' former band
15 Win my ball (anag. 2 words)
16 Hendrix cut covered by Rod Stewart
17 See 25
18 AWB LP
19 Seasons in the Police?
21 & 9 A Professional
22 Rockpile guitarist, namesake of former Leeds international
23 In Van Halen occasionally!
24 & 18 Pretenders hit (4,4,7)
25 Follow-up to 'Gangsters' (7,2,3,4)

DOWN

2 Lizzy LP
3 Blondie single
4 R'n'R legend (5,5)
5 'Guest' instrumentalist on 25 across
6 The new Stones album (9,6)
8 List a strange cup (anag. 2 words)
12 Beatles oldie (3,4)
14 See 1
18 See 24
20 Jock's Mine is in The Clash! (4,5)
21 Label, or parrot entrance!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 5 'Could You Be Loved'; 8 'Rapper's Delight'; 9 'Your Song'; 11 Traffic; 13 'Trash'; 15 'Natty Dread'; 17 Island; 18 Toys; 21 'Echo (Beach)'; 23 The Photos; 25 'Cuba'; 26 (Uriah) Heep; 28 '(Rat) Race'; 29 Art (Garfunkel); 31 Street; 32 '(Ooh What A) Life'.

DOWN: 1 'Sunday (Girl)'; 2 (Richard) Hell; 3 Korgis; 4 'Setting Sons'; 5 'Christine'; 6 'Lip Up Fatty'; 7 Yardbirds; 10 'Rat (Race)'; 12 'Defector'; 14 Ralph McTell; 16 Dire Straits; 19 'Ooh What A (Life)'; 20 Supremes; 22 '(Echo) Beach'; 24 Uriah (Heap); 27 '(Sunday) Girl'; 30 UFO.

BECK: MORE CONFUSION

■ From page 23

players. The new wave music that moved him to view rock as a revived force he can't pinpoint in terms of individual bands and players. In fact, I've never encountered a musician more adrift in his own trough of musical impotence.

And possibly he realises this. He reminisces with fervour about The Yardbirds days and the 'Truth' era band that granted him his reputation, whilst the fusion squad — Walden, Hammer, Stanley Clarke — he refers to in guarded terms that could well mask the realisation that his dalliances with the latter crew have driven him up a cul-de-sac.

Finally, when asked directly whether a return to rock dynamics as opposed to the fusioneering of the past five years is on the cards, Beck simply mutters a devout "Just watch out mate, I'll be back." However, a stray query as to whether Beck would get up and play with any youngblood rock band in some sweaty club, causes him to squint in a way that denotes fear and, possibly, defeat.

Jeff Beck's whole career seems one long contradiction. It was he, after all, who unwittingly shaped the essentials for a music that curdled into the 'heavy metal' behemoth he now loathes with a vengeance, yet it was Beck who, even when verbally trumpeting the virtues of jazz (the intimacy, the ability to freewheel and collaborate with innumerable musicians without having to stick to set formulae), still found himself playing the most heinous rock venues — stadiums where he opened for Aerosmith, a band whose grand finale was centred around 'Train Kept A Rollin'. Now, with his first all-British band in years, he will return to playing virtually the same bloated quaalude places this autumn, where the kids' still think of 'Train' as an Aerosmith original. (He shrugs helplessly at the latter fact, though it obviously galls him).

Possibly the latest set of contradictions may shake him up enough to break stride, to step out and punch home music that possesses the same vivid force as his former moments of glory. Probably not. Too wayward to settle into some anonymous group role, too instinctively 'flash' to be the humble craftsman, Jeff Beck will always remain out on a tangent, very much alone. Is it really any wonder that he is unable to find the necessary perspective to deliver the goods at least one last time?

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60. New York Dolls(photo 2)
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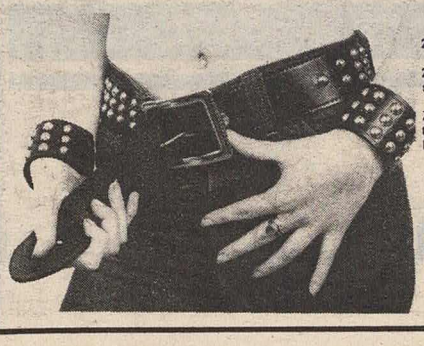
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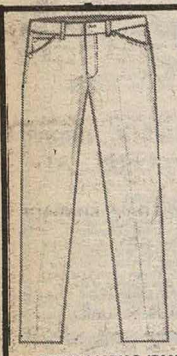

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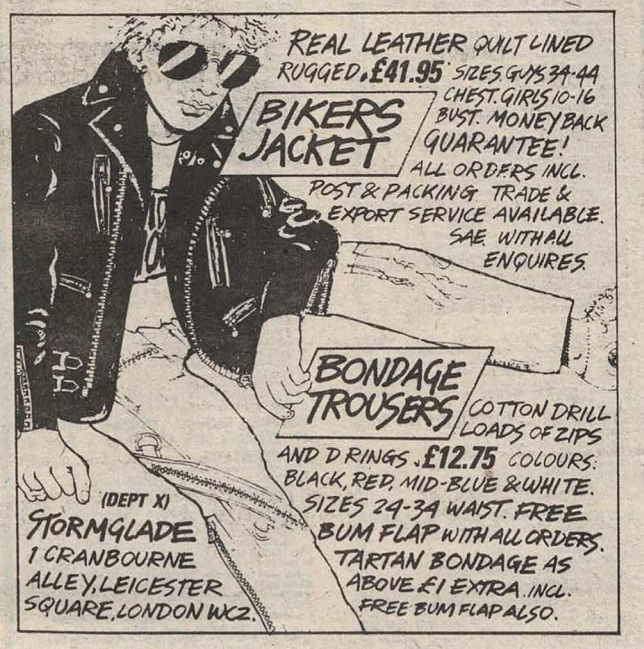
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PT8 U.K. SUBS! (Blue and red on white shirts)

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PT11 DESTROY (Multi-coloured design on white shirts)
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PT3 NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS (Black and pink on yellow shirts)
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(Not listed in any sort of order!)

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Smack — Edward Foxx (Great new 45 — Pic) 95
Joy Division — Love Will Tear Us Apart/Transmission (both Pic) ..... each 90
The Professionals (Cook & Jones) — Another Dream (Pic) 99
John Foxx — Burning Car (Pic) 99
Sham Pretty — Don't You Do It + Free Live EP (Dlb 45 — Pic) 95
Dexy's Midnight Runners — There There My Dear (Pic) 99
The Photos — Now Tell Me That We Through (Ltd Ed — Pic) 99
The Slits — Man Next Door (Pic) 95
Peter Gabriel — Biko (Pic) 99
The Plasmatics — Butcher Baby (White vinyl-red spots + Pic) 1.05
Talking Heads — 12" Cities/Live B side (Pic) 1.15
Birthday Party — Mr Clarinet (Great Single — Pic) 95
Four Be Two — Frustation (Prod J Lydon — Pic) 99
U2 — 11 o'clock Tick Tock (Great 45 — Pic) 99
Bow Wow Wow — C30 C60 C90 (McClaren Again! — Pic) 99
Magazine — Double Live Single (Ltd Ed) (Pic) 1.05
Tuxedo Moon — Scream With A View 12" EP (US Banol — Pic) 1.99
The Piranhas — Tom Hark EP (Pic New Stuff!) 99
The Petticoats — I'm Free (Wild — Pic) 95
Stiff Little Fingers — Back To Front (Pic) 99
Anti-Establishment — 1980 (Hard Core Punk — Pic) 95
Pauline Murray — Dream Sequence 1 & 2 7" (Pic) 99 12" (Pic) 1.90
Fashion — Silver Blades/Killing Time (Both Pic) ..... each 95
Angelic Upstars — Soldier (Pic) 99
Martha & The Muffins — Insomnia (Green vinyl — Pic) 99
Mafia — Rescue Me (Pic) 95
Crime — Mazarati (Lengendary W Coast Punk Band New 45) (Pic) 1.50
The Prefects — Goin' thru the Motions (Total Classic) 95
Scars — Love Song (3rd 45 — Pic) 99
Grace Jones — She's Lost Control (J Division Song) 99
Discharge — Fight Back/Realities of War (Both Pic) ..... each 99
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Athletico Spizz 80 — No Room (Pic) 95
Cuddley Toys — Madman (Bowie/Bolan Song — Pic) 90
Radio Five — True Colours (Pic) 95
Four Kings — Loving You is No Disgrace (Pic) 90
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Cockney Rejects — We Can Do Anything (Pic) 99
Com — Sat Angels — Independance Day (Pic) 95
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The Mo-Dettes — Paint it Black + Flexi Disc (Pic) 99
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Inner City Unit (Nik Turner) — Paradise Beach (Pic) 99
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The Spectres — This Strange Effect (Pic) 95
Basement Five — 10" Silicon Chip (Ltd Ed Superb Dance No!) 1.60
Liliput (X Kleenex!) — Die Matrosen (Excellent 45 — Pic) 95
The Fall — Plastic Man/Hobgoblins (Great newie — Pic) 95
Charlie Harper (UK Subs) — Barmy London Army (Pic Green Vinyl) 99
Hawkwind — Shot Down in The Night (Live) (Pic) 99
Girlschool — Race With The Devil (Pic) 1.05

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Damned — White Rabbit (£1.30)
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Queen — Play The Game (£1.05)
Jam — Going Underground + free single (£2.40)
Human League — Only After Dark (+ free single) (£1.15)
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Blondie — The Hardest Part (Imp) (£1.05)
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Angelic Upstarts — Never Had Nothing (96p)
Squeeze — Xmas Day (white) (96p)
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UK Subs — Tomorrow's Girl (Blue) (95p)
Blue Oyster Cult — Mirrors (clear) (£1.00)
Siouxsie & Banshees — Playground Twist (95p)
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Getting A (Block) head Contd.

From page 29

now," he chuckles easily. "If things get a bit frantic and I'm confused or something I go and sit near Charley, because he's got this mountainous calm within him. If I want a giggle I sit with Norm. If I wanna rap I sit with Mickey.

"It was a bit strange walking in, because Ian and Davey were the only ones I knew from before. It was quite a good atmosphere, really, because not knowing each other as friends made it a little bit business-like."

DURY AND The Blockheads have eleven finished demos towards their next album — working title 'Laughter' — to show for their two months in the Fulham Road studio. As was noted earlier Ian's usual song construction method is to link up already penned lyrics to equally finished music — though this is always liable to change.

As we're talking about lyric-writing Wilko points out: "The thing about great rock'n'roll lines is they have to be instantly understood like slogans that come out at you — *BANG!* Perhaps the greatest line in rock'n'roll is *AWOPBOPALOOBOPALOPBAMBOO. . .*"

I think it was *'A souped-up Chevvy?/A Cherry-red '53'"* disagrees Ian.

Who's Ian's favourite lyricist?

"The best of the lot is Chuck Berry. There's nobody to beat him. Smokey Robinson in a way, but he had a different attitude . . ."

Wilko: "Don't you like Leiber and Stoller? The Coasters and stuff . . ."

Ian: "No, I hate 'em. I like The Coasters and I like King Curtis. But I hate *them*. The only thing I really like is 'Shopping For Clothes' . . ."

Wilko: "But a song like 'Shopping For Clothes' is like Los Angeles Ian Dury . . ."

Ian: "Leiber and Stoller are like Shakespearean students who know about words. They'd like Jack Good. Looking at photographs of them convinces me they're like Jack Good. And Ned Sherrin doing a compilation show up at the Roundhouse convinces me totally they're like Jack Good."

Wilko: "Oh, I think they're great. Listen to lyrics like, *'You say that',"* Ian joins in with him, *"'music's for the birds and you can't understand the words/But honey if you did you'd really blow your lid.'* Well, I wish I could write something like that."

Ian: "Well, that is good, but it's university rock'n'roll! Tin Pan Alley . . . but then Chuck Berry's Tin Pan Alley as well, so it's cool. There's no difference, really. Chuck Berry's a fantastic lyricist. It amazes me that anyone who can write lyrics like that doesn't know anymore than he seems to.

"Christ, if I was Chuck Berry I'd be so bloody proud of myself because I knew I was Chuck Berry. I'd keep on being Chuck Berry like I used to be. "He should go to evening classes at the Royal College Of Rock'n'Roll. Wilko (bursting with laughter): "I mean, he's even older than me, and he's more athletic, I think."

Me: "Now seriously, chaps, you're both at assorted points in your fourth decade. Do you actually think it matters about how old you are when you're rockin' and rollin'?"

Wilko: "Well Chuck Berry was twenty-nine when he made his first record — when he made 'Maybelline'."

Ian: "The age group thing has only ever applied to rockabilly types, rather than soul types or jazz types. Black performers have always gone on . . . but rock'n'roll was picked up on at first by a young generation, but that young generation is now ten years older than me.

"Elvis Presley's audience could be anything up to fifty-five and still be fruity-hooty-wooty with it — they'd only have been twenty-eight when it first happened. And they'd be still dealing out them same vibes, same as my mum still digs Frank Crumlin, same as your mum might still dig Frank Sinatra in the same way as she did then.

"And it keeps on regurgitating itself as a spirit of music, as a certain kind of spirit that does appeal to your heart when you're very young. And that never leaves you, and if you can keep on reviving it then what Johnny Rotten's done is woken it up in his generation, and they'll stay with him forever. And it's not only in his own generation but in a lot of other generations too that he's woken it up.

"I mean, to see old people coming to our gigs is a real source of happiness. And to see them lifting their little kids up on their shoulders is also great enjoyment. Imagine that all those people are feeling those same vibes as you felt when you heard Gene Vincent for the first time.

"It's *such* a source of enjoyment to me I can't describe it. And that enjoyment shouldn't be restricted to being seventeen-and-a-half."

Me: "It's complete nonsense that rock'n'roll is dead, because not only is it not dead but it's actually growing every day . . ."

Ian: "Anyone 'oo's 'eard rock'n'roll never forgets it."

Wilko (bubbling with excitement): "And it's great how it can afford so many people . . ."

Ian: "And it can be anything. 'Oo's that country geezer? Don Williams. I call that country stuff rock'n'roll. It still gets you in the same place. Same as Charlie Parker. Anything with spirit and feeling in it. And we all hate these labels.

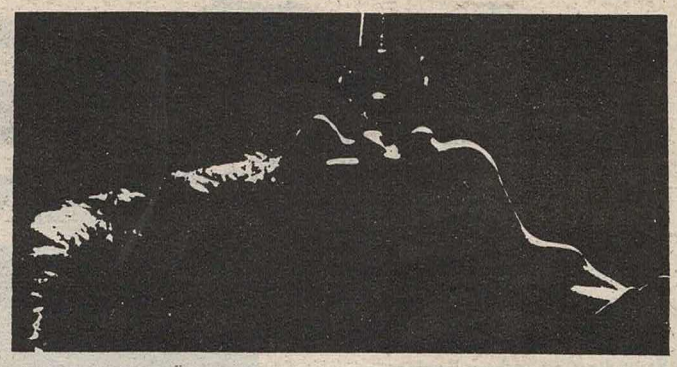
"But I think rock'n'roll is what I thought it was when I was fourteen. And that was Little Richard to me — who was a soul singer. It was Ray Charles. It was Laverne Baker. The Platters — they were a rock'n'roll group to me. All these categories — they're a load of old bollocks to me. Otis Redding: I call him a rock'n'roll singer, because that's the name I grew up with and understood. I think reggae's the same, really.

"It's got a beat that keeps you alive/The kids are rock'n'rollin' from eight to eight-five. It's the only thing that's kept Keith Richard alive. For sure. What else could've kept him alive? It's the only life-force in him as far as I can see. That man has stripped himself down to rock'n'roll and nothing else. Good. That's positive, I think.

"Rock'n'roll is music that is just enough in itself, and you don't have to get down on your knees to it or nothing: it's just there and it's smashing.

"There never have been very many things like it. You can go and listen to a waterfall or watch the birds flying about in the country and that'll give you a similar feeling.

"But a package of happiness, of something that you really dig, that you can go down to the shop and get, and is there time and time and time again, is a bloody *amazing* thing!"



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If you have just finished your 'A' Levels and are not quite sure what to do next, NME will be carrying a series of features showing the availability of courses at different colleges commencing August 16th for several weeks.

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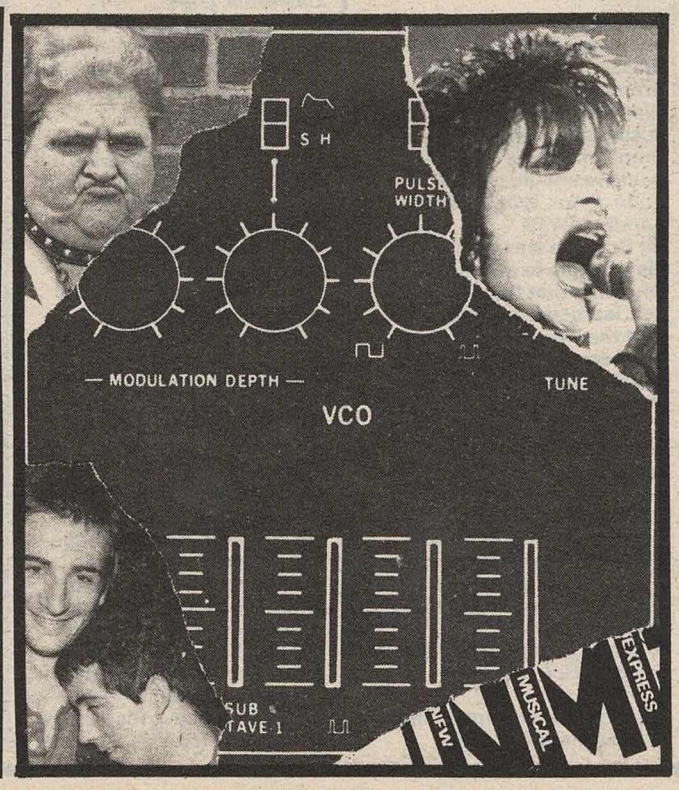

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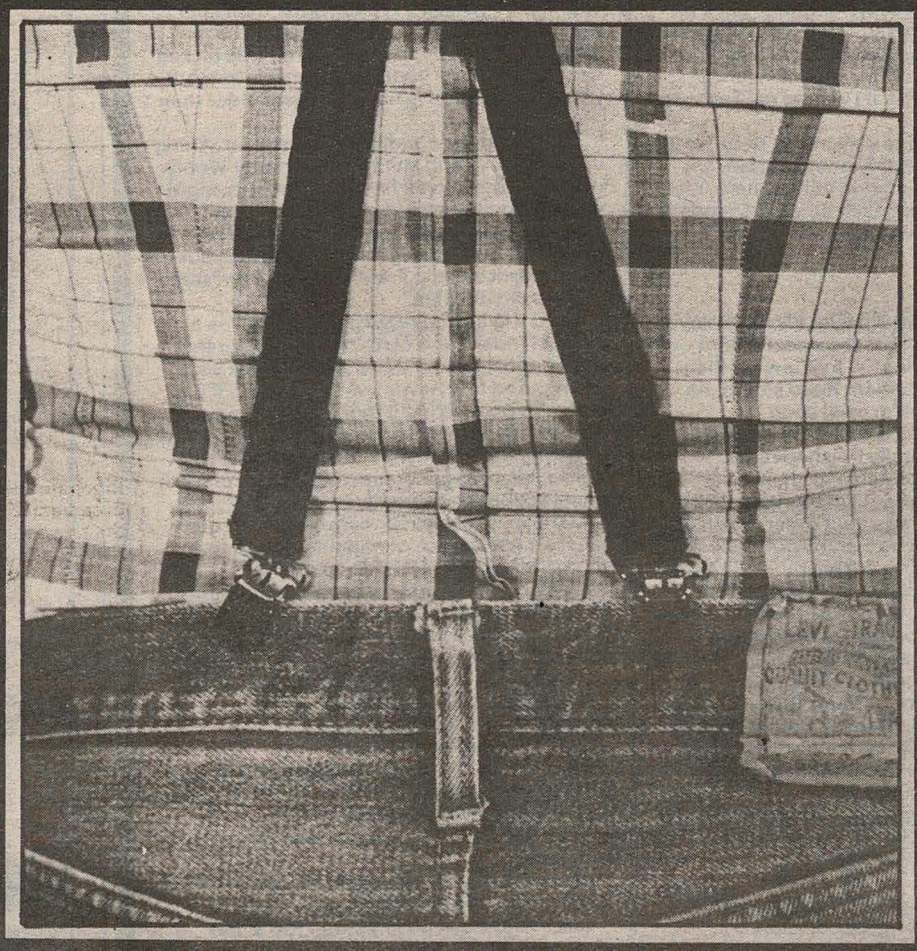


You want stroppy answers?

Just mail your guff to Gasbag, NME 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG and MONTY SMIFF'll take care of the rest. Awright? Illustration by NIC KNIGHT

WHY MUST you persist in publishing in what is, I think, meant to be a music paper, a consistently high proportion of political drivel? For example, Graham Lock's article 'Beating The Blues' (p.11, July 5), totally unconnected with 'music'. *Gasbag* is as much to blame, encouraging, selecting and obviously vetting letters by highlighting certain political issues and your own bias. G. Whitworth's political message in her pessimistic, forboding, apocalyptic letter in the same issue typifies this trend. OK chaps, admit it, you've got you priorities wrong haven't you! Surely other publications should/do cover this aspect of media work?
Disillusioned of Nuneaton.
You're quite right Dis. We solemnly resolve to mention absolutely nothing except pop music from now on. — M.S.

The Russians can only reach Western Europe? Scrapped their ICBMs, eh? Given up parking their subs off the US coast? Gillian Whitworth *(Gasbag,* July 5) comes on all worthy, but a bit naive. Sure there was a referendum on the nuclear issue on Sweden, Gillian. It was on the question of nuclear power, not Cruise missiles. Sweden is not in NATO, Sweden is neutral. Of course, such things as facts should be ignored and decisions made on feelings. In Britain that's how it would have to be because you're not going to get any goodies from newspapers. Our political leaders are as pure as the driven slush? Wow, what a revelation. Get rid of Attila the Hen and her retinue of idiots and install the PLO, the Flat Earth Society or the Hackney Black Lesbian Mothers for a Free Chile Theatre Workshop if you like — but don't pretend that when the shit hits the fan they'll be there with the bottle of Pine-O-Fresh and the plastic bucket.

Keep on grooving *NME,* keep on giving us the real scam. Ha.
Reety OVonty, Bradford, West Yorkshire.
You know so much about Sweden, why not go live there? They'd love your sense of humour. Anyway, we all know there's no fuel like an old fuel. — M.S.

If Ronald Reagan becomes President, then who's going to be around to hand out the Oscars?
Shteinbeck, North Allerton, Yorkshire.
See what I mean? — M.S.

Ha-ha-ha!! Dear Gill of Hyde (*Gasbag,* July 5) — it's really that simple isn't it? The nasty Tories in their lead-lined bunkers drinking champagne with the Queen and Prince Phillip! The poor underprivileged dying martyrs on the streets! While you, Gill, still read *Sounds* and believe every word!

Black and white, this year's colours, this year's pose — they're Black, we're White, anyone in between is a lily-livered, mis-informed wet!!

Grrrr! Us poor people are really angry! I thought the heavy-metal letters in *Sounds* were funny till I read your letter, Gill! Laugh? I thought my working-class undies would never dry!! Well ma'am — thanks for speakin' up for us poor 'uns who can't read nor write — a tug of the forelock to those with a bit of fancy education. War? I tell you Gill, in ten years time *I'll* be watching Wimbledon and the World Cup, *you'll* be out demonstrating in your 'Save the Aardvark' T-shirt. But we'll both be happy, eh???
Couldn't give a damn.

Re the Graham Parker interview (*NME,* 12/7/80), I find it particularly difficult to come to terms with the overhanging theme, the desperate concept of 'making-it'. I really can't understand you people. Throughout the *NME's* history its journalists have, rightly or wrongly been accused of the "setting-'em-up-to-bring-'em-down" syndrome, the consistency of which can only point to the fact that after an artist has 'made-it', s/he has thereby autmatically undermined the situations which created the inspiration for the particular work which put her/him there in the first place. G.P. himself evidently realises this negative consequence in his comment " . . . there's no easy answer to why I'm not going to keep asking the questions, 'cos that's where the songs come from, that's what keeps me moving and thinking."

Don't you realise that you don't have to shift megabucks in order to enjoy a good living from the rock stage? 'Escalator' is at No. 23 in the album charts and it's unlikely that G.P.'ll ever have to claim hardship — as a former petrol pump attendant, surely he realises that the situation could be a lot worse. As an affianced rock star commuting between the States, Australia and the Continent I'm sure he's suss to the fact that there's a lot more to freedom than becoming a millionaire, and his position on the rock see-saw is an enviably healthy one. Somebody tell Nick Kent that he's in the wrong sewer sniffing out the wrong rodent.
Dave Yeates, Bromley, Kent.
Be fair, Dave. I mean, if GP doesn't 'make it' how can we call him a tosser? When he does, how do we vent our jealousy?— M.S.

Neil Spencer was seen enjoying a long chat with Richard 'It's my nightclub' Branson at the Venue last Wednesday. What were they talking about and when will Branson change his sweater? I think we should be told.
John Junor, World's End, London SW10.
Mr Branson was talking about his struggle to give up smoking, that the one thing he's learned from reggae is that the Venue has a bloody good sound system and wondering why Virgin takes so much stick from *NME* all the time. Mr Spencer can't remember what *he* was talking about. — M.S.

Remember that old horror B-movie called *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things?* That title would do for Richard Branson's epitaph, don't you think?
J. Carrol Naish, Universal Studios, Hollywood.

Nice to see some appreciation for an American band, especially when it's Cheap Trick. The US critics are down on them now, so I guess that makes you the good guys, or 'trendy'. It was a treat to read a positive review of their 'Found All The Parts' EP (June 28 issue). Many thanks to Paul Rambali for the kind words, his mum must be very proud of him.
Alice Wilson, Los Angeles, California, USA.
She thinks the world of him, Alice, especially when those monthly food parcels arrive at that quaint little Sicilian village. — M.S.

Having just read *Gasbag* (July 5), I feel totally shoved out of the way and disregarded. My view of the Bob Dylan article was that you still like his music but you had already condemned his Christianity out of hand, and were determined to be nothing but cynical, in a very boring way, and completely disbelieving. OK, so he has dived in and out of quite a few religions and sects, but haven't we all changed our minds? I was the first to be doubtful about the sincerity of his conversion, but I now realise, and I hope you do, that he has been equally sincere about all the other things he's tried. I don't care if the people who read this laugh at me — I'm just exercising my rights and stating my opinion. As a Christian I believe that Zim is on the right track — he's got a lot to learn, but at least he's on The Way. This berk who reckons your article was understanding must be insane. I found it so boringly repulsive, as did my Christian friends, that I decided to write. Please print this 'cos I don't see how you can print one side of the reaction to that rubbish and not the other.
Yours in Him, Tim Scarborough, Salvation Army (and that's no joke), Nottingham.
You're right, Tim, we all change our minds. But Dylan does it in public, which is akin to waving about his underpants. — M.S.

In reply to Mr Biglord (*NME* July 5), this man makes me sad! He assumes the music industry projects bad manners and bad morals. Does the guy own a stereo? The music industry is the vehicle of working class heroes, it gives working class Johns the chance of a better life. e.g. UB40. It points its finger at ruling class decadence, it examines the meaninglessness of wars, the facade of politicians, the power of love. He states your youth is being misguided — who has made this judgement? On the contrary, it is not the youth of today who are misguided. How can you say that Mr Biglord, are you unemployed? Bobby Zee once used his talent to write songs of protest, millions clung to every word with hope. Now when the world needs men of talent to give the word back to the people Dylan, who has funked enough bread outa street children, has 'seen the light'. The man is walking in the darkness and you are not far behind Mr Biglord. I believe in God — maybe I have seen the light, maybe today's juveniles have seen the light. From the moment you are conceived time begins to run out on you, so who wants to spend their life unemployed, no prospects, come out of the womb, stand out in the crowd, be counted?

God does not want us pussy-footing around. Not now!
Smako Wizzo, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.
I can't wait till the football season starts myself. — M.S.

Nothing surprises me anymore — I've seen grown men walking around with both their legs shot off.
Tarquin Burque, Neasden.

My dad works in the Hornsey Town Hall in London, so I knew that Dexy's Midnight Runners were actually playing the Hornsey Town Hall in Humberside. A lot of people will be put out. Does this mean that the people who compile the *Gig Guide* don't have fathers?
Michael Sanders, Hornsey, London N6
Yes. — A bastard

Can men with mortgages sing the blues?
Mr Bingley, Halifax.

Why do The 'Blues' Band call themselves The Blues Band?
Joan Le Hooker, Bristol.
Maybe they're Birmingham supporters, maybe they're Tories — how the hell should I know? — M.S.

Help! I know I can rely on you. I have tried to convince my parents that my brother who recently returned from the University of Newcastle isn't. My Big Brother went off to this place a perfectly normal person. He was a clever and sometines witty person, interested in the simpler pleasures of life.

However, a fiendish and terrible act has taken place while away from the protection of his family. They have removed his cleverness and wit and replaced them with a barren and sterile mind. A mind which talks of sexism and calculators instead of women and women (we didn't drink).

I have tried to convince my parents, who even went to see their MP about this horrible replacement which has returned home claiming to be related to me. But their MP said that it was quite usual for this to happen and the effects would not be prolonged. He himself had been to University and it hadn't affected him. You will have seen the MP I'm talking about jumping from a plane, parachuting to the ground and injuring his spine on the TV last Thursday with other University educated MPs. I ask you to help. Warn the world — somebody is changing our intelligent youth into morons at the Universities.
Liam Johnson, Nottingham.
Well I never went to university and I'm a moron. — M.S.

I would like to make a serious suggestion to you — that your either enlarge the size of you present Crossword, or else print two instead of one.
A very stern person, Chandlers Ford, Hants.
See? That's what our readers *really* care about. — M.S.

T-ZERS

NO NEWS yet about the starting date for the next global conflict so it's probably safe to say that this week's *T-zers* will indeed begin with those two household words, **David Bowie.** Yes, here they come now . . .

David Bowie is the subject of a movie made by **D. A. Pennebaker** of *Don't Look Back* renown about the lean one's **Ziggy Stardust** era. The film was made in '73 and is called, somewhat enigmatically, *David Bowie.* Watch for a premiere soon in your neighbourhood, that is if you happen to live near Times Square, New York . . .

Meanwhile the real **David Bowie** is slated to appear in the flesh, if you could call it that, a few blocks away in the Broadway production of *The Elephant Man,* a play about a horrendously deformed human being, which fits in nicely with the man's habit of appearing in guises that are not quite human. *The Elephant Man* to watch out for though is **John Hurt's** version in the film that has been finished by the director of *Eraserhead,* **David Lynch** . . .

Clash *minder* **Kosmo** 'Its tough being a stylist' **Vinyl** challenged *T-zers* on our item last week about **Topper Headon** having 'bad health' problems. This was apparently news to both Topper and his mum, who rang up concerned after reading *T-zers,* as is her habit. Topper's mum will be pleased to hear that CBS, against what were for once their better instincts, have decided to release the 'legendary' 'Bank Robber' on August the 3rd. But will **Bobby Fuller** ever see the cheque? (Obscure reference to a chord progression that is the only redeeming feature of the record) . . .

AT TOTTENHAM Magistrate's Court last week **Thomas Mensforth** — Mensi to you — was fined £50 for Threatening Behaviour. Described as an 'entertainer', Mensforth denied the charges and alleged that police officers had punched him. He called four witnesses, all of them 'skinheads'. Passing sentence, the magistrate called Mensforth a "liar and a criminal". Mensi denied being either to *T-zers* . . .

Meanwhile the Geordie crophead has been, uh, 'hanging out' with famous Arsenal supporter **John Lydon** whom he describes as "the funniest bloke I've ever met, reet canny etc." Among social activities undertaken by the improbable duo has been a visit to a barn dance. Lydon may also be producing the next **Upstarts** single . . .

You don't need a weatherman: **James Pursey** esq blames the current "boredom and bollocks" of the current music scene on the non-appearance of any kind of summer. The greyhound owner is hard at work on the next **Sham** album and considering a move into films — a remake of early '70s skinhead flick *Bronco Bullfrog* is one project close to the Pursey heart . . .

Steely Dan have spent 750,000 big ones and three years completing their next album, which is due in the stalls soon. **Captain Beefheart** on the other hand has delivered his next album on time and under-budget to Virgin . . .

Still with the big stars, we hear that messenger of **The Lord** one **Bob Dylan** went shopping recently and bought his back-up singer **Debbie Gigson** a 25,000 dollar diamond ring. To anybody but the highly-paid this could only mean wedding bells . . .

Chrissie Hynde of the astonishingly popular **Pretenders** may well be evencloserthanthis with **Ray**

Pic: Lynn Goldsmith.

Pauline Selecter lets it all hang out for a change.

'Stop Your Sobbing' **Davies,** one of her many 'heroes', reports an eagle-eyed Stateside observer. Let's hope it's not the same observer who was at Chrissie's appearance with **The Heartbreakers** chronicled in a recent *T-zer.* Many who were there and even more who weren't say *T-zers* for once erred ever so slightly on the side of fantasy . . .

NOW it can be told: **Paul Weller,** of the much-travelled **Jam,** has a fear of flying, which is why he's booked on a ship to Finland where The Jam will be playing a one off in August. *(Fascinating. Got any more like this? — Ed.)* Wait, it gets better: The Jam's new single will be called 'Start', and it comes out on the 15th of next month on Polydor, who, incidentally, have now signed up high class dame **Penelope Keith** for a single called 'Dilys The Dachshund'.

T-zers is convinced that Penelope Keith's acclaim is due to her being a cypher in the citizenry's mind for the dread Leaderene. What has this got to do with rock'n'roll? Not a lot. Speaking of which . . .

Monotony Maker reverses further into tomorrow with the announcement of a new editor, **Michael Oldfield** (not that one), who replaces the departed **Richard Williams.** On hearing the news, assistant editor **Michael Watts** immediately resigned and **Ian Anderson** of **Jethro Tull** declared in an exclusive interview that punk is a spent force and that Tull will never split up/reform/tour burble burble . . .

MANCUNIAN **John Cooper** (no hypen) **Clarke** has just spent a week in Holland cementing Anglo-Dutch relationships with his customary trowel. The beehived bard was supposed to perform on a TV show in Appledore but after rehearsals in which he did 'Chickentown' he was politely told he wouldn't be needed after all. Apparently the town's symbol is a chicken. Another crushing defeat for literature . . .

Giorgio Moroder set to produce **Blondie** and **Donna Summer** simultaneously!!?!?? . . .

Is it really true that **Sam & Dave** once turned down a one-off offer from Stiff Records because they didn't like the sound of the label's four-figure deal? Just which figures were they, anyway . . .

American 'rock'n'roll' artist **Benny Mardones,** who records for Polydor, reckons that aluminium foil, sliced bread and **Elvis Presley** "are the three things that make America great", and furthermore, he would like to "spend a few moments alone with any ninety-pound weakling who takes the first name of the father of rock'n'roll in vain" — meaning our very own **Elvis Costello,** natch. "I think we should re-name the guy **Lou Costello,**" said Benny, savagely . . .

Mindless scuffles were witnessed at **The Monochrome Set's** YMCA gig last Friday after the band were an hour late playing because their films weren't working and the management wouldn't turn off two small lights. Is this what is meant by suffering for art? . . .

Phil Lynott and **Mark Knopfler** are busy in New York thinking about the idea of forming an Anglo-American **Greedy Bastards.** Wonder which one of them will play the American? . . .

Anyone wanting to immortalise their horrible selves on vinyl might try attending **Nine Below Zero's** Marquee gigs on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. The rest of you can safely remain at home . . .

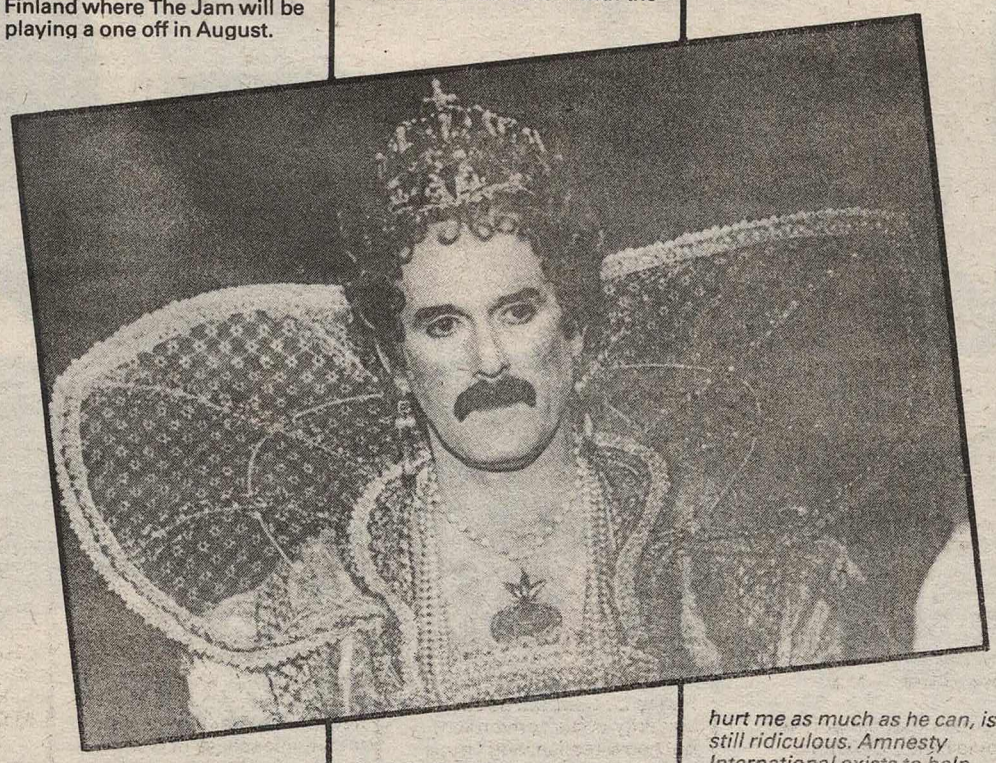
And from the world of jazz comes this next item: Arista records were apparently so chuffed to see their Savoy re-issue of the late **Charlie Parker** and **Lester Young** material doing well that one eager young lady on the sales staff suggested the best thing the company could do would be to "organise a tour" for them. Watch out for **John Coltrane's** new direct-to-disc recordings . . .

Suddenly faced with the alien concept of girls and smart clothes together in the oddly-named **Out On Blue Six, Hawkwind's** legions of space cadets at London's Lyceum bravely lobbed millions of cans at the group, who gamely resisted for half an hour with a **Wobble**-like backbeat (that's what it says here) and a return volley of vitriol . . .

On the subject of **Jah Wobble,** the chirpy bass guitarist told assembled Americans recently that **PiL** plan to stop doing live gigs in order to concentrate on records, videos and sightseeing . . .

Conclusive proof that smoking pot rots the mind can be found in this description of her beloved by **Linda McCartney:** "You know, **Paul** is still a very Northern Man at heart. He's good to his woman, he likes a pint, he picks his nose . . ." Isn't it nice to know that these pop stars are really just like you . . .

Can it be true that **Pete Townshend** (wonder if he picks his nose too?) is really planning a book detailing his own erotic dreams; and if he is, what can we do to talk him out of it? . . .



WAY AHEAD with the news as usual, T-zers brings you the Queen's Christmas Day speech six months early (well some old queen's anyway). So, without further ado, we take you live to Fawlty Palace for her Graciousness Mrs. Cleese:

"I've always been conscious of how lucky I am to be living in a land where I'm relatively safe, where the idea that some uniformed creature will confiscate me from my house at three in the morning and hurt me as much as he can, is still ridiculous. Amnesty International exists to help people in lands where such thoughts are not so far-fetched, lands of left and right." And so on.

Cleese's plea appears on a handout for Amnesty International, Tower House, 8–14 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF.

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Vivien Goldman

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry
Research
Fiona Foulgar
New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren

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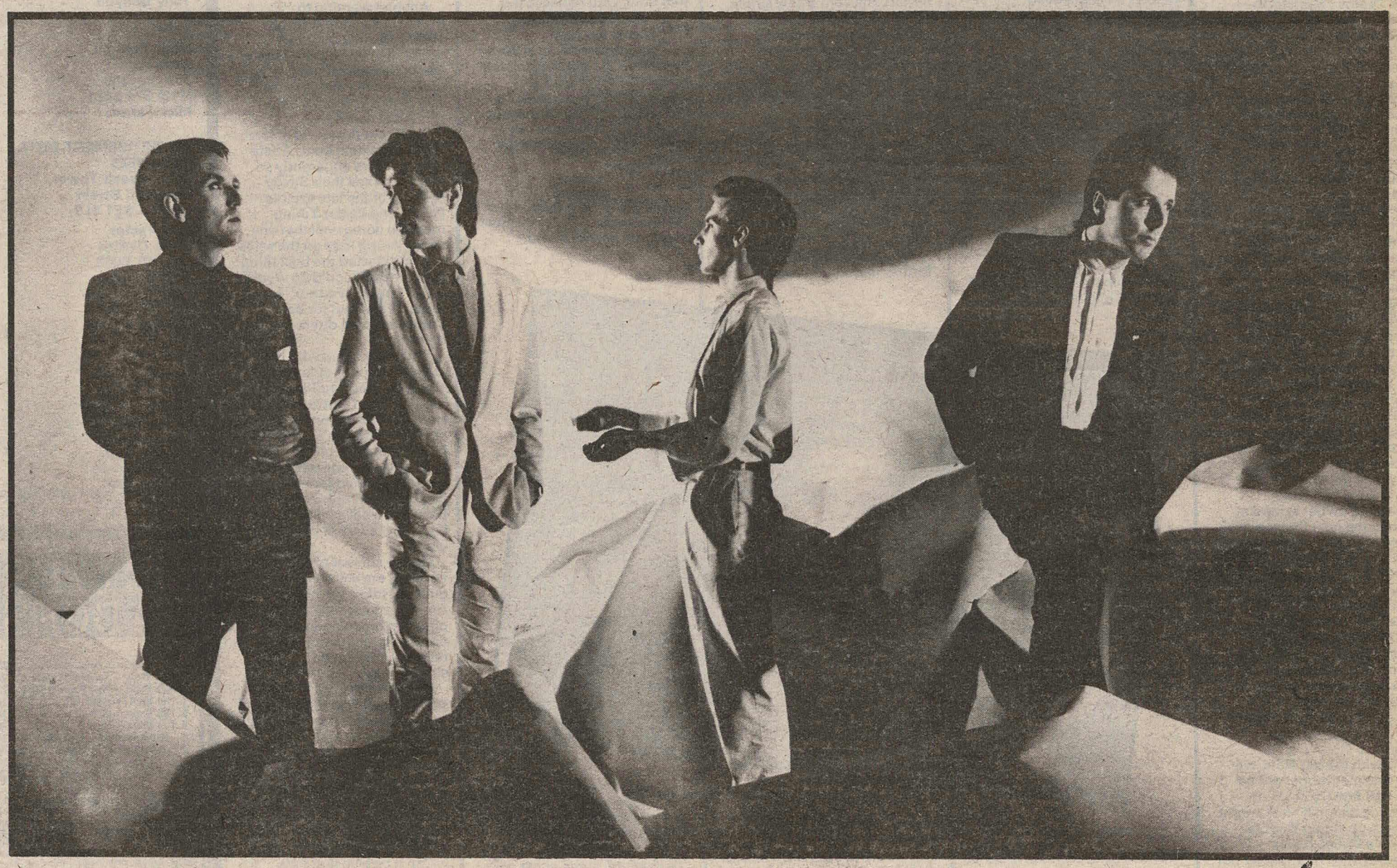

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